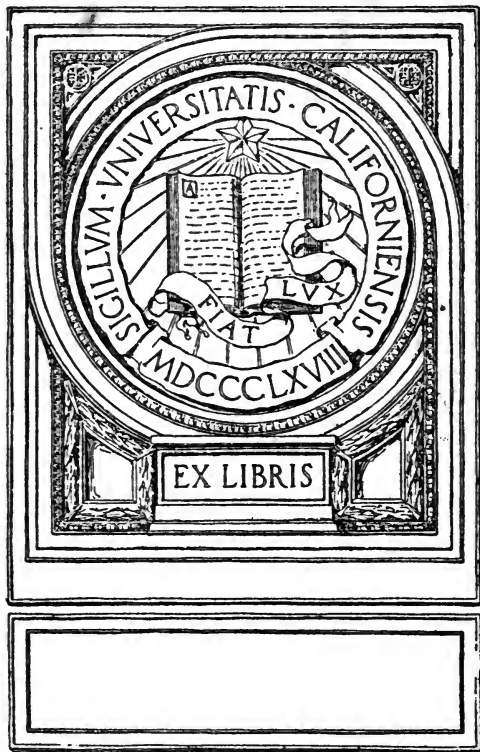
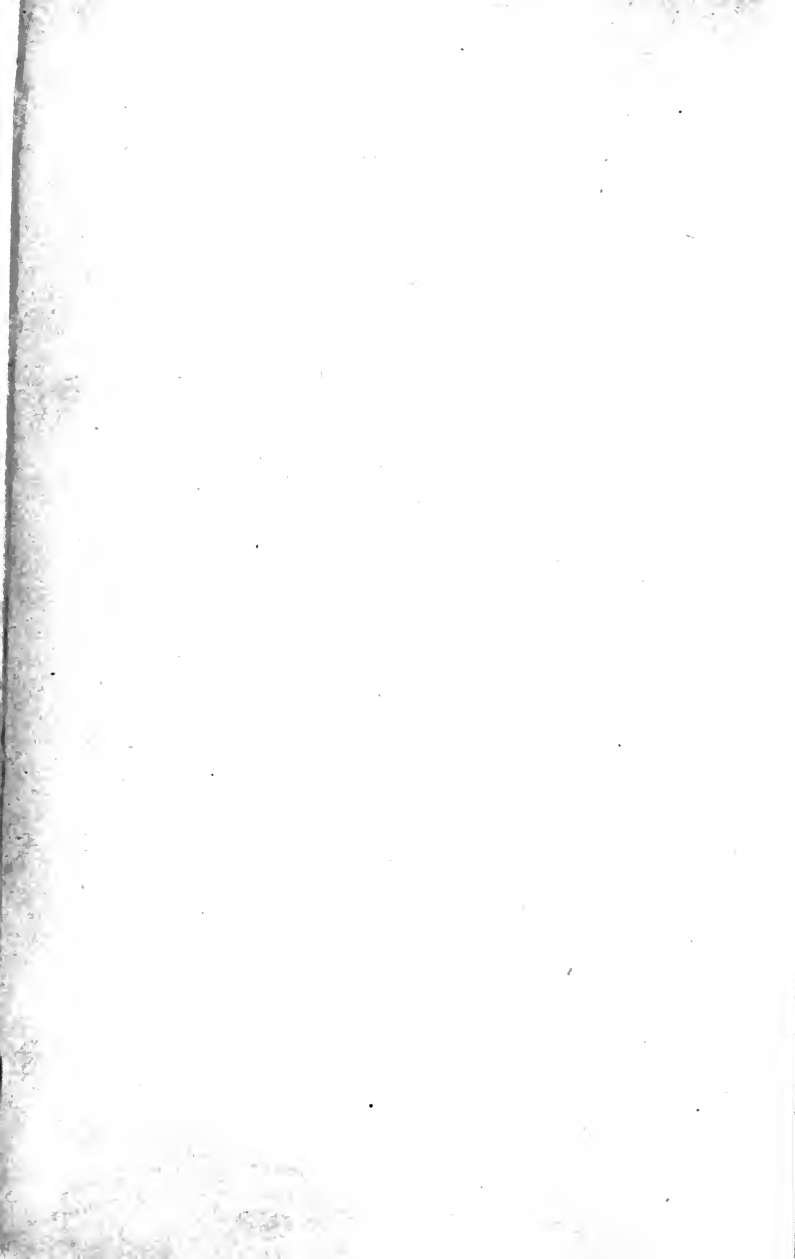


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A History of Imperialism

by

IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER



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ASSOCIATION

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FOREWORD

Empires are as old as history itself. When the misty curtain first parts for us upon that stage whereon the drama of life is played, emperors occupy the center of the scene. They have held the leading rôle ever since.

Around successive rivalries for that coveted part, the wars of the world group themselves like endless murders around a chain of Hamlets. What is the meaning of that mad plot, so wild, so bloody, so continuous, so undetermined? For it is not yet played out. We have entered upon a new act, it is true, with the old Imperialisms prostrate in the dust. But a new one rises triumphant over its fallen rivals. We have seen the powers of autocracy rent from the shoulders of Czar and Kaiser, only to behold them wrapped around the figure of a President.

There is a straight line of descent from the throne of Menes to the chair of Wilson; a straight course of Empire from that far off day when Upper and Lower Egypt were united beneath the crown of the first Empire, to the day when the expanding credits of America forced her imperial merchants to create an imperial figurehead. Our symptoms of imperialism are identical with those which all budding empires have displayed.

It is time that we analyze ourselves in the light of what physicians call the "etiology" of the disease.

We entered the war, theoretically, to bring autocracy to an end. Did the war bring autocracy to an end? Can a war end autocracy?

The Treaty of Versailles, it was promised, would bring

democracy to the world. Can democracy be created by a treaty? What is democracy? What is an Empire? More important still, because less often asked, Why is Democracy, and Why is an Empire? Much nonsense has been uttered about certain accompanying products of each, namely the dominant art and unifying religion.

Imperialism is not a product of certain crafty and scheming brains, nor is Democracy the result of noble convictions uttered by high-minded, pure-souled leaders of the people. Both are expressions of the Life-Current, dashing against certain cliffs or flowing smoothly past certain meadows.

Art is intimately connected with Empire, both as a cause and an effect. So is literature. So is religion. All of them are inevitable expressions of human nature, working diversely outward from a fundamental unity.

In this book we shall take up separate nations and study their history as a whole, both before and after the great spotlight of imperial power picks them out for the stage of some particular act. We may thus better understand what Imperialism is, and what it leaves behind, and why it moves on: and so may comprehend with increasing clearness the steps our land is even now taking, upon the road down which went Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, and the Cæsars, Kaisers and Czars whose ambitions, methods, tricks of speech and very cast of thought we in our turn have inherited.

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THE BOOK OF EGYPT

I

The Highway of Osiris

Empire is a matter of transportation. It begins, culminates and ends in the control of means of communication. As the story of Rome is written in the Roman roads, so is the story of Greeks written in their love of the sea. Persia was built along the Royal Road, and held together by the winged messengers of the King-of-Kings. Assyria and Babylon were great because they controlled the Valley of the Euphrates and the canals thereof; and Egypt, first of Empires, rose soonest from the prehistoric darkness because Father Osiris, the River Nile, is the greatest and easiest of highways.

Transportation first involves the exchange of commodities, then of ideas, then of beliefs. Consequently Imperialism, or the control of transportation and communication by one central power, results first in great mercantile activity—which is, indeed, its moving cause. Mercantile activity means simply the exchange of the products of the land for the products of another. Following upon this is the spread of language, literatures and laws. As a crown to the whole growth comes the evolution of an imperial religion, sanctifying the structure and perpetuating it with spiritual weapons launched against those who, proposing new systems of production or exchange, are accused of being Bolsheviki, atheists and blasphemers.

Because of its unique geographical configuration Egypt

has always been the cornerstone of Empire. It forms the classic land of evolution, in which the relics of the the earliest times have been preserved in the dry and rainless atmosphere, covered over, layer upon layer, with the works of later times. We can see, as through a telescope from some far-away planet, our own problems working out in that early day; prefigured in Pharaohs and in beast-headed gods beneath whose unfamiliar shapes it is easy to discern ourselves and our contemporaries.

II

Between the Glaciers

How early does man enter upon the world-stage? At what point in the play do we enter the spectators' box?

Man's traces are found in Western Europe, according to Henry Fairfield Osborn in "Men of the Old Stone Age," first in the River-Drift Period, in the First Interglacial Stage, about 375,000 years ago. Prior to this, only the Pithecanthropus, or Ape-man, is known. In the Second Interglacial Stage relics are found of the Heidelberg man, the thickness of whose jaw seems to indicate that there was small room left for the activity of the tongue in speech.

Between the third and fourth Glacial periods, however, roughly speaking about 100,000 to 50,000 years ago, the first of the Old Stone Age men are found in Western Europe. During this vast period, fifty-thousand years in extent, man lived in the warm climate of Western Europe roaming through the forests and meadows, warring with his foes by means of roughly chipped flints.

As the cold came down again from the Arctic, great glacier caps crept down the Alps and the mountains of Norway. Before this advancing cold, man retreated into the great limestone caverns of the Pyrenees and of Southern France. And here relics have been found of his artistic work, ranking in technical skill and in close observation far in advance of what most artists of today can execute. For engravings of reindeer, chamois, mammoths, and buffalo are found upon bone and ivory, so

exquisitely true to life that until the moving pictures of leaping animals showed through analysis how accurate they were, the eye of modern man had not recognized the attitudes which prehistoric man caught and engraved. Deep in the profound darkness of his cavern-temples are found pictures of the animals of chase, pictures before which the primeval hunter came and "wished for luck" by flickering lamplight before issuing forth to the chase.

From fifty thousand to twenty-five thousand years ago this Old Stone Age culture flourished. But then the Fourth Glacier retired Northward. Then came the New Stone men, who had discovered methods of polishing their flint implements, to give them a keener cutting edge. These New Stone Men were agriculturists, and had lost that keen observation of nature and that quick adaptability of hand which marked their Old Stone forbears, lost in the mists of milleniums gone by.

The Nile Valley must have been one of the earliest places settled by the Agricultural race, for not only is cultivation easy and crops abundant, but the towering cliffs of the Valley's edge form impregnable protection against invasion, save at a very few points where the rim is broken. Uncounted ages ago roving savages settled down in mud villages to till the easily worked soil of the Nile Valley, building their mud huts on the slight elevations which rose above the level of the annual sediment-laying flood.

In the débris at the foot of the cliffs near Abydos has been found a relic of the beginning of the Age of Civilization which brought to a close those interminable stretches of the Stone Age. A flint knife was discovered there, with a handle and sheath of pure beaten gold.

Gold was the first of the metals known to man, for the ease with which it can be melted, for its untarnishable purity and for the luster with which it gleams. After gold came copper, somewhat similar in appearance; and when some enterprising primitive discovered how to mingle copper with tin, and thus produce bronze, easily worked but as permanent as stone, then the Bronze Age dawned, and the upward rush of humanity was well upon

its way. That knife marks the line of cleavage between savagery and civilization.

Gold is not found in the Valley of the Nile, but it abounds along the Red Sea coast. Grain is plenty in the Nile, but scarce along the Red Sea coast; and the first recorded steps of empire, like the last, were taken in pursuit of gold. But those earliest steps sought the shining metal, not for hoarding out of sight in inglorious banks, but rather for flaunting it upon the person of some vain one, to waken or retain the love or the envy of undecorated fellows.

III

The Driving Hunger.

It was not the mercantile, but the artistic impulse, which led to the decoration of that flint knife with a golden handle. But to satisfy the impulse, traffic arose, and in protecting this traffic the Empire came to be.

Let it not be thought that Art is too slight a foundation for the mammoth structure man has reared upon it. Art was not only the birth of Empire; it is a driving factor in organic evolution. In that incessant craving lies the birth of the world's organic beauty. For flowers and fruits are the result of the hunger for beauty in insects and in birds.

Dimly and imperfectly this psychic faculty worked through the primordial ages in the Silurian mollusk, the Devonian fish, the Mesozoic reptile, producing scarcely any modification in the course of biologic evolution. Those abhorrent shapes which we are beginning to piece together from bone and fossil, more frightful than any nightmare,—shapes of Dinosaur, Ichthyosaurus, Pterodactyl,—were fit reflections of a world deprived of organic beauty. During all these vast aeons of time, the only organic products of beauty or utility were such as nature chanced to produce in her objectless march.

Down to the close of the Jurassic period, the vegeta-

tion of the globe consisted of such plants as fungus and mushroom. There was no beauty in them, and their seeds were scattered by the wind. They had no luscious covering of pulp, such as pears, peaches, plums and grapes use to mask their naked seed, nor showy and radiant garb of flowers for their marriage, such as attracts wedding processions of bees and butterflies to the golden-pollened rose.

But in the Cretaceous epoch, plants which now bear showy and fragrant flowers were introduced. In that same epoch, especially during the Tertiary time, certain flower-loving insects began to flourish. It is now known that the sole purpose of these showy and fragrant flowers is to attract insects and secure cross fertilization. It is a legitimate scientific deduction that the development of these flowers was due to the agency of the insects.

"Only a botanist," writes Lester F. Ward, "can fully estimate the sweeping character of the great transformation wrought by the spirit of life, passing into the mind and embodied in these humble creatures, moving over the face of nature."

Bird life, ages later, began to react upon the vegetable surroundings. Hitherto, though showy and fragrant flowers may have been borne on the herbs, trees and shrubs which insects had created, all fruits consisted of dry capsules or other vessels containing chaffy, innutritious seeds. But bird-mind proved capable of transforming these into pulpy berries and nutritious grains, stored with life-giving albumen. Fruit trees were the result, while grasses came into existence yielding the bread products of the world.

"But for the psychic agency in the animal world," Ward remarks, "the vegetation of the earth would not only have been very different from what it now is, but would have lacked so much of what it now contributes to the sustenance and enjoyment of man as to render the world scarcely habitable for him."

This artistic impulse, through insects and birds, covered the face of nature with beauty; and acting through

the higher organic forms of men and women generated civilization—thus:

The most powerful impulse of organic nature is group preservation; not self-preservation. If it were true that "self preservation is the first law of nature," the race would have perished milleniums ago. But the mother risks her life for her young, and the man will die for his tribe; so, and so only, can the race survive. On this primitive impulse, strongest of all impulses, known as the "love" or "loyalty" impulse in its individualistic manifestations, the perpetuation of the race is based.

From the standpoint of nature, the female is the principal sex. In all early forms, the female is infinitely superior, and the male is but an insignificant parasite. She continues the main trunk of development, she alone continues the race; except that in the higher forms, she normally requires the aid of a fresh element derived from the male to cross the stock and renew the fertility.

But for the intervention of some extranormal impulse, therefore, the female superiority would have been found to be universal in the animal kingdom. In most birds and mammals, however, the opposite is the case.

The æsthetic sense, born in insects and birds, resulted in a romantic choice of partners by the females, who condemn to celibacy the meaner and uglier suitors, and only admit to the proud privilege of parenthood those who, by superior physical prowess, beauty, size, or other attracting qualities, would appear to win the title. Among birds and fishes and most mammals, the male displays these qualities either by splendid plumage, or ferocious fighting in the mating season, or the development of superior size and decoration. But the human male, deprived of such means of increasing personal beauty, contrives it by painting his face, decorating his hair, putting eagles' plumes upon his head and loading his neck and waist with belts and necklaces in the effort to win his bride. And her favor is most easily and permanently secured by gifts of everlasting gold, wherewith her own beauty may be adorned.

The quest for gold began as an after-thought of the

quest for wives; and even today the ambition of emperors of commerce and finance is nerved by the incessant demands of the wife and daughter at home. Empire begins in a lover's quest and pledge.

IV

The Crossroads of the Nile

We have remarked that the quest for gold, most enduring of ornaments, drove men out of the grain-bearing Valley of the Nile toward the barren sea-coast which though it produced small sustenance was rich in splendor. Let us look at the Geography of this Valley. Upon its peculiarities depend not only the First Empire, but all subsequent ones. It is no mere prehistoric interest which leads us to study it. For not only was Egypt the First Empire, but it has proved the necessary starting point for all other empires. Not until Assyria seized the Delta was the Ninevite Empire secure. Persian Cambyses subdued the Pharaoh before he could securely call himself King of Kings. Alexander went into Egypt to hear himself proclaimed divine. Likewise was it with Augustus and Julius Cæsar. When Mohammed's followers obtained Egypt they had already dethroned Rome. Crusaders struck for Egypt that they might control the Holy Land. Napoleon went to Egypt to become Emperor: and historically the British Empire proclaimed itself as such only after, by controlling the Suez Canal, control of Egypt was secured.

A river valley running through a desert—such is the background of this world-story. Far up in the Mountains of the Moon melting snow gives birth to the Nile. It runs through a valley 1600 miles long and averaging 9 miles wide. This nine-mile valley is Egypt. It runs through a plateau sometimes towering 1600 feet above sea-level, through rocky walls which shut Egypt off from the Desert beyond. That Desert was once the bed of an ocean, heaved up toward the sun by some tremendous catastrophe of the aeons when the earth was

young. There is nothing on earth like the Sahara. Still less is there anything like the Nile, which cleaves the land of Death with a thin ribbon of fertility shut in between towering cliffs.

Every year in the time of the Spring thaw the Nile overflows its channel down in the bottom of the Valley, and leaves a rich sediment all over the floor of it. It has been calculated from the rate of growth of the Nile Delta that the average rate of deposit is four and one-half inches a century. It is very easy to cultivate and, what is of perhaps more importance for primeval man, it is extremely easy to protect against invasion from without, for the cliffs, which shut Egypt in, shut all marauders out except at a few points where the wall is broken.

At one such point as this it was that civilization began. Whoever first came into the Valley found it extremely easy to make a living; but not until a regular traffic developed could civilization be said to have taken root. This place—the cradle of Modernity, for all Empires and all Arts and everything else that we know as Civilization began there—is halfway up the Valley, between Abydos and Thebes. There the Nile makes a wide loop toward the East, running nearer the Red Sea than anywhere else in its long course; and just there a wide ravine breaks through the Eastern Wall, leading by an easily travelled slope, well supplied with water, to the coast of the Red Sea. On the opposite bank is a slope that leads to the great fertile Oasis of Kharga, far out in the sands.

Here, then, is the cross-roads of the Nile. And here also the River runs in the middle of the Valley, so that there can be settlements on both banks, instead of being limited, as in most other places, to one bank or the other. Traffic of the East Bank with the West developed into traffic up and down stream. Barren sea-coast bands learned that when famine struck the outer world there was always "corn in Egypt," and like Jacob they went, or sent, down into Egypt for food. Likewise the people of Egypt desired the products of those other lands. All metal, beginning with gold, they had to import, and the gold-handled stone knife shows how such traffic began, in

the quest of gold used for ornament rather than for currency. The fundamental reason why gold is the universal medium of exchange is that my lady desires to use it for adornment, and there is therefore a permanent and inexhaustible demand, based upon no fleeting need, but upon the eternal and unshakable rock of vanity, of that quest for beauty which is the beginning of Empire as it is of Art.

Silver was imported from Arabia, and copper came first from the mines of the Peninsula of Sinai. Cedar wood for all boats of the better sort had to be brought from Lebanon; and among the primitive records is one telling how the king of Byblus insisted on being paid for his cedar by the King of Egypt, who seems to have wanted it as a gift. Ivory and leopard skins came from the far south, spices and incense came from Arabia Felix and Somaliland; fine linen came from Syria, and beautifully worked metal-ware from the strange civilization of the Keftiu, in the Islands of the Great Sea Northward.

Iron, curiously enough, was used mainly for religious purposes, and went by the name of the "metal of heaven," seeming to show that their first knowledge of it was from the meteoric iron that came gloriously from the stars.

It will be noted that practically all of these products rank as luxuries rather than as necessities, except for copper. Indeed, all explorers who go among savage countries take with them trifles of no value save as personal adornment, beads, bright colored cloths, mirrors—and the beginning of foreign expansion among the newly discovered countries is always based upon art rather than economics.

And again the reason for this seems to be evident. If any country lacks a prime necessity, it is abandoned. It must produce all the necessities of life, and a form of social organization must very early be evolved which is based upon those products. Consequently the first traffic between organized societies is in luxuries, which cater to the artistic impulse. But luxuries become wants, and later necessities.

V

The Tariffs of Pharaoh

On both banks of the Nile, wherever it was wide enough, settlements arose. All up and down the tremendous length of the river these settlements gathered. In times so far beyond the dawn of history that we shudder to visualize them, there were forty-two distinct states strung along the emerald valley, twenty-two in Upper Egypt and twenty in the Delta. Each of them had its own chieftain, its own temple, and its own god, in whose name it went out to war with its neighbors over water-right or disputed border tariffs. In his "Religion of the Semites", Robertson-Smith gives a sketch of the origin of these totems; each tribe inheriting some figure of an ancestral ram, or bull, or crocodile, or falcon, whose living shape it revered within its temple, and whose image it placed upon its banners and implements of war, even as we place the Eagle upon our flagpoles and upon our coins, and as the British look upon the Lion and the Unicorn as the guardians of their imperial honor. A closer parallel would be, perhaps, the wolverine of Michigan, the sandpiper of Florida, the badger of Wisconsin, the gopher of Minnesota, which are blood-brothers of Khnum the Ram and Wepwawet the Wolf, that led the states of Egypt to prehistoric wars.

Wars between these primitive states were fought over water rights and state boundaries. But as traffic developed upstream and downstream, such traffic boundaries became obnoxious, and continual disputes became wearisome. It is no good, as Professor Myres of Oxford remarks in "The Dawn of History", to plan a great canal along the desert edge of your community, and thus redeem the otherwise uncultivated land, unless your neighbor upstream can send down water to you, and unless your neighbor below will draw off your overflow into his own canals. Pressure of population, necessitating the reclamation of the desert edge by means of such canals; the constant call upon such places as Abydos, which com-

manded the cross-roads, for exchange of the products brought from across the desert with nomes further up and downstream, and the insistent demand of those who trafficked in such imports, for free passage of their wares,—these were the forces which caused the consolidation of Upper Egypt into a single kingdom, whose ruler wore a white helmet; while down in the Delta the twenty states combined under a red crown which bore sway from the Gates of Cairo to the Sea.

One of these kings buried at Abydos, a “predynastic” sovereign—i. e., prior to Menes,—Narmer by name, is represented in sculptured relics as going out, hoe in hand, to open the irrigation ditches and inaugurate the irrigation season, very much as our Chief Magistrate in these frivolous times pitches the first baseball that opens our national industry, or presses the button which starts the wheels of an Exposition. The main duty of these early kings was to regulate the water-rights; a duty often requiring strong diplomacy, as those who live in the irrigation districts of Wyoming or Arizona know from bitter experience.

River traffic was also regulated, both by the abolition of customs tariffs levied by the various states, and by eradication of pirates. None but the King might claim toll from the traffic, thus substituting imperial tax-collectors for the pirates—a distinction which in those far off days seems to have been regarded as without much difference. For the King was represented in popular symbolism by a vulture, omnipresent and ravenous.

King Narmer came from Abydos in the Thinite nome; naturally enough, this being the Old Dominion of Upper Egypt, and the Mother of Presidents, as we would say. Hence also came the first kings of the United Egypt, who beginning with Menes united the white helmet with the red crown and were known as the Lords of the North and South, Kings of the Two Lands, Sons of the Sun.

Most of these first kings were called by the name of Horus (Harakte) rather than by their personal names. And this bears additional evidence of their main function as water-right regulators. For Horus, the Sun, melted

the snow upon the Abyssinian mountains each spring, and thus restored Osiris, the Nile, to the arms of his bride, Isis. Horus was, therefore, the water-bringer; and the Kings who brought water through the imperial canals to the desert fringes shared in the functions, and therefore in the name, of Horus; which may be a reason why they wore the winged sun upon their caps.

How long, as a matter of years, the two Lands remained apart we do not know. But it was long enough—that means many hundred years—to evolve racial stocks distinct from each other. Men of the Valley belonged essentially to the widespread Berber type, which dominates all the dry area of Northern Africa, as well as the Atlas range. This type seems to be akin to the Arab types in the similar regions beyond the Red Sea, and mingles very naturally with this Arabian stock. In it was a strong admixture of negroid folk from the region of the tropical rains, who interbred with these Berber aborigines along the whole of their common frontier, and pushed far downstream.

In the milder climate of the Delta a larger and more muscular type developed, greatly aided by constant immigrations from Syria, of the Alpine or "Armenoid" type. After the political unification under the first dynasty, the dominant types in Upper Egypt approximate rather suddenly to those of the Delta, perhaps through intermixture, perhaps through the spread of more favorable conditions. "We may compare," says Professor Meyer, "the enlarged dimensions among ourselves of those classes who have been the first to profit by the comfortable prosperity of the nineteenth century."

Menes, uniter of Upper and Lower Egypt, fixed his twin capitals at Memphis and at Abydos. Coming from Upper Egypt, in that ancient center where Abydos had seen the first quickening of art and traffic in the great Valley, he passed the Gates of Cairo and subdued the kings of the Delta about 5,500 years before Christ. Memphis was founded as the first capital of the new Federal Union, much in the same way that the city of

Washington in the District of Columbia was founded, as a compromise between North and South.

It is not difficult to understand the motives, even the grim necessity which underlay the expedition of Menes beyond the Gates of Cairo to subdue the rich lands of the Delta. Egypt's great Valley is the Fortunate Land of Plenty, but it lacks nearly everything save food and limestone. Traffic with the Mesopotamian plain was sure and easy only by way of the Delta, across the Sinai Peninsula, and along the Way of the Sea. Rich and prosperous Upper Egypt must perforce either pay tolls to the Delta of Lower Egypt, or must incorporate it. Hence unification of the Two Lands came about through the same causes which operated in the unification of the Thirteen Colonies in 1789, and which for that matter operated in the War between the States of the American Union in 1861.

With the coming of this King Menes, a complete change comes over the art which is the surest voice to coming years of the manners of any time. "The dynastic race," says Flinders Petrie, "wrought an entire transformation in the art of Egypt. In place of clumsy and undetailed representations, there suddenly appears highly artistic work full of character, action and anatomical detail." Around the court of the First Kings cultured groups began to gather, gifted with sufficient leisure to produce works of art and sure of sufficient appreciation to make it worth while. The "Augustan Age" such periods are called, after that Roman ruler who three milleniums later made himself master of the world, when he had obtained control of Egypt.

VI

The Wedding of the Gods.

Great spiritual manifestations followed upon these great events. So long as the states had been separate their totems were supreme. But when the Union was

achieved, a higher unity required expression. Now the link which held Egypt together was the Nile.

Father Nile was apotheosized into Father Osiris. Egypt, his bride, was Mother Isis. And since the life of Egypt and all her children depended on the yearly overflow of the Nile, which to their frank and uncivilized minds presented itself as the yearly embrace of Mother Egypt by Father Nile, they adopted as the symbol of Divinity and of Life a conventional representation of conjugal union, the "Ankh" or "looped cross", in which very amateur philosophers have seen a prophecy of the Christian cross. But the third person in this very ancient Trinity, Horus, represents the Sun. How is it, one may ask, that the Sun was conceived as being a child of the River?

The reason is that all around Egypt lies the Desert on which the sun shines daily with all his splendor, but which has no life in it. Father Nile gives life wherever he touches; the all-radiant Sun cannot give life, otherwise the Desert would be teeming with it. So Horus is less than the River. And yet it is the Sun which, melting the snow on the mountains, gives Osiris back to Isis. Therefore, Horus is the Redeemer of his Sire, and in the Mysteries of Egypt this annual redemption was represented with great symbolic splendor.

When Egypt became a Union, and the Mascot Gods were replaced by Osiris, Isis and Horus as the supreme divinities, the old totems were gathered into a sort of Convention, each claiming equal reverence. The totem of that tribe which furnished the Pharaoh was regarded as President pro Tempore of this gathering. For example, if Memphis furnished the reigning house, chief honor was given to the Ram of Memphis; if he came from Thebes, the Bull of Thebes took the chair. As permanent secretary Thoth, the Ibis, was recognized by all the ages; probably from the fact that the Ibis lived among the Papyrus reeds, out of which pens, ink and paper were made, and he was therefore supposed to be familiar with the art of writing; and from the further fact that the Ibis is fond of standing on one leg in deep

meditation, and was therefore presumed to be a philosopher.

Since Osiris brought life to the soil of Egypt by his annual resurrection, he was esteemed to be the god of future life, the judge of souls. With him the Convention of the totem Gods was transferred to the other world, where, in the shape of the Forty-two Judges, they sat with Osiris to give sentence upon every soul that passed into the Land of the Sunset. Having been the gods of their forefathers, naturally enough men reasoned that they followed these forefathers into the land of death.

But the bodies of these forefathers were still with their sons and their sons' sons, to the remotest generations. The whole life of an Egyptian was lived between two rocky cliffs that were lined, for sixteen hundred miles, with endless sepulchres in which were sealed the mummies of the dead. The sand, the rocks, the clear and dry air, preserved them from decay and change. No man could escape from the immediate presence of all his ancestors. There they were, gazing down at him from the cliffs, or staring up at him from the shallow sand graves in which the bodies of the poor were laid. No motion that he might make could escape their judgment. It was like living one's whole life in a cemetery. And whenever any great movement looking toward the betterment of the life of the common man, or any great change in the system of Egypt's government, was inaugurated, out of the cliffs that lined the Valley of the Nile, out of the tombs where all the generations of the past were gathered as in a Supreme Court of the United States of Egypt, there came a unanimous decision: "It is Unconstitutional!"

We hear the echo of long and bitter wars fought between Upper and Lower Egypt on questions of States Rights, Secession, Tariffs and Executive Usurpation; we read in the laments of scribes and philosophers the sad story of how Egypt is going to the unsanctified dogs, and how social justice is being throttled by the exactions of the oppressor. We read of crusades for the better times

that are coming; and as we read, our hearts sink within us. "So long ago—so futile!"

Pharaoh claimed the credit when times were good; when crops were bountiful, when the yield of fish was plenty. The consequence was that when times were bad and crops failed to come, Pharaoh was held responsible, and more than once a Pharaoh was killed in an insurrection for his failure to bring good crops, and another man put in, in the hope the he would prove a more successful weather-prophet—which again bears striking resemblance to our own methods of electioneering. I remember hearing Vice-President Fairbanks begin a speech, at a Republican dinner, thus: "Having dined so bountifully on this delicious lobster, we are in a fit frame of mind to contemplate the many similar blessings which God has given us, under a Republican Administration!"

VII

The Glory of the Lotus.

We have seen how the impulse to trade arose primarily out of the artistic impulse. That primal motive did not vanish when the Empire came, but rather reached a new flowering. When Father Nile became the god of all Egypt, representing its unity, and when the Pharaoh, as the active administrator of this unity, became himself divine, the people built temples to the Nile, and the Pharaoh erected huge monuments to himself. He became the embodiment of the interests of the ruling class, those who profited by the existing order. The Nile became the popular god of the fellahin.

As the towering structure of Egypt's splendor increased and grew, the misery of those whose toiling bodies formed its foundation increased likewise. Countless millions of them labored under the lash, to build the Pyramids and rear the obelisks. While Egypt's princely merchants lived in growing luxury, her toilers in the mud groaned and sweated to produce the wealth from which that splendor came.

Father Nile gave them sustenance freely ; but the people saw those bounteous gifts confiscated by the heavy hands of the King's tax-gatherers. Nile was the Father of Life ; the King was the Despoiler. Hence Osiris was the god of the people, and the King was the protector of the privileged.

Now it is not possible to build a temple in the shape of a river, because the river has no shape. Therefore a symbol of the Nile's life-giving power must be found ; a pledge of the presence of Father Osiris. On the bosom of the Nile floats the blue water-lily, the Egyptian lotus, rooted in his slimy bed and smiling upon his rippling surface. Every morning when the sun strikes across the Eastern cliffs the blue water-lily opens its sun-like rays, and every night when the chariot of day descends below the Western rim, the lotus closes its blossom. Here, then, is a symbol both of the River and the Sun ; and as these were pledges of immortality, the Lotus became a symbol of and a prayer for immortality. The huge granite columns of the temples of Osiris and Horus, and of Isis also, were cut in the form of the Lotus flower. Lotus blossoms were painted on the walls of all tombs, as a prayer that Father Osiris might give life again to the dead, as he gave it to Egypt.

From Egypt the trail of the lotus spreads abroad. Professor Goodyear in his book, "The Grammar of the Lotus" seeks to prove that practically all decorative and conventional forms of artistic motive came originally from the Lotus ; this, though ably argued, appears to be an unwieldy claim. But the Lotus appears in India as the cradle of Brahma, and by a natural transition as the throne of Buddha. "Om mane pudme om" is the constant prayer of the Lama Buddhists ; "Oh God, jewel of the Lotus, Amen !" its sonorous murmur runs day and night through the monasteries of Tibet. Buddhism was carried across China into Japan, where it gave birth to the art of Japan which has so fascinated the Western world ; and always and everywhere Buddha is throned upon the lotus or its wide spreading leaf forms the background of his placid immortality.

So far afield does the glory of the sunlit blossom, floating on the bosom of the life-giving Nile, emblem of the downtrodden workers of Egypt in constant struggles with their Pharaonic rulers, send its primeval fragrance!

VIII

The Revolution of Akhenaton.

Just outside of Egypt lay the great Arabian desert, that reservoir of destiny, out of which at periodic intervals inundations of warriors have come to remake the history of the world. For fourteen dynasties United Egypt had lived content within its narrow banks, sending forth caravans to the Land of the Two Rivers from the River of the Two Lands.

But about the year 2500 B. C., (the dates are extremely obscure), a warlike band of Bedouins, known as the Shepherd Kings, swept across from Arabia and conquered the country, building a capital at Arvaris in the marshes, and ruling Egypt for many centuries.

Far up in the region of Thebes an insurrection at length gathered head against the invaders, and loyal Egyptians rallying under the standard of Thebes, drove the Hyksos across the Peninsula of Sinai and followed them all across Canaan even to the Great River, the River Euphrates.

Ahmosis I, led this great Rebellion, and Thuthmosis III followed him in twenty years of campaigning which laid all the lands of Syria, much of Asia Minor, many of the Greek Islands, and the Upper Euphrates under the sway of the Pharaoh.

For many a millenium merchants and sailors of the desert must have passed between Egypt and Babylonia. But under Thuthmosis all the young Egyptians followed in this crusade, as the youth of America followed Pershing across the Atlantic. These young men of Egypt, conscripted from all her villages, came back with strange ideas, which the homestayers denounced as atheistic and Bolshevik.

They proclaimed that the stars shine even outside Egypt, and that grass grows beside the Euphrates as it does beside the Nile; which, to the loyal members of the Egyptian Protective League smacked fearfully of treason and disloyalty. "Egypt First!" they cried, and in protest against these alien agitators, who came back to their native firesides with new intelligence gleaned in actual experience of other lands, the battle cry was adopted, "My country, right or wrong."

Yet after the victory of Thuthmosis in Babylon, it became plain that Father Osiris could not have given the victory to the armies of Pharaoh, so far away from his native channel. There must be some other force, some stronger power, greater than Osiris, which favored the troops of the Land of Nile. The one familiar thing in Babylon which they knew also in Egypt was the Sun. And hence the grandson of Thuthmosis, Amenhotep IV, who had marched across the burning sands of Syria with his grandfather's expedition, and had grown up in the far-off Mesopotamian campaign, planned to force these discoveries upon the world by a Revolution from Above,—which disrupted Egypt.

Thuthmosis, on his return, had reorganized the priest-hoods of all the gods of Egypt into one great community, with the high-priest of Ammon in Thebes, his own home town, at its head, as the Pontifex Maximus of Egypt. Their power was enormously increased by this religious unification. It was a veritable Carnegie Fund for Church Unity; no religion which did not join the union could be assured of financial support from the National Treasury. But Amenhotep was impatient of these attempts to stay up the old church by uniting disbelieving and quarrelsome sects. "Let's have a new revelation," said he, and by his omnipotent power as Pharaoh he tried to accomplish it.

It was about the year 1370 B. C. that Amenhotep ascended the throne. Almost immediately he announced his new and startling theories, and proceeded to carry them into effect. He proclaimed that there is but One God, whose symbol is the Sun; that he is a god of justice and of

truth, and that his sway is universal; and that henceforth worship must be paid to him alone, and all the other gods must be disregarded as nonentities. To enforce this doctrine he chiselled out, on all the monuments he could reach, the names of other divinities and names of kings compounded with them, inserting instead the symbol of Aton, the mystical Sun, whose rays each terminated in a hand grasping the symbol of some divinity, to indicate that all power was his.

Because the old capitals of the empire, Thebes and Memphis, were founded on and steeped in the worship of the old gods, he built a new capital, Amarna, half-way between them — like Constantine forsaking Rome. This he called "Khitaton" or City of Aton; changed his own name to "Akhenaton" or Servant of Aton, and set up the religion of Aton with himself as the high-priest and bard.

Exquisite indeed are the hymns which Akhenaton wrote, some of which are preserved to us, and are quoted in the work of Breasted aforementioned. Here is one:

"Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of the sky,
O living Aton, Beginning of Life!
When thou risest in the eastern horizon
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.
Beautiful art thou, great, glimmering high over every land.
Thy rays encompass the lands, even all that thou hast made.
Thou are Re (All), and thou carriest them all away captive;
Thou bindest them by thy love.
Though thou art far away, thy rays are upon earth;
Though thou art high, thy footprints are the day."

"Thou bindest them all by thy love!" Fourteen centuries before Christ!

"When thou settest in the western horizon of the sky,
The earth is in darkness like the dead.
They sleep in their chambers,
Their heads are wrapped up; none seeth the other
Every lion cometh forth from his den,
All serpents, they sting.
Darkness. . . .
The world is in silence,
When he that made them resteth in his horizon."

How this reminds us of the Psalms, written centuries afterward!

"Bright is the earth when thou risest in the horizon;
When thou shinest as Aton by day,
Thou drivest away the darkness.
When thou sendeth forth thy rays,
The Two Lands (Egypt) are in daily festivity.
Awake and standing upon their feet,
When thou hast raised them up.

"All cattle rest upon their pasturage,
The trees and the plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.
All the sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly,
They live when thou hast shone upon them. . . .

"How manifold are thy works!
They are hidden from before us,
O sole God, whose powers no other possesseth.
Thou didst create the earth after thine own heart
While thou wast yet alone.
Men, all cattle large and small,
All that are upon the earth,
That go about upon their feet.
All that are on high,
That fly with their wings;
The foreign countries, Syria and Kush,
The Land of Egypt;
Thou settest every man into his place,
Thou suppliest their necessities.
Every one has his possessions, and his days are numbered.
Their tongues are diverse in speech,
Their forms likewise and their skins are distinguished,
For thou makest different the strangers."

Surely, the Hymn of Aton is as full of inspiration as the Psalms of David. And the next passage is wonderfully tender and beautiful.

"Thou makest a Nile in the Lower World,
Thou bringest it alive as thou desirest,
To preserve alive the people.
For thou hast made them for thyself,
The lord of them all, resting among them,
Thou Sun of the Day, great in majesty.
All the distant countries,
Thou makest also their life."

A confession full of heterodoxy for the "Egypt First" contenders!

"Thou hast set a Nile in the sky (i. e., the rain, which does not fall in Egypt).

When it falleth for them,
It maketh waves upon the mountains
Like the great green sea,
Watering their fields in their towns.

"How excellent are thy designs, O Lord of Eternity!
There is a Nile in the sky for strangers,
And for the cattle of every country that go upon their feet;
But the Nile, it cometh from the Nether World for Egypt.

"Thy rays nurse every garden, like the breast of a mother;
When thou risest they live,
They grow by thee.
Thou makest the seasons
In order to behold all that thou hast made.
Winter to bring them coolness,
And heat that they may taste thee.
Thou didst make the distant sky, wherein thou mightest rise,
In order to behold all that thou hast made.
Thou alone, shining in thy form as living Aton,
Dawning, glittering, going afar and returning;
Thou makest millions of forms,
Through thyself alone;
Cities, towns and tribes, highways and rivers;
All eyes see thee before them,
For thou art Aton, Lord of the Day over the Earth!"

This, the Royal Hymn of Amenhotep Akhenaton, is one of the most sublime bits of poetry known to us. It is the melancholy remnant of a religious revolution that shook the world with its echoes, and by the convulsion which it produced made a way for the religion of the Hebrews to find root. Had it not been for Amenhotep, there might have been no Bible. Indeed, echoes from this Hymn resound in the great Psalms of Creation which form so splendid a part of the Psalter.

Four great sanctuaries of the Sun-God were erected at Khitaton, and by imposing tablets set up in the Eastern and Western cliffs, the place was formally devoted to the exclusive service of the sun. A similar city of Aton was founded in Nubia, and in all likelihood there

was another in Asia. Thus the three great portions of the Empire, Egypt, Nubia and Syria, were each given a center of the faith of Aton.

A careful perusal of the Psalm to the Sun will show how terrible a blow was struck at the exclusive nationalistic gods of the tribes and of Egypt itself by the promulgation of this new faith.

"Thou hast set a Nile in the Sky for the dwellers of other lands!" The sun sends rain in Babylon to make up for the Nile in Egypt! This was destroying at one blow the supremacy of Father Osiris and the peculiarity of the Land of the River. It was wiping out of recognition the Bull and the Ram and the Falcon and the Serpent and the Tumble-Bug of the indignant States. It was preaching Internationalism with a vengeance, and Internationalism of a peculiarly levelling kind. Evidently there was no particular superiority attaching to the feature and form and speech of the Egyptian, if the God of all lands had made every nation after his own heart, with all their differences as it hath pleased him.

But the sorest blow was struck at the old priesthods, headed by the High Priest of Ammon, as Pontifex Maximus. Just at the time when they have achieved a Church Federation in which the sects cooperated instead of fighting one another, comes this new heretic in power and sweeps them all away! The priesthods depended upon popular offerings for their support. Now their holy places were desecrated, shrines sacred with the memories of thousands of years were closed up, the priests driven away, the offerings and temple incomes confiscated, and the old order blotted out. Everywhere whole communities, moved by instincts flowing from untold centuries of habit, returned to their holy places to find them no more, and stood dumbfounded before the closed doors of the ancient sanctuaries. On feast days, sanctified by memories of earliest childhood, venerable halls that had resounded with the rejoicings of the multitudes, stood silent and empty; and every day as funeral processions wound across the desert margin and up the plateau to the cemetery, the great comforter and friend,

Osiris, champion of the dead in every danger, was banished, and no man dared so much as utter his name. Even their oaths, involuntary exclamations, absorbed from childhood with their mothers' milk, must not be suffered to escape their lips; and in the presence of the magistrate at court the ancient oath must now contain only the name of Aton.

"All this," says Breasted, "was to them as if the modern man were asked to worship X and swear by Y. Groups of muttering priests, nursing implacable hatred, must have mingled their curses with the execration of whole communities of discontented tradesmen—bakers who no longer drew a livelihood from the sale of ceremonial cakes at the temple feasts; craftsmen who no longer sold amulets of the old gods at the temple gateway; hack-sculptors whose statues of Osiris lay under piles of dust in many a tumble-down studio; cemetery stone cutters who found their tawdry tombstones, embellished with scenes from the Book of the Dead, banished from the cemetery; scribes whose rolls of the same book, filled with the names of the old gods,—or even if they bore the word god in the plural—were anathema; actors and priestly mimes who were driven away from the sacred groves by the police on the days when they should have presented the great Passion Play of the Death and Resurrection of Osiris; and murmuring groups of pilgrims at Abydos who would have taken part in the great Drama; physicians deprived of their whole stock in trade of exorcising ceremonies, employed with success since the days of the earliest kings, two thousand years before; shepherds who no longer dared to place a loaf and a jar of water under yonder tree, and thus escape the anger of the goddess who dwelt in it, and who might afflict the household with sickness in her wrath; peasants who feared to erect a rude image of Osiris in the field to drive away the typhonic demons of drought and famine; mothers soothing their babes at twilight, and fearing to utter the old sacred names and prayers learned in childhood, to drive away from their little ones the lurking demons of the dark.

"In the midst of a whole land thus darkened by clouds of smouldering discontent, the marvellous young king and the group of sympathizers who surrounded him, set up their tabernacle to the daily light, in serene unconsciousness of the fatal darkness that enveloped all around and grew daily darker and more threatening."

"Akhenaton was the world's first revolutionist," says Breasted. Certainly he was the world's first internationalist. He was convinced that he might entirely recast the world of religion, thought, art and life by the invincible purpose which he held, to make his ideas at once practically effective. And so the fair city of Akhenaton arose, a fatuous island of the blest in a sea of discontent.

The Idealist Revolution failed, because the people were against it. Pharaoh, embodiment of the merchants, the intellectuals, had sought to abolish their own popular divinity, religion, the deified Nile, their only stronghold on immortality.

IX

The Blasting of Amarna

As long as the young Pharaoh lived he was able to maintain his way, in spite of the rebellious crowds who cursed him. But the counter-revolution burst, perhaps as he lay dying, and swept away all that he had hoped and worked for. Khitaton, his beloved city, was accursed, and no man dare venture near it; the memory of the young Pharaoh was blasted; his Sun of a Hundred Hands was hammered out of the monuments in which he had ordered it carved; and the United Priesthoods of Egypt were swept to power in a triumphant backwash of reaction that set the brand of false doctrine, heresy and schism, as well as sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, on the brows of all who remembered Akhenaton. And Akhenaton was forgotten.

Drifting sands from the desert covered his beloved

city deep with its oblivion of death. Only within the past twenty years has it been excavated; and the correspondence files of the young Pharaoh, containing his letters and official communications from subject portions of his empire have been deciphered, after the lapse of more than three thousand years. Thus, for instance, write Abd-Akhiba, king of Jerusalem:

"At the feet of my lord the king, my sun and the light of my life; at the feet of my lord the king, seven and seven times I fall. O king, the Habiri are desolating the land. Send troops, or all will be lost. Note, to the King's Scribe: Bring this strongly to the king's attention: **SEND TROOPS, OR ALL WILL BE LOST.**"

These Habiri were a tribe of desert wanderers, who invaded the land of Palestine from the trans-Jordanic region, putting the people of the highland cities to the sword. In them, with a shock of pleased surprise, we recognize our old friends, the Children of Israel, whose entry into the Promised Land we have all seen pictured in gaudy colors on the walls of the Sunday School by means of a Pictorial Bible Chart. Had it not been that Egypt's power was paralyzed as a result of the bitter discontent of the people against the edict of Akhenaton; had it not been that the troops were disorganized, that the finances were disrupted, that the whole administrative structure was out of joint because of the king's attempt to conduct a single-handed revolution, the Habiri would not have been suffered to gain a lodgement in the Holy Land; Joshua and Ehud, Barak and Deborah, Samuel and David could not have led the tribes to national unity, nor could the Hebrew Prophets, ten centuries after Akhenaton was laid in the dust under the drifting sands at Khitaton his city, have held aloft to the eyes of the world the vision of Internationalism which he had failed to make good.

Then darkness fell over Egypt. Osiris, God of the Dead, claimed all their thoughts. Huge pyramids were built by the Kings, and vast cemeteries laid out for the common folk. Stagnation and death fell upon their intellectual and moral worlds. The High Priest of Ammon

became the power in the land. Succeeding dynasties attempted by the building of huge temples, richly endowed, to hold the support of the priesthoods, made suspicious by the Great Heresy of Akhenaton. The Nineteenth Dynasty is famous for the splendor of the temples built during its existence. But concessions only whetted the appetites of the priesthoods, until the high priest of Ammon elected himself Pharaoh.

Then began an age of the worship of the past. The age of the "restoration of all things" to primitive simplicity was announced. All were to go back to the traditions; the wisdom of the Fathers of the Constitution could not be improved upon; and Egypt sunk itself in the mists of tradition. What was to them ancient Egypt was endowed with the divine perfection. The world was growing old, and men dwelt fondly and wistfully on her far-away youth. In this process of conserving the old, the religion of Egypt sank deeper and deeper into decay, until it became what Herodotus found it, a religion of innumerable external observances and mechanical traditions carried out with such elaborate and insistent fidelity, such "proud punctilio," that the Egyptians gained the reputation of being the most religious of all peoples, when they were merely going through the motions of a dead exercise. The totems of the past dethroned the living Sun of a new generation; and Egypt's soul was embalmed.

X

The Great Revival

Once again, in the days of Psamtik I, the whole world outside of Egypt throbbed with the impulse of a giant current of thought; but it left Egypt untouched. Under Psamtik, trade relations were established with Assyria, with India, even with China. Caravans bearing silk from the farthest reaches of the Cantonese plains traversed the long slow roads to the land of the Nile. Under the aggressive leadership of Greek soldiers and Greek captains

of Industry, the traffic of the Pharaoh was seen on every road and in every city the products of Egypt were offered for sale.

Under the impulse of this universal acquaintance Gautama Buddha preached in India, Confucius in China, Zoroaster in Persia, Pythagoras in Greece, Isaiah in Israel, all expressing in the same mighty period that common thought of rebellion against the burden of old customs. A concurrent awakening, such as the ages see only twice in a millenium, stirred and shook the thoughts of men. Only Egypt remained unstirred. The Curse of Amenhotep lay upon every one who dared assault the prerogatives of the ancestral beliefs. And yet Psamtik placed Nitocris his daughter upon the throne of the High Priests of Ammon, violating all the immemorial precedents that none but a man might offer incense in the sacred place of the divinity of Thebes.

With Buddhism the history of India begins, and in large measure the art of India, China and Japan was born, all of them bearing dim and distant, but still faintly recognizable, marks of their origin in the land of the Nile. Concerning this Psamtik, under whose strong-handed measures so wonderful a revival occurred, Breasted speaks thus (in his *History of Egypt*):

"Psamtik I was the son of Necho, of the Saite dynasty, who was overthrown by the Ethiopian Tanutamun. On his father's death Psamtik fled to Assyria, and succeeded in rousing the king so that the armies of Nineveh promptly marched against and destroyed Thebes, the 'No-Ammon' of Nahum.

"With Psamtik, the Greek tradition with regard to Egypt begins to be trustworthy, if the folk tales which the Greeks so readily credited can be properly sifted. He gained control of Egypt, suppressed the mercenary lords and local dynasts, and made an end for 400 years of the condition of semi-anarchy which had so long cursed this unhappy land. This remarkable achievement of Psamtik's places him among the ablest rulers who ever sat upon the throne of the Pharaohs. He expended every effort to put his nation upon a sound economic basis, and

transmute her economic prosperity into military power; though in doing so he depended upon foreign soldiery.

"Psamtik's early life and training in exile had opened before his eyes the great arteries of trade throbbing from end to end of the vast Assyrian empire; he comprehended the great economic value of foreign traffic to the nation he was building up; nor did he fail to perceive that such traffic might be variously taxed and made to yield very considerable revenue for his own treasury. He therefore revived the ancient connections with Syria; Phœnician galleys filled the Nile mouths, and Semitic merchants, fore-runners of the Aramæans so numerous in Persian times, thronged the Delta. He employed Greeks not only in his armies, but also in furtherance of his commercial projects.

"From the eighth century B. C., those Southern movements of the Northerners become of daily occurrence. Psamtik was the first of Egypt's rulers who favored colonies of the Greeks in Egypt. There was a Greek quarter at Memphis, also a Carian quarter, and other cities doubtless had such quarters. The lines of communication between Greece and Egypt soon established direct, continuous, and in some respects, intimate relations between them."

But the Greeks, Breasted goes on to explain, never did or would learn the Egyptian language,—(why should they?)—and a class of interpreters was definitely recognized; many of whom fooled the Greeks who came seeking knowledge, like Herodotus, with yarns like those which the dragoman of today unrolls to the credulous Westerner.

Necho, son of Psamtik, moved against Assyria, conquering King Josiah at Megiddo on the way. When he returned from his triumphant expedition he presented the golden breastplate which he had worn to the Greek soldiers from Miletus, to whom he owed the victory.

But when Psamtik died, he left Egypt in such prosperity as it had not enjoyed since the days of Rameses III, 500 years before.

XI

The War of Grain

Great things, meanwhile, were occurring in other lands. Even while Amenhotep's single-handed revolution was convulsing Egypt, the Mesopotamian Valley was rent asunder by the fierce conflict between the North and the South, between Nineveh and the Holy City of Babylon. The lands between, the debatable territory of which Israel was the keystone, gained some degree of independence; the monarchy of David and Solomon owed its brief existence to the impotence of the imperial lands between which it lay.

A new Power appeared upon the stage of the world-drama when Babylon was in the height of its second glory. Persia smote down from the mountains, and Cyrus overwhelmed the vain Belshazzar at his feast. Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, determined to put an end to the great menace of Egypt, which disputed with his empire control of the Way of the Sea, along which the caravans went; and in the year 525 he met Nectanebf, last of the Pharaohs, in a battle which extinguished the Oldest Empire. Ezekiel, watching the titanic conflict of these two world-powers, prophesied that "never again shall there be a Pharaoh upon the throne of Egypt": and there never was.

Two centuries later Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon, bent on conquering Persia, marched down into Egypt at the head of his glittering Macedonian phalanxes, and was welcomed as a deliverer and a God. In the temple of Ammon, in the great Oasis of Fayoum, the high priests declared that Ammon had been pleased to recognize Alexander as his son, and he was solemnly declared to be divine. At the mouth of the Nile Alexander founded a city which he intended to be the capital of the world, and which he called after himself. It was colonized by Greeks, forming a strange and happy contrast to the solemn hinterland; and the city of Alexandria became famed the world over for the splendor of its learning and the

gorgeousness of its temples. Greek blood mingled with Egyptian blood there, and the wit and agility of the Grecian intellect mingled with the slower and more mystic Egyptian mind to produce an atmosphere which eclipsed old Athens. Alexandria became far more Greek than Greece. It was the key of Egypt; and as such it became the key of the world's breadbox.

Then came Cæsar. In his first visit, when his dalliance with Cleopatra Ptolemy came near to costing his army and his life, he perceived that Rome must have Egypt. Cleopatra desired him to marry her; not for any great affection on her part for the bald-headed little libertine, but from a very lively perception of the fact that Egyptian corn and Roman steel combined would sway the world. Cæsar was followed in her affections by Marcus Antonius; the lure of whose love story has been a staple of historians. Guglielmo Ferrero throws the cold light of political acumen upon this romance, and the result is told in his book, "Characters and Events in Ancient Rome."

Cleopatra, as displayed upon the remaining coins, he says, was very far from beautiful. Her nose was aquiline and her features coarse. Her charm lay in quite another direction. She was the heiress of Egypt, and Egypt was the granary of the world. Those easy crops produced a huge surplus of grain, which formed the staple bribery of the Roman electorate at the annual elections.

The civites Romani elected the officials who governed the world; and these civites Romani demanded not only circenses, which were easy to furnish from the gladiatorial yield of the regular batches of prisoners; panem also they desired. Panis could be obtained only from grain, and the demoralization of the labor market of Italy resulted in a shortage of grain.

Whosoever controlled the grain harvests of Egypt therefore controlled the elections at Rome; and whoso controlled them, ruled the kingdoms of the world and the treasures thereof. Cleopatra was an international Hoover; a Food Administrator for the League of Nations which comprised Rome's empire. Antony, and

Cæsar before him, sought to do what our doughty Food Czar tried, to give sustenance to all the little nations who would adopt their politics from him, and to refuse it to all who went red. Antony's plan was to marry Cleopatra, proclaim himself King of Egypt and transfer the seat of the world's power to Alexandria. It was the revolt of his generals at the battle of Actium which threw the die in favor of Octavianus, who as Augustus Cæsar stepped into the niche of Alexander.

Augustus deified himself, as Alexander had done, as the Pharaohs had done, as the Persian kings had done. His divinity was decreed all over the vast Empire of which Egypt was the corner stone, and temples were built to Augustus and Livia. But out of Egypt had come another and more august figure; and the struggle between Christ and Cæsar for the recognition of the world's soul fills the three centuries which follow.

XII

Cæsar and Christ

When Herod of Judea sought to kill all the boy babies of Bethlehem he was acting strictly in accordance with the dictates of Oriental politics. And when Mary and Joseph fled into Egypt with the young child Jesus, they acted also in accordance with the immemorial traditions of fugitives from Palestine. The Holy Land was a mere suburb of Egypt, in the minds of all the world. Jeremiah fled into Egypt; centuries before him Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, all had fled into Egypt. Alliances with the Pharaohs of Egypt were the resource of the Kings of Israel against the cruelties of the Assyrian slaughterers—a broken reed, indeed, as Isaiah proclaimed it, did they find such an alliance to be. From the temple at Jerusalem, where the daily chant proclaimed “Ye were slaves in the land of Egypt; I, the Lord your God, brought you out from thence with a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm,” one could almost see the Pyramids far across the dusty desert of the Negeb. Palestine was but one hun-

dred and fifty miles from Dan to Beersheba. Egypt was ten times as long, and a million times as rich, and incalculably more powerful. Egypt's greatness hung as a vast dim glory on the threshold of every Israelite's imagination, like the splendors of New York, let us say, to one whose life has been spent in an obscure corner of Delaware watching the Congressional Limited daily speed by his barren farm between Wall Street and the Capitol.

How long Christ lived in Egypt we do not know; but he had passed at least twice between the pyramids that marked the entrance to the Land of Nile. One of the first converts from foreign lands was the eunuch chancellor of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia; and the Church of Egypt, known as the Coptic Church (short for Aiguptikos) still remains in diminished splendor, and attributes its foundation to St. Mark the Evangelist in a tradition unbroken since the days of the Apostles themselves.

Weary of their old gods, the people of Egypt came into the Christian Church in multitudes. It became the proletarian church of a country of the poor; it gloried in Simon of Cyrene, who had helped Jesus bear the cross. A great church arose in Alexandria, and monasteries of the Coptic Church still bear token to the thousands of eremites—desert-dwellers—who fled to the Wilderness of Thebes in token of their love for the things of the spirit and their hostility to the cruel splendor of the Empire.

But the struggle between Cæsar and Christ ended in the enthronement of Jesus in the temples of the Empire. Then began a struggle between the imperial church and the proletarian churches, whose course is marked by the rise and fall of nations. Arius and Athanasius of Alexandria drew into the doctrinal dispute that raged between them all the bishops of the world. Athanasius won. The fact that the Athanasian doctrine was adopted by the Church of Constantinople, the home of the wealthy and luxurious ecclesiastical politicians, who acted as the Cæsar's spiritual police, was enough to turn the churches of the subject provinces against it. The struggle between Monophysite and Melchite, Nestorian and Ortho-

dox, was less a struggle between creeds than a war between national consciousness and imperial uniformity.

Alexandria was the center of a mystical school of interpretation of the Scriptures and the Christian religion whose influence was profound. Its chief opponent was Antioch, where more practical theories held sway. Alexandria was intellectually supreme above the world; its libraries were the greatest man had ever known; its gardens and public baths, its parks and its magnificent temples and public buildings were the greatest on earth, save only Rome; and it outmatched Rome in those higher glories of the intellect in which the Romans were content to sit at the feet of their conquered races and learn. But Egypt remained Egyptian, beyond the Gates of Cairo.

XIII

Koran and Crusader

Then, out of the great Desert that borders so closely on Egypt, a new power broke, in the seventh century after Christ, which destroyed this intellectual Tower of Babel at its proudest height. The Caliph Omar, successor of Mohammed, sent his greatest warrior Amru to reduce the proud citadel of the Greeks. Alexandria fell with hardly a blow. The war between Melchite and Coptic church, between Greek Imperialism and Egyptian national spirit, had reached such a pitch that the native Copts preferred their kindred from the deserts, and the revolutionary faith which they preached, to the imposing splendors of Constantinopolitan oppression. Alexandria was taken; and the world staggered beneath the knowledge that the repository of the learning of the human race, the Library of Alexandria, was fed to the flames in the public baths by order of Omar.

"If what these books say is true," he said, "it is all in the Koran; if it is not true, it is of the devil. Let them all be burnt." So for two solid years the flames which heated the water for twenty thousands baths was fed by

the manuscripts in which the world's greatest scholars had set down the wisdom of all ages.

Five centuries later began the struggle to redeem the East from the "Scourge of Islam." The Crusades tore Europe from its foundations and hurled it against the bulwark of the steel-clad warriors of the desert. More and more it became evident that without the control of Egypt the warriors of the Frankish armies could not hope to control Palestine. St. Louis of France died in the Delta in a vain attempt to wrest Egypt from the Saracens; and with his death the Crusades ended.

XIV

Birth of the Great War

Still grasping after empire, France under Louis XIV sought to win Egypt and failed. Napoleon, seeking to overthrow England, led the armies of the Directory into Egypt as a blow at England's budding supremacy in India.

"Soldiers of France", he said beneath the Pyramids, "forty centuries look down upon you." But at the Battle of the Nile the English fleet under Nelson annihilated the armada of the French; and the river of Osiris had seen another imperial dream vanish. The monument to Nelson in London's busiest square witnesses to the fact that control of Egypt is the cornerstone of the British, as of all other, empires.

France, thus defeated under Napoleon I, sought to regain control of her imperial dream under Napoleon III. On December 2, 1852, France by an almost unanimous vote conferred the supreme power with the title of Emperor upon Napoleon III. Promptly, (as such things go) in 1856 Napoleon obtained from the pasha of Egypt by devious means a concession for the building of the Suez canal, by the French engineer De Lesseps.

This Canal was meant by France as the means to undermine England's empire in India, and as such England perceived it. Therefore, in 1875, Disraeli succeeded

in secretly purchasing from Ismail Pasha, for nearly four million pounds, control of the Canal; and in 1877 the Queen of England was proclaimed Empress of India.

"Whatever the value of Egypt and the Suez Canal," says F. C. Howe in 'Why War', "Great Britain has had to pay a heavy price for it. It cost her first the confidence and friendship of France, and later was a continuing cause of hostility on the part of Germany. It marked the beginning of the new imperialism with the colossal burden of armaments which it involved to all Europe. It led to several wars with the Egyptians, to the subsequent expansion of the policy of spheres of influence in West Africa and the Near East on the part of the contending powers. All of these forces had their origin in England's aggressions in Egypt, which have been followed by endless diplomatic and other controversies covering a period of thirty-five years."

France was deeply angered by the shifty purchase of the Canal shares, seeing her dream of Empire once more collapse with the loss of Egypt. Nevertheless, she co-operated with England in the "Dual control." But she has bitterly resented the permanent control of Egypt by England. From 1882 to 1903 the enmity between France and England rested largely on this basis. In 1888 France made to Russia a loan of half a billion francs to try and gain support against England for the recovery of Egypt. This was the beginning of that fatal alliance of the Republic with the Czar. Then came France's loan to the Czar of four billion francs, with which he was to crush the Revolution of 1905. And because the Soviet Government of Russia has refused to recognize this loan to France—refused to pay for the bullets with which Cossacks had shot down the leaders of the revolution, and for the knouts with which they had been scourged—France bitterly fought the recognition of Soviet Russia by the Allies. So far afield does the Canal lead us. England's two-power naval policy dated from this time, born of the fear that she might have to fight France and Russia at the same time, for Egypt.

Furthermore, this occupation of Egypt by the British

government enraged Turkey, which had hitherto been the friend of England; and from that time the Sultan's government sought for another friend, which it found in Germany—to its own destruction.

Meanwhile, France had recognized the futility of opposing Great Britain in Egypt; and under the genial influence of King Edward, an agreement was reached whereby France's interests were recognized as paramount in Morocco, and England's dominion in Egypt was acknowledged. There was a secret agreement that England was to give "diplomatic support" to France, should France find it necessary to occupy Morocco. When this was made public in 1911, Germany felt not only angered, but frightened; and set about to prepare for the conflict that seemed inevitable. At any rate, she determined that her strength should be so great that no more territory like Morocco could be disposed of without her consent. Russia and France increased their armaments; Great Britain's expenditures for war preparation arose from 27,000,000 pounds in 1884 to 73,000,000 pounds in 1913, and in 1919, as a result of the Great War, she was planning to spend one billion dollars annually in preparation for a still greater war.

England, thus obtaining control of Egypt, secured thereby control of the world's commerce. But another Power sought control of Babylon, that ancient rival of the Land of Nile. All the ends of the world were drawn into that conflict; empires, Kaisers, Czars, went down in the huge struggle; and as I write the world seems being remade out of the ruins of the catastrophe kindled by the rivalry between the Suez Canal held by England and the Berlin to Bagdad railroad planned by Germany—the latest version of the struggle whose first chapter was the creation of the Empire of the Pharaohs in the effort to control the Tariffs of the Nile.

XV

The New Cæsar

In that remarkable testimony which laid bare the in-

fernal hypocrisy of the Peace Conference of Versailles, and in so doing struck down the President who had lent to it the sanction of America's name, William C. Bullitt revealed nothing more amazing than the method in which Egypt was handled. From his book containing his testimony before the Senate Committee, page 106, this is taken:

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. Bullitt, we had before us at one of our hearings a representative of the Egyptian people. Do you know anything about that, when it was done, or any discussion about it? I mean the clauses that appear in regard to the British protectorate.

MR. BULLITT: You mean our agreement to recognize the British protectorate in Egypt?

THE CHAIRMAN: It was recognized by this treaty in those clauses.

MR. BULLITT: Yes, but we gave a sort of assent before the treaty formally came out, did we not? I recall the morning that was done. It was handled by Sir William Wiseman, who was the confidential representative that Lloyd George and Balfour had constantly with Col. House and the President. He was a sort of extra confidential Foreign Office. It was all done, if I recall his statement correctly, in the course of one morning. The President was informed that the Egyptian nationalists were using his 14 points as meaning that the President thought that Egypt should have the right to control her own destinies, and therefore have independence, and that they were using this to foment revolution; that since the President had provoked this trouble by the 14 points, they thought that he should allay it by the statement that we would recognize the British protectorate, and as I remember Sir William Wiseman's statement to me that morning, he said that he had only brought up the matter that morning, and that he had got our recognition of the British protectorate before luncheon.

THE CHAIRMAN: The President made some public statement?

MR. BULLITT: I am not certain in regard to the further developments of it. I recall that incident, that it was arranged through Sir William Wiseman, and that it took only a few minutes.

SENATOR KNOX: That was a good deal of time to devote to a little country like Egypt.

MR. BULLITT: I do not know. You should know, sir. You have been Secretary of State.

SENATOR KNOX: We never chewed them up that fast.

Only a few minutes to dispose of Egypt? Ah no, fair sirs of the Peace Conference: another country might be

treated so cavalierly, another land might be so easily handled, perhaps—but not Egypt.

Yet consider this single incident. It was the President of the United States who was asked to portion out the globe in this fashion. It was the President of the United States who was asked to decide that the Land of Menes should belong in perpetuity to the Crown which the Bank of England wears.

Who disposes of Egypt rules the world. Only Cæsar can toss the throne of Pharaoh to his hungry friends. It has been the test of all empires, it is the certificate of ours.

But even as I write, Copt and Mohammedan are preaching in one another's churches rebellion against this yoke of the new Cæsar: and a new Actium may throw the die against a new Augustus.

The Sphinx of Egypt looks silently across the desert sands with still and imperturbable features. Before that calm stone face have drifted like whirling sands of the desert, innumerable armies blown by wild storms of passion and ambitious lust. Like winds that eddy for an hour or two, those patriotic frenzies which whip men into fighting savagery scream round the Sphinx's head and die. And the same dust clouds which now sweep beneath that solemn gaze on the wings of the desert wind have many times in the very flesh of youthful armies drawn from the flower of all lands, marched proudly past to victory—or defeat; who remembers?

The empires have come, and they have gone; and nothing remains but the tombs, and the Dust, and the Sphinx and the toiling fellahin, on whose patient shoulders every world-emperor has laid the cornerstone of his power.

THE BOOK OF BABYLON

I

The Garden of Eden

When we speak of the Holy City, we mean Jerusalem; and by The Eternal City, we signify Rome. But Babylon was a holy city for four thousand years before David was born, and the destinies of Asia were determined by the decision of the priests of Bel-Marduk, in that stupendous gold-domed temple of Babylon, for thirty centuries before Moses led his people out of Egypt.

Chaldea was a land of many cities, a land of a complex and intensive civilization, for upwards of fifty centuries. Twice as far before Christ as we are after him their records stretch. Take for instance this example:

The town of Eridu was the primitive seaport of the Chaldaean plain. It now stands some 130 miles inland. Estimating the rapidity of the silting up of the head of the Persian Gulf by the town of Spasinus Charax, which was founded by Alexander the Great and which is now forty-six miles from the sea, this gives a rate of 116 feet a year; so that Eridu was a thriving city, six thousand years ago.

This alluvial plain deposited by the Two Rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, is of exuberant fertility. Herodotus, travelling from the rocky pasture lands of Greece, records with amazement that a sowing of grain yielded two hundred-fold and sometimes three hundred-fold to the sower. Pliny states, in Roman times, that the crops were cut twice yearly, and even then were good feed for sheep.

Imagine how this marvellous fertility smote upon the eyes of the Bedouin tribesmen, wandering into the Gar-

den of Eden from the barren drifting sands of the great Arabian desert! No wonder that, returning from a trip by caravan to the Land of the Plain, they told their wondering children beside the campfire of the great sandy wastes of the interior that "The Lord God planted a Garden, Eastward, in Eden!"

Babylon was both seaport and desert-port, the gate of entry to the richest farming country in the world. The shortest route between the fertile lands of the Two Rivers of Mesopotamia and the Blessed Land of the River Nile lay from Babylon straight across the Arabian desert, by camel-back, to Ezion-Geber at the head of the Red Sea, and thence on by Pithom and Rameses into Egypt. Desert-ports were formed very much like seaports. Wherever a stream of water flowed out into the desert, or wells occurred near the edge of it, there the traffickers of the garden land brought their wares to be sent on backs of camels across sandy wastes where none but nomads could pass.

From the mountains of Armenia the Two Rivers bring down great quantities of silt, somewhat coarser than that of the Nile because of their swifter descent. But by the time this alluvial silt reaches the Flat Land, it is of great richness. The line where coarse silt is dropped is clearly defined, and of great importance. For the whole land known as Mesopotamia "Between the Rivers" consists of two divisions, an upper and lower. The dividing line crosses from Hit, or His, on the Euphrates, to Samarah on the Tigris. Above this line the country is somewhat barren, an undulating plain, not very fertile, and at a considerable elevation above the sea. At His the traveller from the West comes to one of the great viewpoints of the world—where one looks out southward over the great Flat Land, the Plain of Shinar, the Garden of Eden.

Lower Mesopotamia is absolutely flat. It is scarcely higher than the Persian Gulf upon whose waters it steadily encroaches. Ancient Chaldaea was confined to this Lower Mesopotamia, and is estimated by Rawlinson to have been not greater in area than the Kingdom of

Denmark. It is the monotonous level which first impresses the traveller. But if the season be favorable, he sees this as the theater of a vast varied display of color.

Travellers even today describe its endless flowers. "It is like a rich carpet;" "emerald green, enamelled with flowers of every hue;" "tall wild grasses and broad extents of waving weeds;" "acres of water lilies;" "acres of pansies"—such is the Garden of Eden even in these, our days.

II

The Merchandise of Marduk

But this fertility has its drawbacks. The winds are terrific, and the floods colossal. Both Tigris and Euphrates are subject to heavy floods, much more irregular and more violent than those of the Nile. They rise with inconceivable rapidity, and they ebb to leave pestilence behind.

Thus existence in this part of the world from the very beginning necessitated constant labor of large bodies of men to keep the floods from prevailing over their habitations. Both by its fertility and its violence the climate tended to develop a numerous and industrious population, much augmented from time to time by immigration and conquest.

Dense, indeed, was the population. The dust which now blossoms so brilliantly must have passed through the bodies of innumerable men and women during the countless generations in which Babylon ruled the world. Triumphal lists published by Assyrian kings who conquered the land, and rubbish mounds which cover the surface today, testify to endless villages and towns. The network of connecting canals and fortifications whose huge ramparts still remain, must have filled even the furthest rural districts with the activity of ceaseless operations, on which both native and captive labor was employed.

Very early indeed was a complex civilization erected upon the broad foundation of this fertility. For Chaldæa produced only vegetable and animal wealth. There was no metal, not even stone. The sole building materials were bricks and the palm tree—scant resources for ambitious architects! Timber was brought at great expense from the forests of Elam which fringed the mountain slopes to the East of the Valley, or even from the far away mountains of Assyria. to the north. Kings presented to their gods, as gifts of great value, door-sockets for the temples made of stone instead of brick.

And as for gold, and bronze, and iron, and silver which came from the mines of Arabia and Sinai—they were priceless luxuries, the mark of excellence and of wealth.

Thus Chaldæa, with a great surplus of food products and a great vacuum of all else, held all the conditions for high volumes of traffic. And very early indeed did the land of the Chaldees become a land of merchants and merchant gods.

Trade began here as it had begun in Egypt, and bridged the distance between. But between Mesopotamia and Egypt lay the desert, populated by shifting tribes whose inhabitants regarded any strange caravan as fair game. The merchants of Babylon simply must control the high-roads. It was frankly impossible to control the Desert Road, stretching straight across from Babylon to Egypt. There was nothing on which to pin permanent control. Cordons of troops sent with every caravan were expensive. Alliances might be—and were—formed with the desert tribes, but they were like alliances formed with the shifting sand.

But along the Way of the Sea, which stretched up the Valley of the Euphrates to Damascus and thence across by the ports of Tyre and Sidon to the Brook of Egypt, there was a constant chain of cities to be garrisoned, and beneath whose protection the caravans might move without molestation or payment of tolls—if the local kings were dispossessed in the interest of "free trade."

Here was the driving urge which impelled Babylonian Imperialism, like that of Egypt, to stretch out the

shining fist of its mailed warriors to protect the ceaseless streams of merchandise in their slow and ponderous caravans, as they moved between the Garden of Eden and the Valley of the Nile.

It was in this Garden of God that the first great Mixing took place, a Mixing which has occurred many times since. For the great Valley of Mesopotamia lies between two deserts populated by nomads: the Arabian Desert to the West and the plains of Central Asia to the North and East. In these Great Plains, the population lives on the backs of its flocks and herds, like true parasites, feeding on their milk and flesh. They differ from the fleas on their own dogs mainly in size; for they are carried from place to place as the flocks travel in search of pasturage and water.

These Great Plains are the human reservoirs out of which occasional tidal waves of a new race erupt into the settled land, driven by such great droughts or famines as those which drove the Hyksos and later the Hebrews into Egypt. Alternately from North and South these great waves sweep, inundating the civilizations which have grown up in the Valleys. First comes a wave of Turks, or Huns, or Mongols, or Tartars, or Goths, or Germans, from the Northern Waste. Then follows a wave of Semites from the South—Hyksos, Arabs, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Moslems, or Hebrews. In the ebb and flow of these waves is history largely written.

Civilization began in Mesopotamia with the Sumerians, who spoke the agglutinative language of the Northern desert, and who were kin in some far off fashion to the Turks, Huns, Tartars, Japanese. Into this Sumerian civilization there came waves of Semitic Nomads from the great Arabian desert to the West. For ages Nippur was the central sacred city of the North, holy place of the Sumerian law, and home of the worship of En-Lil, the mountain-god who ruled the heavens above. He ruled over the ghost-land, and his chief gifts to mankind were the incantations and spells which both good and evil spirits must obey.

But Ea, god of the Semitic seaport of Eridu, was a cul-

tured and travelled deity. The story of the Creation told in his temples was that the earth had grown out of the waters of the Great Deep, like the ever-widening coast at the mouth of the Euphrates. Rising each morning from his palace-couch, Ea instructed men in the arts and sciences. As the god of light and beneficence he employed his divine wisdom in healing the sick and restoring life to the dead.

Between these two tendencies—one a superstitious reverence for ghosts and a devotion to magic forms and exorcisms, and the other a cultivated striving after scientific knowledge—Babylonian thought was divided from the earliest times. They are the residue of that sharp divergence in racial stock out of which the empire came, persisting like the Yule-tree of the Northmen and the Mardi-Gras of Southern races in our own cities.

Each Babylonian city grew up around a sanctuary, the ruler being the patesi, or high-priest of the ancestral tribal god. As the city extended its power, the patesi's functions became those of king as well as priest. And when the whole of Babylon, welded together in the strong bonds of commercial interest, became unified under a single city, then the kingly priest became an incarnate god, revered and worshiped as such even while he lived.

There was no sharp division in the minds of the merchants or of the slaves between the State and Church and Big Business. Every caravan moved out under the benediction of its home-town's divinity. If it came back safe with a profit, then the god was rendered his due share of the profit for the protection. If the venture failed, there was a convenient sort of risk-insurance out of the accumulated deposits of past successful ventures, from which the god, or his representatives in the temple, paid the losses of faithful worshippers.

And this was why, if one city rose in commercial prominence, it was considered proof positive that the god of that town had some special protective power; so that the merchants of surrounding cities built temples to him

and asked his protection for their ventures and their wares.

Suppose, for instance, that Father Dearborn is the patron god of Chicago, Father Knickerbocker is the patron god of New York, and the Sacred Codfish is the tutelary divinity of Boston. If Father Dearborn's city takes away from Boston or New York their commercial eminence, then it is clear that Father Dearborn has met and conquered Father Knickerbocker and the Sacred Codfish in single combat. If an advantageous trade alliance is made between Chicago and St. Louis, it is evident that Father Dearborn has married St. Louis, whose name must therefore be changed to Sainte Louise. Such was the primitive reasoning of the Chaldæans.

Thus Chaldæan imperialism was founded on commerce, robed itself in divinity, and with the terrors of another world protected the profits of this.

III

Wars of the Gods

As soon as we find any documents at all, we come upon a confused and bewildering multitude of divine titles and names. On closer inspection these gods distribute themselves among various local cults, which possess greater or less importance according to the political or commercial eminence of their respective seats of worship. The god is, indeed, the "presiding genius" of the chamber of commerce of his city. Between these gods there was much strife, long, long before the curtain lifts and reveals the teeming cities to our view; and many a gorgeous temple, sanctified by centuries of reverence and enriched by ages of profitable traffic, lies beneath those dusty mounds on the desolate plain.

How old—how old this warfare of gods and merchandise was! Forty centuries before Christ it was in full fury. Lugal-zaggisi, high priest of Gis-Ukh, a town which neighbored upon the more famous Lagash, or Tello, was the first of whom we hear as emperor. From

Gis-Ukh he moved suddenly down against Lagash and overthrew Uru-duggina, eighth successor of the Father of His Country, Ur-nina, first high-priest of Lagash. The invader established Erech as his Capital City, and erected proclamations, carved on heavy stone vases, all over his provinces declaring that the kingdom extended from the "Lower Sea of the Tigris and Euphrates" or the Persian Gulf, to "the Upper Sea," apparently meaning the Mediterranean. Forty centuries and more before Christ, the merchant princes on the Persian Gulf fought and sent their soldiers and servants to kill and die over the question of who should control the highroad between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean!

But the fame of these early empires was extinguished by the great Sargon of Akkad, whose date is set down as 3800 B. C., and whose name dominated the Land of the Two Rivers for milleniums later. It was he who first made Babylon a capital, and it was he who built the splendid sanctuaries of Anunit (lady of Anu) and Ea. It was he who gave to the temples of Babylon such wealth of spoil from his victorious campaigns to the west and north that forever after they remained dominant among temples.

Sargon was the first world-emperor; although indeed the "world" which he ruled seems small enough to us. But it was large enough to influence all successive generations, just as the battle of Lexington, though a mere skirmish, began a new chapter in the history of the Western Continent. Sargon was the son of Itti-Bel, a lesser divinity, and legends related how he had been born in concealment and sent adrift in an ark of bulrushes on the waters of the Euphrates—like Moses in later days. Perhaps it was a prophecy of the Biblical hero: or perhaps the writers of the Biblical legend attributed the story of the hero of Babylon to their own great leader.


Sargon was rescued and brought up by "Akki the husbandman;" but the day arrived at last when his true origin became known, and the crown of Babylonia was set upon his head. He entered upon a career of foreign conquest. Four times he invaded Syria and Palestine,

and spent three years in thoroughly subduing the countries of the west and uniting them with Babylonia into a single empire. He erected images of himself on the shores of the Mediterranean in token of his victories and brought home such spoils from the conquered lands that palaces were built and whole cities equipped with his trophies, just as every American city is equipped now with stands of conquered German cannon and piles of German helmets.

Naram-Sin, son of Sargon, went further than his father, for he annexed the peninsula of Sinai, known as the Land of Magan, famous for its metal mines. This was a stroke of brilliance, for the lack of metals had caused Babylonians to pay high prices for the supplies which could now be obtained duty free.

The Empire was bound together by a regular postal service, along which envoys moved carrying the baked bricks that bore the orders of the king to his subordinates, and the invoices of merchants to far off lands. Clay seals, bearing the names of Sargon and of Naram-Sin, his son, were used instead of stamps to secure transmission for messages. Some of these clay seals are now in the Museum of the Louvre, relics of the first International Postal Union known to man. Sargon also established an Imperial library, and his astronomers made collections of data on the omens of the stars and of terrestrial signs as the beginning of a scientific *Encyclopedia Babylonica*.

A thousand years after Sargon, Gudea of Tello, patesi or high priest of the ancient city where empire had taken its rise, rose to fame as the "arbiter elegantiarum" of his day. Gudea brought "cedar wood from the mountains of Amanus, quarried stone from Lebanon, copper from northern Arabia, gold and precious stones from the desert between Palestine and Egypt, dolerite from Magan, and timber from the Persian gulf." Gudea's statues of himself are exquisitely carved, and his praises of his own virtues as a ruler read like the second inaugural of a Democratic President.



IV

The Code of Hammurabi

Then came the foreigners from the East, warriors from Elam, the land of good trees and mountains, who overthrew the ancient dynasty of Ur, and laid the whole Plain under tribute. But then a great king arose, Amraphel or Hammurabi. Roused by the destruction of Babylon and the Temple of Bel-Marduk, Hammurabi rallied his forces against Kudur-Lagamar, known in the Bible as "Chedor-Laomer;" and in a decisive battle in the thirtieth year of his reign, 2340 B. C., he overthrew the armies of Elam and drove them across the Two Rivers into their own eastern mountains. Abraham, Father of the Faithful, with his small band of 318 desert warriors, plunged into this strife and revenged the capture of his brother's son Lot. On the way home, Melchizedech, king of Salem, came forth to meet Abraham with gifts of bread and wine; "and he gave him tenth of all."

How small a thing it seemed, this meeting of Abraham with Melchizedech after the crash of an empire, when Kudur-Lagamar and Hammurabi strove for the mastery of the world, and on the ruins of Elamite supremacy the great Babylonian Empire rose to its first full glory! And yet, day after day for many a century the story of the meeting of Abraham and Melchizedech has been repeated, embedded in the canon of the Mass; while the names of the emperors who fought and fled were forgotten.

After the expulsion of the foreign conquerors, Hammurabi undertook a work which marks a great epoch in the history of the world. He codified and published the laws of Babylonia, carved them on great tables of stone and erected them in all principal cities of his empire. These Commandments comprise 282 laws. The king proclaims that he was instructed by his god to set forth these laws publicly so that all his subjects might understand their own rights, and be governed by them. The

laws are a highly developed system, dealing mainly with business affairs.

To compare them with the laws of Exodus and Leviticus, written fifteen centuries later, is a strange experience. It is the comparison of the law-code of a highly civilized business-like empire, with the law-code of an obscure and backward tribe, most of whose literature and laws alike are a faint reflex of the vast glories of the immemorial land which shone across the deserts to the eastward of Israel. And yet—Israel remains to-day, while Babylon lies covered centuries deep with dust. At the top of the Pillar of Stone is carved a figure of Hammurabi receiving the code of laws from God. And thus writes Hammurabi in his epilogue:

“That the strong might not injure the weak, in order to protect the widows and orphans, I have set up these, my precious words, in Babylon, the city where Anu and Bel raise high their heads, in E-Sagila, the high and lofty house, the Temple whose foundations stand firm as heaven and earth; in order to bespeak justice in the land, to settle all disputes, to heal all injuries; I set up these, my precious words written upon my memorial stone, before the image of me, the king of righteousness.

“The king who ruleth among the kings of the cities am I. My words are well considered; there is no wisdom like unto mine. By the command of Shamash, the Sun-God, the great judge of heaven and earth, let righteousness go forth in the land; by order of Marduk my Lord, let no destruction befall my monument. In E-Sagila, the high and lofty house, which I love, let my name be ever repeated; let the oppressed who has a case at law come and stand before this my image as king of righteousness; let him read the inscription and understand my precious words; the inscription will explain his case to him; he will find out what is just, and his heart will be glad, so that he will say:

“‘Hammurabi is a ruler, who is as a father to his subjects.’”

There was a regular system of law-courts and of appeals, all the way up to the King, who is pictured as a

"benevolent autocrat, easily accessible to all his subjects, both willing and able to protect the weak against even the highest placed oppressor." The land was covered with a regular police system. The "pax Babylonica" was so assured that private individuals did not hesitate to ride in their own carriages from Babylon on the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Mediterranean, and even to Egypt. The position of women was free and dignified. The Code of Hammurabi was not a new thing, but a compilation of laws "existing from the beginning." This Code marks the most striking difference between Egypt and Babylonia; for Egypt had no Code of Laws.

For many centuries merchants of Babylon had been accustomed to write their contracts, and judges had written their decisions. In the temple archives of every city there were vast stores of precedents, ancient deeds, ancient decisions; and the constant intercourse of city with city had made the custom of segregated cities conform one with another. Contract was free, if the contract were made openly. Such contracts were drawn up in the Temple law-court by a notary public, and confirmed by an oath by "god and king."

Under this code, the Temple is seen to have been the center of every city's life. Originally all the land was held in the name of the god, and regular tithes were paid by all landholders. Out of these funds the poor farmer came to borrow money to move his crops, to buy seed and supplies for his harvesters, or to tide him over until the sale of his produce. In this case the temple loaned money **without interest**—a church system which would prove a godsend, indeed, to the farmers of this day.

Likewise if a poor citizen were captured by the enemy, the temple must pay his ransom. The king or a wealthy merchant might borrow, but must pay interest on his loans. The Temple was also the place of archives, the law court, and the library, besides being the national bank.

The Code of Babylon provided punishments carefully calculated, like those of the Mikado in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, to fit the crime. The hand that struck a

father or stole a trust was cut off. If a wetnurse substituted a changeling for a child entrusted to her, her breast was cut off. The tongue that denied father or mother was torn out. The eye that pried into forbidden secrets was put out. If a surgeon performed an unsuccessful operation, his hand was stricken off; if a contractor built a house which fell down and killed some one within it, his own son was put to death. If a creditor took a debtor's son as surety, and caused the death of the son, his son was killed. A man's daughter was put to death, if he caused the death of another's daughter..

How strange and salutary some strong infusion of the endless misery caused by the greed for profits which Law of Hammurabi might be, one feels, in these days of cheap contract-built tenements, of adulterated food, of poisons and kills for the gain of the maker and builder! In my scrapbook is a clipping recording a decision of an Indiana court which fined a contractor \$200 for adding a third story to a building designed only for two stories. The building collapsed and killed ten persons. Twenty dollars for a life! The profit was surely more than \$200. At that rate the contractors could keep on violating the building laws. The Triangle Fire still remains burned into my memory, and the verdict by which the contractors who locked their doors on their workers, so that 147 girls leaped to their death from the fifth floor of a factory building, were fined 50 cents per life!

Under the strong influence of Hammurabi's Code, the Land of the Two Rivers was bound together in one strong unity which endured through century after century. Under him began the true greatness of Babylon, a greatness which reached its climax under Nebuchadnezzar, continued its glory in the daughter city of Bagdad, and fell only with the Mongol invasion.

V

Marduk Almighty

How great was Babylon, which swayed religious thought and religious history for more years than have

elapsed since Christ was born! Indeed, the time from the founding of Babylon to its fall, about 3700 years, is fifteen centuries longer than the time from its fall to the present day, which is about 2200 years. History very nearly begins with Babylon: so that for the greater part of recorded time, Babylon dominated the political and religious horizon of the world. And this, because the world's commerce flowed through its hands.

Babylon controlled the shortest desert route from the Garden of Eden to the River Nile. Almost within sight of its towers the desert began, and the tribesmen of the waste, who alone could travel in safety across the trackless wilderness, could approach almost to her wharves with their camels. Babylon controlled also one end of the Two Rivers highway which took the longer but much safer way through the Armenian valleys. And by means of the network of canals, Babylon's wharves began to receive ships direct from the spicy coast of India. Her wealth grew apace.

According to their religious beliefs, this great increase in wealth was due to their divine protector, the god Marduk. As Babylon grew, it was deemed that this proved that Marduk had prevailed above the lesser gods. When Babylon's ships came and went in safety over the waves of the Persian Gulf, it was considered that this demonstrated that Marduk had conquered the great dragon who dwelt in the sea.

Into the sanctuary of Bel Marduk the lesser gods, the gods of the other cities, were brought, and housed in little shrines around his great temple. And the legend arose that the other gods, who were evidently much older than Marduk, had conferred chief power upon him because of his victory over Tiamat, the dragon of Chaos and the Sea. Great epics were composed, poems after the manner of *Paradise Lost*, in which the events of this great Conflict were recorded.

Fragments of this epic are contained in our Scriptures, from the opening chapter of *Genesis* to the closing words of *Revelation*. All are stamped with the imprint of Babylon. The Creation-story is rewritten from that an-

cient Babylonian epic: the Psalms and the Prophets resound with the conflict of Marduk and the Sea; the great discovery of Isaiah II, that there is but one God and he the God of Israel, is based upon the overthrow of Babylon; the New Testament writers saw another Babylon in Rome.

The origin of these tremendous issues lies in that unity of belief of ancient times, before men learned to differentiate between the things of the body and the things of the spirit. Babylon ruled the world because of commercial greatness linked with the greatness of her kings. And the thoughts of men took color from this dominance and accorded to Babylon and Babylon's divinity supreme and unquestioned sanctity.

VI

The Genius of Nineveh

Meanwhile, the northern power of Assyria began to gather its strength. Assyria's seat was at Nineveh, on the Tigris river near the Zagros mountains. In the harder soil of that mountain region, the Assyrians found no such plentiful harvests as blessed the toil of Babylonia. They developed a cruel military power, lacking the courtesy and refinement of the South. Assyria was nearer to the center of the Land Roads, and the location of its capital had strategic value. But it lacked the sanction of the older Holy City. And consequently Assyria's kings came to Babylon to be crowned.

In the year 1780 B. C., or thereabout, the land of Elam gathered itself together and flung itself upon the Holy City, which fell before them. King Gandis, a Kassite, reigned in Babylon. For nearly 600 years the Kassite kings ruled Babylon, but in all of that time they were never accorded the title of "god," which was given only to those native sovereigns who were also high priests.

It was about 1900 B. C. that Assyria began as an independent monarchy. During the days of Amenhotep of

Egypt, the great Imperial Reformer whose glory smites across the world from that early day as with a sudden burst of light, Assur-yuballidh of Assyria became the father-in-law of the Kassite king of Babylonia. This king was killed, and Assur-yuballidh marched into Babylonia to avenge his son-in-law, placing a nephew named Burna-Buriash as king in his stead. Letters written by this king to Amenhotep have been discovered at Amarna. After his death the Assyrians threw off all pretense of subjection, and Shalmaneser I, in 1300 B. C., proclaimed himself emperor. Shalmaneser's son conquered Babylon, putting its king to death; and so Assyria became mistress of the world in place of Babylon.

And thence forward for nearly a thousand years the rivalry of Babylon and Nineveh for the place of supreme power was the issue of all wars. Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser, Esar-Haddon, these great monarchs of the North from their strategic central position established a military empire in the North which strove with the Southern power in a rivalry much like that of Germany and England.

Babylon was a sea-power; Assyria, a purely military monarchy. For the first time in history, the idea of scientific centralization was introduced into politics by Assyria. Her conquered provinces were organized under an elaborate bureaucracy, each district paying a fixed tribute and providing a military contingent. The Assyrian forces became a standing army, which by successive improvements and careful discipline was moulded into an irresistible fighting machine, and Assyrian policy was devoted toward the definite object of reducing the whole civilized world into a single empire, and thereby throwing its trade and wealth into Assyrian hands.

With this object, after terrorizing Armenia and the Medes by methods whose savage barbarity struck terror into the heart of the conquered lands, and after breaking the power of the Hittites,—that strange race from Asia Minor which was so often the turning point of history, Tiglath-Pileser secured the highroads of commerce to the Mediterranean together with the Phœnician seaports,

and then made himself master of Babylon. In 729 B. C. the summit of his ambition was attained, and he was invested with the sovereignty of Asia by the High Priest of Marduk in the Holy City of Babylon.

It was this king whose approach to Judea produced the crisis which the first Prophets of Israel met and bridged. How incidental to Assyria, but how tremendous to Israel, was that campaign to secure the highroads of commerce! Sennacherib's advance to the walls of Jerusalem and his defiance of Yahweh, and his subsequent recall and overthrow, are told in the pages of Holy Writ in much detail. And yet a different light may be thrown upon that event if we consider the influence of events in the Holy City Babylon upon the Holy City of Jerusalem.

Sennacherib was the son of Sargon of Assyria, who had seized the throne when his master, Shalmaneser IV, died suddenly at the siege of Samaria. Shalmaneser IV had secured the recognition of his claim as divine regent by the priests of Marduk at Babylon. But Sennacherib was vainglorious, trusting rather to his army than to the consent of the priests in far away Babylon. He never condescended, or at least he never succeeded in the attempt, to gain the recognition of the priest of Marduk. He did not "take the hands of Bel," and as a result during his whole reign the country of Babylon was in a state of suppressed revolt. Angered at this pestilent superstition, Sennacherib marched against Babylon and overthrew it, razing to the ground its walls, temples and palaces and throwing its rubbish into the Arakhtu.

At this impious deed the people of the Two Rivers were horrified. The Holy City was destroyed! Sennacherib was to them an impious monster, defying the gods by whose sufferance he held his place. Defying all gods equally, Sennacherib proceeded against Jerusalem, where King Hezekiah laid his threatening letter before the ark of Yahweh in the Temple. But the land of Chaldæa rose in insurrection for the affront to Marduk, even while he was insulting Yahweh; and when Sennacherib was murdered by his sons, Babylonians saw in it the anger of

Marduk, and the Jews were convinced that Yahweh was avenged.

Sennacherib's successor, Esar-Haddon, was more politic, and hastened to rebuild the temples of Babylon. He established his residence there during part of the year, and Babylon became a joint capital of the Empire.

Esar-Haddon of Assyria was a monarch of long purposes and thorough plans. Before he invaded Egypt, he spent a year in subduing the restless tribes of Northern Arabia, and another in conquering the Peninsula of Sinai, the Land of Magan, an ancient appanage of Egypt. Tyre upon her islands baffled his assaults, but the rest of Palestine remained subject to him. He received the reward in carrying the arms of Assyria farther into Egypt than any of his predecessors, and took Memphis, ancient capital and citadel of Egypt, from the Pharaoh Tirhaka—a revenge, after seven centuries, for the ancient conquests of Thuthmosis III. How long these Empires keep their grudges!

Then Esar-Haddon died. Assurbanipal, who succeeded, lost Egypt for a few years. But later with the help of tributaries in Palestine, he overthrew Tirhaka, captured Thebes—even further up the Nile—and established along the great River a series of vassal states. The fall of the Capital of Egypt resounds through Scripture and history alike. Tyre fell at last with Arvad, in 662.

VII

The Fall of Asshur

But the Assyrian Empire had grown beyond the power of human hands at that age to grasp, and a joint revolt took place in Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Elam, Babylon and Asia Minor. Yet Assurbanipal reduced these rebellions with a savage cruelty that gloated to inscribe on temple walls the long lists of captives with eyes gouged out and with bodies flayed who had glutted his vengeance.

But Egypt recovered her strength, and under Pharaoh Psamtik began to push the Northern power back along

the Way of the Sea. Then out of the deserts of the North burst the storm cloud of the Scythians, that horde of Hunnish centaurs who swept like the broom of destruction across both Assyria and Egypt, until the Pharaoh bribed them to retreat.

Assyria was growing weak; her farmers, called to the sword and away from their ploughs, left a weakened country behind them. And in every subject land were tortured peoples who watched her decay with impatient hate.

For nearly two centuries Nineveh had been the capital and cynosure of Western Asia: for more than one she had set the fashions, the arts, and to a certain extent the religion of all the Semitic nations. By her military power she had drawn to herself the world's trade. Great roads from Egypt, from Persia, from India, from the Aegean, converged upon her, until like Imperial Rome she was filled with a vast motley of peoples, and men went forth from her to the ends of the earth.

Under Assurbanipal travel and research had increased, and his City acquired renown as the center of the world's wisdom because of the fabulous greatness of her libraries. Thus her size, her glory, with all her details of rampart and tower, street, palace and temple, grew everywhere familiar. But the peoples who gazed at her were those who had been bled to build her. The most remote of them had seen on their own fields her terrible warriors, trampling, stripping, burning, "dashing their little ones against the stones."

Their kings had been dragged from them and hung in cages about the gates of Nineveh, to glut the senseless ferocity of a conqueror's lust of blood. Year by year they sent her their heavy tribute while she returned but insolence and rapacity.

Yet the Lion of Asshur, though old, was still terrible. His hold on distant regions had relaxed; but in his own lair he was supreme. Yet Nineveh was no longer native and patriotic, as it had been; the prophet Nahum records its decay. For trade with the whole world had filled it

with a vast and mercenary population, ready to break and disperse with the first breach in its walls.

Cyaxares the Mede and Nabopolassar the Babylonian from North and South watched eagerly for the chance to fling themselves upon the conqueror. And when "Pharaoh Necho went up against the King of Assyria" in the year 608, the hand of the foes at home joined with the Egyptian. Nineveh was dragged down at last, and the lands of Nineveh were divided between Babylonian and Mede.

VIII

The Lady of Kingdoms Desolate

Nebuchadnezzar, greatest of merchant princes, came to the throne of Babylon as the forerunner of its last and greatest outburst of splendor. Builder of roads and of canals, he sought to turn the trade of the world between China and India on the east and all Syria and Egypt on the west, through the canals of Babylon. To a great extent he succeeded. Babylon was in his days the world-market, the teeming center through which the wealth of the ends of the world poured in profuse splendor.

In order to maintain the vast works necessary for the continuance of these enterprises, Nebuchadnezzar imported vast droves of captives from conquered lands and set them to work on roads and canals. Among these peoples were the Jews; but they were only a few among many. Torn from their Holy City of Jerusalem among the hills of Judah, they came to this immense and far older Holy City, which was great in the days of Abraham; whose walls covered in the city itself nearly as much land as the whole "kingdom" of Judah comprised. How insignificant, how like indeed to a "worm" Jacob felt himself in the City of Marduk! How far away was Yahweh in the Land of the Plain!

Nabonidus, successor of Nebuchadnezzar, sought to carry out the "manifest destiny" of his city by centralizing the whole worship of Babylon in the temple of Mar-

duk. He contemplated the proclamation of Marduk as the One God, like Amenhotep's Aton. And this roused against him the jealousy of the local city priesthoods—exactly as Amenhotep had rallied against him the wrath of the priesthoods of Egypt by establishing the supremacy of Aton above the beast headed gods of the Land of the Nile. And like Amenhotep he failed with a disastrous fall.

His son, Belshazzar, was in command of the camp at Sippara. Cyrus the Median moved against him, secretly aided by the treachery of the priests of the dispossessed gods, furious against the loss of their privileges at the hands of Marduk's King. These priesthoods, of course, corresponded to our local banks and chambers of commerce. By capturing Sippara, where the great reservoirs were located, and by turning the channel of Euphrates into these basins, the bed of the river was dried up. The soldiers of Cyrus the Median entered the Holy City of Babylon, and the sway of the Lady of Kingdoms had ceased, even in the height of its glory.

How vast a city Babylon was, ancient writers vie with one another to tell. Two hundred square miles, according to Ctesias, were included within the walls of the City of Babylon. Herodotus tells that the walls were 335 feet high and 85 feet wide. Even in the time of Xenophon the walls of the ruined city of Nineveh—much smaller than Babylon—were broad enough to let a four-horse chariot turn upon their tops. Babylon's outer wall had 100 gates, all of bronze, with bronze lintels and posts.

There were two walls, known as Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel, enclosing respectively the outer town and the citadel. Both of these walls were faced with gorgeously colored tiles, depicting the combats of the gods with fabulous monsters of the deep—emblems of Babylon's claim to conquest of the waves in the interest of overseas traffic.

What wonder that when Babylon fell, the world knew not which way to turn. Isaiah's wonderful poem on the Fall of Babylon ranks with the epics of the ages; a poem

whose literary greatness is obscured to many by the fact that it forms part of a prophetic book. Thus sings Isaiah:

How hath the oppressor ceased,
The Golden City ceased!
Yahweh hath broken the staff of the wicked,
The sceptre of the rulers;
He that smote the peoples in wrath with a continual stroke,
That ruled the nations in anger,
Is persecuted,—
And none hindereth!
The whole earth is at rest, and in quiet;
They break forth into singing;
Yea, the fir tree rejoices at thee
And the cedars of Lebanon;
Since thou art fallen down
No hewer is come up against us.

Hell from beneath is moved for thee
To meet thee at thy coming;
It stirreth up the dead for thee,
Even all the chief ones of the earth;
It hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations,
All they shall answer and say unto thee,
"Art thou also become weak as we?
"Art thou become like unto us?"
Thy pomp is brought down to hell,
And the noise of thy viols;
The worm is spread under thee
And worms cover thee.

How art thou fallen from heaven,
O Day Star, son of the morning!
How art thou cut down to the ground
Which didst lay low the nations!
And thou saidst in thine heart,
"I will ascend into heaven,
"I will exalt my throne above the stars of God;
"And I will sit upon the mount of Meeting,
"In the uttermost parts of the north;
"I will ascend above the heights of the clouds,
"I will be like the Most High."
Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell,
To the uttermost parts of the pit!

They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee,
They shall consider thee:
"Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,
"That did shake kingdoms;
"That made the world as a wilderness, and overthrew the cities,

"That let not loose his prisoners to their own home?"
All the kings of the nations, all of them, sleep in glory,
Every one in his own house;
But thou art cast away from thy sepulchre
Like an abominable branch;
As the raiment of those that are slain,
That are thrust through with the sword,
That go down to the stones of the pit,
As a carcase trodden under foot.

And Babylon, the glory of Kingdoms,
The beauty of the Chaldæans' pride,
Shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah!

It shall never be inhabited,
Neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation,
Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there,
Neither shall shepherds make their flocks to lie down there.

But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there,
And their houses shall be full of doleful creatures;
And ostriches shall dwell there,
And satyrs shall dance there.

Wolves shall cry in their castles,
And jackals in the pleasant palaces;
And her time is near to come,
And her time shall not be prolonged!

A savage outburst, indeed, of revengeful wrath, coming from one of those little nations which had so long been scourged by Babylon. It has been fulfilled; yet not for many a century after the prophecy was spoken did its words come true.

IX

The Throne of the Shadow

How was it that the Lady of Kingdoms fell so easily into a foreign hand? The anger of the rival priesthods, when their abolition was threatened in favor of Marduk's cult, explains part of it: but not all. Cyrus was a monarch far other than the cruel Babylonian and Assyrian kings. Though coming from the East of them, he shines as a Westerner against their Oriental ferocity. The

slaves who groaned beneath the savage rule of Chaldæans heard of the preachings of the prophets of Ahura-Mazda, and rejoiced. Here was a king who intended well by the poor, and the slave. "The bruised reed would he not break, and the smoking wick would he not quench;" an Aryan, and a Democrat, the countless millions of the simple folk of the Mesopotamian Empire hailed Cyrus with joy. It was a combination of bourgeoisie with proletariat which gave Cyrus so easy a conquest, like that which overthrew the Czar.

Out of the little which remains to us of the splendor of Babylon we can discern much of the nature of her people. Chiefly are we instructed by the Lions of Nebuchadnezzar. For they, as all of what statuary yet remains from that ruin, show a profound difference from the art of Egypt.

In Egypt all is massive, rounded, smooth, built for meditative eternity. The expressions are always calm, serene; seldom is a muscle flexed; always they are in repose. But in Chaldæan art, fierce and terrible energy is portrayed by every tense muscle and threatening fang. Lions dying in agony, or ready to spring, or snarling with bared teeth,—such are the subjects they prefer. It will not do to say merely that the Egyptians were philosophical and calm, while the Chaldæans were a "bitter and hasty nation." Why were they so?

A little reflection will show. Egypt, protected by her rampart of cliffs, feared no invader. But Chaldæa, open on all sides, must always be ready to spring, with tense muscles and extended claws, to defend the teeming wealth of the Garden of Eden from whatever foes assailed it.

Foes there were many after Cyrus. Alexander came, and then the Seleucids, and then the Parthians, and the Romans. Then from the desert to the West came the sons of Mohammed, and under them the Garden bloomed again under the gentle sway of Bagdad. But after them came a devastating wave from the North and East; and the Empire that had for so long dazzled the world sank under the stolid devastating heel of Mongolian savages

into a horror of destruction. The prophecy of Isaiah was fulfilled after twenty centuries by the hordes of Tamurlane.

And yet—behold how even today dead Babylon still sways the world from her ghostly throne. For this last and greatest war was waged with no other central thought than to regain the seat of Marduk for one or other of two far Western powers. When Germany faced England on the wide battlefields that have only just ceased to smoke, it was Asshur and Marduk again confronting one another in bloody strife, after all the ages renewing their struggle for the Road to the East. Germany, like Assyria, perfected a military machine and a strongly centralized government, and sought control of the Land Road to India. England, like Babylon, held sea-power, and asserted a claim to “moral leadership” as well as prior right. England—like Babylon—won; but out of the North come the rushing armies of a new Cyrus, with a wild new Gospel, that may place yet another World-Emperor upon the shadowy throne of ghostly Babylon.

THE BOOK OF PERSIA

I

The Horsemen of Ahura

So far the balance of Empire has inclined this way and that between Semite and Hamite, between the sons of the Deserts and the Dwellers by the Rivers. But now new blood appears to wrest the scepter away from son of Ham and son of Shem alike, and to give it to the children of the Plains of the North. With Persia the Aryan race enters the drama. Cyrus comes upon world-history as the first imperial representative of the Indo-Germanic peoples, who have ever since claimed the chief seats of power.

Egypt and Mesopotamia dragged through their interminable careers alternating in power through long slow centuries. But Persia arose like a sudden thunder-cloud, and burst out the mountains to the North and East with a swiftness of victory which had no parallel.

At the time, this Persian conquest amounted to little more than a change of administration. Cyrus announced himself as "son of Bel," was crowned in Babylon, and dated the years of his reign as King of Kings from that coronation,—all according to the tradition of the Valley.

But what a difference! . Passing from Babylon and Assyria to Persia, we feel like men crossing the frontier from a strange old grotesque foreign land into the midst of home and countrymen. We are at last among those whom we can understand. Egyptian customs and beliefs are interesting, but incredible. We can hardly take them seriously. The Assyrians are repulsive, the Chaldeans hardly less so. But we feel at home with the Per-

sians. Partly this is because Greek history is seen always against the background of the Great King's Empire—and we were all brought up on Greek history. But it is in even larger measure due to the fact that with Persia begins the stock of ideas which modern men hold, as the starting point of intelligence. "Modern thought" begins with Zoroaster, prophet of the Persians.

For many centuries, nomads of the Northern Plains had come in periodic raids into the settled country of the rivers. Their names are written in the cuneiform records of Assyria, and also in Egyptian monuments. But in the conflict between the Neo-Babylonian Empire and weakened Assyria, Nabopolassar had called in the help of these Northmen, through an alliance with the King of the Medes. The son of Nabopolassar—that world-famed merchant prince Nebuchadnezzar—had married the Median princess, building for her the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to soothe her hunger for her native hills.

After Cyaxares, the Median king, tore down the proud walls of Nineveh, the Medes had held a shadowy and undefined authority over the northern trade-routes through Taurus to Asia Minor. They made an idle claim to authority over the Southern Mesopotamian basin to which no one paid much heed until Cyrus arose. He, as king of Anshan, an obscure province in Elam—the ancient country of Chedorlaomer—was supposed to be a subject of the Mede. But in 553 Cyrus revolted against Astyages, who succeeded Cyaxares upon the throne of Ecbatana. In the year 553 Cyrus conquered Astyages at the battle of Pasargadae, forever after a sacred spot to the Persian Empire. In a series of bewilderingly swift victories, the Medes and Persians, united under Cyrus, defeated separately and in combination the irresistible armies of Babylon, and all her allies—Croesus, King of Lydia, the richest man in the world; Amasis, Pharaoh of Egypt; the armies of the Spartans and the hosts of Babylon. Before 553 the Persians had never been heard of. By 539 they were masters of the world, anointed sons of Bel, divinely-chosen of Ahura, wildly acclaimed by all who had

groaned beneath the yoke of Babylon, and speedily proving worthy of their trust.

II

The Steeds of the Sun

How were these great things done?

Herodotus remarks that the education of the Persians consisted of three great studies—to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth. In all of these they differed from the lowlanders. It was the combination which made them irresistible.

We first hear of the Aryan Plainsmen through their greatest and most characteristic possession, the horse. When Egypt was prostrate under her Shepherd Kings, and Babylon at the same time groaned beneath the Kassite invaders, then the Babylonian cylinders begin to bear references to a strange new animal called "ass of the East," the swift bearer of wild nomadic hordes who came as invaders from the great plains to the North and East.

Until then kings and merchants alike rode on camels or donkeys, or trod the long slow ways on foot. The Horse was as marvelous to them as the automobile was to our fathers. Civilization received its first great speeding-up.

By means of his cavalry, Cyrus was able to surround and bewilder the slow masses of his foe. With their swift storms of arrows, hailing from all quarters at once, they overwhelmed and threw into confusion the heavy-armed soldiers, who were cut down by the swift pursuit of the horsemen of the North. Hence the two first principles of their education, to ride and to shoot, gave them the material victory. Their tactics were new, their horses were terrifying apparitions, their arrows turned the enemy into flight.

But it was the third principle of their education, namely to speak the truth, which gave and cemented their moral victory. For it was the religion of Zoroaster, the worship of the One Good God, Ahura Mazda, father of light

and truth and sure victor at last in the world struggle, which gave them the confidence to win and the wisdom to administer their victory. The Persians were not only horsemen: they were the chosen and elect Horsemen of Ahura.

In Egypt and Chaldæa, monotheism had been sought as the result of the slow evolution of imperial commerce and thought. But in Persia it was the religion which created the empire, which welded together the scattered tribes and made them mighty in making them one—first of those “revealed religions” which have so gloriously turned aside the course of Empire into new and fresher ways.

It was an age like that of Amenhotep. Psamtik’s mighty revival and his establishment of free communication had set the life-currents of the world throbbing with new ideas. Old nationalistic ideas gave way before the flood of fresh experience. Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Isaiah, spoke in their several languages the tremendous impulses which the whole world felt. But Zoroaster spoke strongest.

The Persians among whom he preached had no deep-rooted ruling caste who would lose their prized positions and their incomes if his revolution won. They lay between Babylon and India, between the cruel kings of the Valley and the Brahmins of the Indian plains. On one side was the oppressor of their bodies, on the other the perverters of their souls. They had, in very truth, nothing to lose but their chains, and the world to gain.

After the bewildering complexity of the commercial politics of Babylonian Gods, Zoroaster’s religion comes like a draft of cold clear mountain water on a sweltering day.

“There are,” he taught, “two gods, a good one and an evil one; Ahura-Mazda the Father of Light and Truth, and Angra-Mainyu the Father of Darkness and Lies. They divided the world between them, except the soul of man. They are and have always been fighting for possession of that. Truth is certain to win out at last, at the

end of the world. Meanwhile, to fight on the side of truth is victory."

III

The Gospel of the Toilers

At its core Zoroastrianism cherished the doctrine of honest toil. Vohu-mana, Good-Mind, the spirit of God in the soul of man, was chiefly to be evidenced by sincere work in the tilling of the soil. The sons of God were good farmers, not as in Babylon, where the sons of God were merchants, trafficking in what others had produced. A sturdy, honest race, eating little and working hard, were these first Persians. It was a moral religion which appealed to them, the first moral, or spiritual, religion which seems to have laid hold of the common people anywhere outside of Israel.

When Zoroaster arose, the mountain Aryans lay beneath the domination of cruel monarchs and a vitiating religion. The old Vedic faith which they, like the Indians, had inherited, had degenerated into excessive image-worship, while all was overgrown with exaggerated dependence upon rites and ceremonies. The endeavors of men were paralyzed by their reliance on magic. Fields lay uncared for while farmers pleaded with Heaven to save their crops.

The prophet sought far and wide for a monarch who would take under his protection the new teaching with which he sought to redeem his people. Without such a bulwark the infant faith would have been cut short by the oppressors. Vishtaspa, or Hystaspes, king of a small province far to the northeast of the rocky Iranian plateau, proved his champion, and under this royal favor Zoroaster began his teaching.

"For the first time, so far as we know, in recorded history," says Lawrence L. H. Mills, translator of the Zend Avesta in *Sacred Books of the East*, "an earnest political movement appealed in such degree to the moral sense of the individual, pointedly, radically, continuously. The

Gathas, which are the undisputed original utterances of the Prophet and of his immediate followers, were the beginning of the Zend Avesta. They were the battle-cries of an acutely-pointed politico-religious revival on which a throne depended."

But it was more, far more, than a throne which depended on the valor of the Horsemen of Ahura. They introduced into the deepest thought of all men this fundamental conflict of Truth with the Lie, as being the basis and substructure of the world. It was a war of Good Mind and Evil Mind, between Productive Toil and Destructive Trickery. The basis of their religion was, in a word, the Class Struggle.

The Kingdom of Ahura was a Kingdom of the Poor. His enemies were both the marauding Turkomans who swept down upon their mountain-farms and carried away the harvests thereof, and the haughty tax-collectors of the cruel Babylonian King, who took their best to gild the splendid temples of the Merchant-Gods. Holiness, to Zoroaster, was intensely practical. There is nothing in his teachings about Asha, Holiness, as an abstract virtue to be indulged in apart from the rest of mankind. His vision of sanctity was intensely practical. He may have longed for holiness in outsiders in his infrequent times for meditation; but he had no leisure for such vaporings while the war was on.

Thus his moral preachings were closely harmonized with his active administration. And his active administration sought to carry into effect the electrifying doctrine of the God of Truth, as a God of Honesty and of Honest Toil, engaged in a perpetual combat with the God of Lies for the souls of men. "To fight on the right side, this is the victory!"

IV

Exodus of the Aryans

Nietzsche goes back to Zoroaster for his ideal superman. He is bitterly condemned by the Churches which

go back to Zoroaster for their doctrine of personal immortality. He ridicules the Jewish faith, which goes back to Zoroaster for its Satan, together with the Christian faith which goes back to Zoroaster for its angels and archangels. Behind all this gorgeous panoply of Satan and Angels and Archangels lies the illimitable background of the migration of the Aryans from their original home to the mountain lands of Persia. If the development of the religion of Yahweh fed upon the great triangle of Nile, Euphrates and Desert centering around the tiny land of Palestine, the development of the religion of Ahura-Mazda fed upon the whole continent of Asia. And this was the story of it:

The Aryan race, according to Mills, originated in Siberia when that was the hot continent. In the first and second "fargards" or chapters of the Vendidad, occurs a sort of rough Genesis with a series of Edens and expulsions, one after another. The home of the race, known as "Aryana Vaejah," appears to have driven them out, not by flaming fiery swords as in the Hebrew Bible, but by a change of seasons.

"Ten months, winter, two months summer;
Cold on the land, cold on the water;
Cold on the plants, cold on all things,
Winter demon-made!"

says the Gathic poem describing that event. With this closing down of the iron Arctic winter on the plains of hot Siberia began the march of the Aryans.

We know that in lands now ice-bound throughout the year, the bamboo once grew in torrid heat, quite half a foot in thickness, and rising to a dozen yards. Elephants, as we see from their fossil ivory, once stalked in the dens and sultry fens of hot Siberia. Generation after generation of prehistoric years must have felt the gradual closing in of a polar world, and the forbears of these myth-weavers of the Avesta must have been among the number.

"Crop after crop must have become impossible, as we see them now failing in Central Europe," Mills wrote

a few years before the war. "The herbs, the fruits, the cereals, shrank and grew tasteless under that freezing grip, and the tiller Aryans, obliged to turn southward, sought the summer zephyrs coming down further and further from their northern home. At last they reached the land thereafter called Iran. Its vales and plains stretched far and wide before their view amidst the peaks south of the Caspian sea. A part of them found support enough in the nearly middle Aryan territories; a part broke off in huge banks or in smaller driblets, down through the Afghan passes south, ever south, until they reached the Five Waters of the Punjab, and became the Sindhus or Hindus—the "river men."

When the Aryan tribes in their pilgrimage reached the rocks of Iran, their trouble was no longer with the cold, but with the torrid heat and the drouth. Their chief struggle was for water. Why did the rivers fall low, and the rain hold off? Some power must be at work against them in the distant uplands from which the river flowed, or in the distant heavens from which poured the rain. Some accursed being in the sky was toiling to accomplish their defeat. Some snake-devil up above wound his fell coils about the cloud-cows, dripping to be milked. From this analogy of the clouds dropping rain to the cows giving milk comes the sanctity of the cow in both Persian and Hindu theology.

Gau, the sacred kine—namely, the rain-clouds—are the objects of warfare between gods and demons in the legends of both Hindu and Persian. Yet a strange transformation has taken place. The names of the Vedic gods are the names of the devils in the Avesta. The heroes of the Veda are villains of the Avesta. All the way through the parts are reversed.

This reversion is a relic of that conflict between the dwellers of Persia and the inhabitants of the Indian plain. As Mills writes:

"The results of Zoroaster's teaching were tremendous. With an ardent impulse rarely equalled and never surpassed, they totally threw off their ancient ways, reversing at times the very titles of their once-honored

gods, whose culture had become badly congested with minor secular interests struggling with the higher elements."

Nor is this peculiar to the Zoroastrian reformation. The Lutheran reformation resulted in a similar somersault; the Pope, symbol of all that was holy to the devout Catholic, became the embodiment of deviltry to the equally devout Lutheran.

Among the Persians, those deva-worshippers who still bowed to the ancient divinities forsaken by the Zoroastrian, became a helot class. They were not only hewers of wood and drawers of water; they became subjects for experimental vivisection. In the New Avesta it is decreed that a young surgeon must operate successfully on three deva-worshippers before he may presume to cut the flesh of a true believer. If he cuts three times, and all three times his patient dies, his knife must rest forever. Only if he cuts three times, and all three times his patient survives—only then may he proceed to cut the orthodox. (Vendidad 8:36.)

In order to persuade the Iranians to rebel against their political tyrants, it was first necessary to cut the chains of religious indolence. Only by demolishing deva-worship could one induce the people to rebel against oppression. For the deva-peoples lay subject to foreign despots while they pleaded with their divinities to soften the king's heart. The influence of these divinities, argued the rhapsodists, was wholly evil, because it paralyzed their people; hence they must be fought. It was even as to-day it is; when the advocates of God maintain that the existing order, with all its cruel brutalities, its outrageous injustices and its unspeakable horrors, is the will of God, then it is necessary for those who seek to bring about a just world-order to fight that conception of God; and hence they are called blasphemers and atheists, and have been so called before, and since the days of Jesus, who was condemned to die for "blasphemy."

Zoroaster preached that God's will was to establish a kingdom on earth, which should be based on justice, and

intended for the poor. In Yasna (Psalm) 34 is this verse:

"What is your kingdom, and what is your riches?
That I may become your own in my actions with the Righteous Order,
And with thy Good Mind, to care for the poor."

And in Yasna 53:

"O Mazda, thine is the Kingdom,
And by it thou bestoweth the highest of blessings
On the right-living poor."

As to the origin of evil, the Zoroastrians had an explanation which has fascinated the mind of the world.

In opposition to the vast cloud of demons and divinities of the deva-worshippers, Zoroaster taught that there are but two great Spirits, Ahura-Mazda, the Good Mind, the Supreme Power, whose dwelling place is light and truth; and Angra Mainyu, the Evil Mind, his opponent. In the beginning these two divided the world between themselves, except for the soul of man, over which a perpetual conflict rages. Yasna 30 says:

"There were two First Spirits, a better and an evil, as to thought, word and deed.

"And when these two Spirits came together to make life, they arranged what at last the world should be; the best life for the faithful, but for the faithless the worst-mind."

The good and morally supreme Ahura is exalted as the only real God in our modern sense of the term. He is supreme because his goodness makes him great, his Unity being that of his Truth, his Benevolence, his Authority, and his Sacred Energy. But the equally original Evil God, being independent, limits him, completely exculpating him from all share in crime—and thus solves a question which has sorely puzzled those who hold to Omnipotence and Sin. He is a moral God, his supremacy being limited by his own character; for he is not responsible either through origination or through permission for the existence of sinners and their sufferings, for the universe is divided into two immense departments, of which he rules but one.

"It would be morally impossible," the Zoroastrians hold, "for a Good and Omnipotent God to allow human or other spiritual beings to commit revolting crimes for the purpose of seeing through their own experience how evil sin is." "Rewards and punishments, however, are self-induced, and are purely spiritual in their nature."

"This which is your life, O ye vile, with your own deeds your souls have brought you. . . . Cursed by their souls and their own being's nature, in the Lie-Demon's home at last their citizenship is!" All Persians were soldiers and citizens of Truth. They might die—but to fight on the Right Side is Victory!

Such is the stock of beliefs which animated the Persians at their entry in a major rôle upon the great Drama. The world had grown tired of the gods of Babylon. Marduk's people were feeling after monotheism.

V

Organizing the Empire

When the foes of Nabonidus, the jealous priests of Babylon, who controlled the water gates, opened the river-bed to the armies of the conqueror and so allowed the Lady of Kingdoms to fall into his hands, they exchanged one monotheist for another. Yet certain it is that Cyrus showed to the priests of Marduk in Babylon great favor; that he issued a proclamation after his victory, announcing himself as the chosen son of Bel-Marduk; that he assumed the title of King of Babylon and King of the Countries, and dated his years from the conquest of the Great City.

How could this be reconciled with the strict monotheism of Zoroaster? Cyrus, perhaps, antedated Henry of Navarre in feeling that "*Paris bien vaut un messe.*" Like Lenin, he made terms with the "experts" of the bourgeoisie. Zoroastrianism, at least under Cyrus, found no difficulty in recognizing other gods as subordinate powers, servants and helpers of Ahura-Mazda. But other national or civic gods were thus deprived of their

state connections, and were compelled to appeal to the individuals; to promise, not political success, nor the welfare of the community, but the prosperity of individuals. Thus a great host of popular divinities began to grow up again under the overarching splendor of Ahura-Mazda.

The fundamental features of the imperial organization must have been due to Cyrus himself. He was ably seconded by his successors. Cambyzes completed his work of conquest, and Darius, after the slaying of the Magian usurper, set himself to the thorough organization of the empire. This organization was planned on great free lines; there was nothing mean or timorous in it. To the Persians it was an axiom that the great god Ahura-Mazda had given them domination over this earth afar, over many peoples and tongues; and the consciousness was strong in them that they were masters of the world. They were pledged by the will of Ahura-Mazda to govern it aright, reduce it to unity and bring to the circles of the land peace, justice and prosperity.

In their treatment of subject races the Persians worked out the theory of Ahura-Mazda, the great and good god, revealing himself through subordinate divinities. In contrast with the Assyrians before them and the Romans after them, the Persians invariably conducted their wars with great humanity. Vanquished kings were honorably dealt with, the enemy towns were spared except in cases of insurrection. Members of conquered nationalities were welcomed to the service of the Great King, and were employed as administrators or generals, and were given grants of land. The whole population of the empire was alike bound to military service, and subject contingents of Egyptians and Lydians, Jews and Greeks, stood side by side with the native Persians. Tribal distinctions began to recede, and the ground was prepared for that amalgamation of all the Iranians into a single, uniform nation; although in this nation, high privileges were reserved for native born Persians, especially for those of the district from which Cyrus himself had come.

Cambyzes in Egypt adopted in full the title of the

Pharaohs in the effort to conciliate still further the native population. With the fiction that the old native state was still intact, Darius went still further, and encouraged in every way the efforts of the Egyptian priesthoods, built temples and enacted new laws in furtherance of the old order. But Darius lived to see that his policy had missed its goal; for in 486 B. C. Egypt revolted, and was only reduced by Xerxes after forty years.

Immediately after this revolt, Darius renounced his title of King of Babel, and removed from its temple the golden statue of Bel-Marduk, doubtless to prevent the outbreak of a similar revolt among the Babylonians. But this provoked the outbreak it was meant to avoid. Darius at length seems to have felt his obligations as a believer in Ahura-Mazda to be in conflict with these concessions to local divinities, for in his rock inscriptions he exalts the greatness and uniqueness of the god of the Persians with all the fervor of a zealot.

Under Darius, almost for the first time, a comprehensive scheme of great public works was undertaken, from one end to the other of his world-empire. His wars were fought only for the purpose of protecting his borders. His organization of the provinces and the fixing of the tributes is described by Herodotus apparently from good official sources. He fixed the coinage of the gold Daric, and spent much energy in developing the commerce of the empire.

Expeditions were sent through the Khyber pass into India, as far as the Indus river, down which an expedition sailed to the sea. Under his captain Scylax, an exploration was conducted, and maps drawn, of the coast of the Indian Ocean from the mouth of the Indus to the Isthmus of Suez. A canal was dug from the river Nile to the Suez, and as the fragments of his inscriptions there show, the ships of Darius sailed from the River Nile through this canal to the Red Sea and thus to Persia, while down the Indus River flotillas bearing the products of the craftsmen of India voyaged to the markets of the Great King. Embassies were exchanged with the great trading nation of Carthage, which controlled the shipping

on the Mediterranean; and explorations were even conducted of the shores of Sicily and Italy.

From Sicily to the Indus the power of the Great King was felt. Through that vast district engineering works were inaugurated. In the district of Herat, Darius established a great reservoir, designed to irrigate and cultivate the steppe at the edge of the Great Desert.

With such men did the Aryan race begin its empire-career! Darius divided the empire into twenty satrapies, with a "guardian of the country"—khshathra-pavan, whence the Greeks coined "satrap"—at the head of each. The satrap levied the taxes, controlled the legal procedure, was responsible for roads and property and superintended the subordinate districts.

Darius consolidated and organized the messenger service, which held the Empire together; and the Royal Road of Persia, which stretched its imperial length from the edge of Asia Minor to the city of Susa on the Choaspes river, the Capital of the country, was the great precursor of those Roads along which the legions of Rome tramped.

Herodotus remarks, "Now the true account of the road in question is as follows: royal stations exist along the whole length, and excellent caravanseries, and throughout it traverses an inhabited tract, and is free from danger. There are ninety days from Sardis to the Palace of Memnon in Susa."

In the pages of the great Greek historian occurs a description of the postal service of the Great King which furnishes the inscription carven along the great white marble architrave of the Post office in New York City:

"Nothing mortal travels so fast as these Persian messengers. The entire plan is a Persian invention; and this is the method of it: Along the whole line of the road there are men, they say, stationed with horses, in number equal to the number of days which the journey takes, allowing a man and a horse to each day. And these men will not be hindered from accomplishing at their best speed the distance which they have to go, either by snow, or rain, or heat, or darkness of night. The first rider

delivers his dispatch to the second, and the second in like manner to the third, and so it is borne from hand to hand along the whole line, like the light of the torch-race which the Greeks celebrate to Vulcan. The Persians give to the riding post in this manner the name of 'angarum.'"

VI

The Perils of Prosperity

In this vast extension of the Empire, the original hardy habits of the conquering mountaineers suffered a great change. When they first issued from their Eastern mountains, Herodotus says, "the men of Persis wore leathern clothing; they ate not the food which they liked, but rather that which they could obtain from their own rugged country; they drank water instead of wine, and had no figs for dessert nor any sweet things."

An illuminating picture of their primitive customs of exchange is contained in an anecdote regarding the first king, also from Herodotus.

"When the Spartans warned Cyrus not to maltreat or oppress the Asiatic Greeks, he asked some Greeks who were standing by who these Lacedæmonians were, and what was their number, that they dared send him such a notice. When he received their reply he turned to the Spartans and said, 'I have never yet been afraid of any men, who have a set place in the middle of their city, where they come together to cheat each other and to perjure themselves. If I live, the Spartans shall have trouble enough of their own to talk of, without concerning themselves about the Ionians.' Cyrus, remarks Herodotus, intended these words as a reproach against all the Greeks, because of their having market places where they buy and sell, which is a custom unknown to the Persians, who never make purchases in open marts, and indeed have not in their whole country a single market-place." (Herodotus 1, 153.)

But with traffic flowing rich and free from India to

Lydia, and from Egypt to Babylon; with a system of coinage beginning to get into general circulation; with the increasing wealth and luxury which surrounded the imperial court, and with the ease and security which the whole empire felt during the two hundred years of its vast prosperity, the temper of the people changed. Deteriorating influences of civilization and world dominion affected the character of the ruling race. The Shah-an-Shah, the King of Kings, imitating the Pharaonic divinity and the Babylonian seclusion, withdrew further and further into the bosom of his Oriental family. Influences of the harem, the eunuchs, and debilitating prosperity, made appalling progress. Men of energy began to find the temptations of power greater than their patriotism and devotion to the king. Satraps planned assassination. Xerxes was assassinated by Artabanus, his vizier. Artaxerxes III was likewise assassinated and Bagoas sought to seize the power. Degeneration of the royal line proceeded apace. Good-natured potentates fell under the control of ambitious and bloodthirsty wives or eunuchs.

One hundred and fifty years after Cyrus the Great, the Empire had become so weak that a force of ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon marched from the Tigris to the Black Sea, although completely surrounded, cut off from their communications and deprived through treachery of their leaders. They had been engaged in revolt against the Great King Artaxerxes, by Cyrus his brother, and as such their lives were forfeit. But they were not even seriously attacked.

On the Western edge of Persia lay a small fringe of lands belonging to long separated kinsmen of the Persians; Ionian Greeks, whose great cities headed by Miletus controlled the extreme end of the Royal Road beyond Sardis. An insurrection against the rule of the Great King resulted in an assault on Sardis, whose citadel was captured and burnt. Athens and Eretria, of the Greek mainland, had lent their aid to the Ionian Greeks. The armies of the Great King were sent out therefore to preserve order.

It seems that the Persian King had not even heard of the Athenians until Sardis was burnt. But this act stirred up the rest of the Asiatic Greeks to join in the revolt. A decisive battle was fought at Lade, off Miletus. The Greeks would certainly have won the day, except for the prevalence of treachery and insubordination because of which many of their ships sailed away. After a siege of four years the Persians captured the city of Miletus. They plundered and burned the city together with its temples, and carried the people into captivity; and thus, says Botsford, "they blotted out of existence the fairest city of Hellas, the city which up to this time had done most in building up European civilization. Though it was again inhabited by the Greeks, it never regained its former splendor... The fall of Miletus filled the Athenians with grief and fear. Phrynichus of Athens, soon after this event, composed a drama, 'The Capture of Miletus.' But when it was put on the stage the spectators fell to weeping, and the Athenians fined the poet a thousand drachmas for reminding them of their own calamities; and they ordered that no one in the future should represent this drama."

VII

Marathon

During the fifteen years which followed the fall of Miletus the forty-six nations which composed the Persian Empire poured their soldiery into continental Greece. It was no contest with mere barbarians which the Greeks had to wage in defense of their liberty. But the civilization of the Persians was totally different from that of the Greeks. The whole life of the Greek rested upon the political, social and religious freedom of the individual, while that of the Asiatics depended on absolute obedience to authority. The Greeks were no braver than the Persians; but their freedom gave them spirit, and their intelligence provided them with superior arms, organization, and training.

And yet the forty-six nations who followed the standard of the Great King had never, till the day of Marathon, been defeated. All around the Athenian and Spartan territories their armies swept. In their array on the day of Marathon, says Sir Edward Creasy, were blended all the great kingdoms which we know to have existed in ancient Asia. The northern Indians, the Assyrians, the Syrians, the Babylonians, the Chaldees, the Phœnicians, the nations of Palestine, the Armenians, the Bactrians, Lydians, Phrygians, Parthians, and the Medes, all obeyed the scepter of the Great King. Egypt and Cyrene were Persian provinces; the Greek colonists in Asia Minor and the islands of the Aegean were Darius' subjects; and their gallant but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the Persian yoke had only served to rivet it more strongly, and to increase the general belief that the Greeks could not stand before the Persians in the field of battle. All of Thrace and all of Macedonia belonged to the Great King and all of their combined and concentrated hosts were faced by a mere handful of Greeks on the plains of Marathon.

For five days Miltiades, commander of the Greeks, awaited the favorable moment. Then on the afternoon of a September day, B. C. 490, they charged.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates and the Nile, all made ready against the enemies of the Great King.

The Greeks came on at the run, in one long unwavering line of levelled spears. Before the Persian hosts could arm or the cavalry could mount, before the archers could come into play, the spears of the heavy armed Greeks

were upon them; and the hitherto unvanquished conquerors of the world fled to their ships and hastily put to sea.

The wrath of the Great King knew no bounds. Ten years were consumed in preparing an army vaster, more perfectly equipped, and better supplied. All along the great road supplies were stored, and from all quarters of the empire troops poured to Sardis. The engineers of Xerxes bridged the Hellespont with boats and dug a canal through the Isthmus of Athos. Herodotus estimates that the entire army numbered a million, seven hundred thousand men; but this is ordinarily set down as a great exaggeration. Of these, at any rate, Botsford allows 300,000 as serviceable; the rest, whatever their number, being mainly for display. On the sea were twelve hundred ships of war, manned by Greeks, Phœnicians and Carthaginians.

In the spring of 480 B. C. Xerxes moved his army against central Greece. King Leonidas with three hundred heavy armed Spartans and a few thousand allies held the pass of the Hot Gates, known to fame as Thermopylae. The Persian officers scourged their men to the battle; Leonidas and his men faced certain death in obedience to the Spartan law which forbade retreat in the face of the enemy.

On moved the Persian host; until in the bay of Salamis the huge fleet of Xerxes was destroyed by three hundred and seventy-eight Greek triremes, barely half the number of the Persians engaged. The great King, routed, fell in the retreat.

Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis!

The words ring like trumpet blasts even yet, after all these centuries. They marked the recognition by the whole world that the center of gravity had shifted once and for all, from the valley of the Rivers to the basin of Sea. The wreck of Xerxes' expedition is the turning point in the Persian Empire, and the starting point of all that most of us know under the head of history. Europe began at Marathon.

Greek superiority was so pronounced that the Persians

never again renewed their attack. The losses of men and ships were of no great significance to so vast an empire. But the result of the Greek wars was that the offensive power of the Great Empire was definitely shattered. Henceforth the Persians were conscious that in spite of all their courage they were in the presence of an enemy who was superior in arms as well as in intellect, whom they could not hope to subdue. Thus the Great Empire was reduced to immobility and stagnation. Such successes as Persia henceforward won, were won by Greek generals leading Greek soldiers.

Yet Persia was avenged. Ninety years after Salamis and Plataea, the will of the Great King was law over all Greece; for by the Peace of Antalcidas, in 387 B. C., Sparta proclaimed the Persian suzerainty, and the law of Persia ruled in the land of Hellenes. But this was caused by Greek feuds, not by Persian strength.

Greek civilization, diffused by mercenary soldiers, by traders, by artists, by slaves and courtesans, spread farther and farther into the interior. On every side the supremacy of the Greek was recognized; the Persian sought to protect himself against danger, by employing Greek arms and Greek brains in the imperial service and by turning Greek policy to the interests of the empire.

Greeks themselves, many of them, felt keenly the disgrace that a people so clearly supreme as themselves should be employed to uphold the power of an Empire which they hated. Like the Irish soldier, they fought in anybody's wars but their own. It needed only unity among the Greeks to accomplish the transfer of titular power to those hands by whom the actual power had long been held; and the stage was ready for Alexander of Macedon long before he appeared.

VIII

The Bridge of Alexander

When out of his forests to the north and west of Greece the Macedonian Phalanx swept across the world,

it was down the Royal Road of Persia that its conquering tramp rang. The lightning like speed of Alexander's victories is easy to understand; he merely succeeded to the throne of an empire already prepared for him by the organizing genius of the successors of Cyrus. Two centuries of peace under Achæmenid rule had accustomed the people of the Great King to a single ruler, holding his power by military force of Greeks, and administering his empire largely through the brains of Greeks, using Greek language and coinage. That the Great King was now a Greek instead of a Persian mattered little more than the change from Republican to Democratic President among ourselves.

Alexander, after the battle of Gaugamela, and the assassination of Darius III, proclaimed himself as the legitimate head of the Persian Empire, and adopted the dress and ceremonial of the Persian Kings.

A Greek conquered Persia; but it might even more truly be said that Persia absorbed Greece. For Alexander, after he assumed all the divine honors of Persia in Babylon, as Cyrus had done before him, was proclaimed a god in all the cities of Greece. Fifteen thousand Greek and Macedonian officers were married, by edict, to Persian wives. The Greek democracies had become the Persian Empire. Thus the theory of the divine kingship, originating in Babylon and Egypt, was transplanted to Europe by Alexander. Three centuries after Alexander came Augustus.

After Augustus came Constantine, ruler by divine right; and from him came the Christian Cæsars, changing eventually into the Kaisers and the Czars whose overthrow we have witnessed. So far does the shadow of Babylon extend!

But along with the shadow of Babylon goes the Sunlight of Ahura, perpetually breaking through. Priest-Kings of the Merchant Gods, exalted in gilded splendor above the groaning slavery of nations, find always breaking through the Eastern mountains the Prophet-Redeemers of the poor.

Alexander, unifying Greek and Persian, made a bridge

across which the Babylonian absolutism of deified Commerce crossed to Europe, to found a new throne in imperial Rome. But out of the Persian Empire, thus swallowed up in what it had sought to overthrow, came also the clear sunlit glories of a new faith, forever warring against the Cæsar. Christianity is as much Persian as Jewish,—perhaps more so. When the horse-men of Ahura grew sluggish in their strife against the Father of Lies, the footsoldiers of Calvary took it up.

But of that more anon. For the war is not yet ended. But to fight on the side of the Truth—that is the Victory!

THE BOOK OF GREECE

I

The Empire of the Mind

On the summit of the Acropolis at Athens stand the melancholy ruins of a building to which the reverence of all Europe is justly paid. It is the shrine of Athena, the virgin Goddess of Wisdom, commonly known as the "Parthenon." Architects rave over its marvelous curves and spaces, whereby although not a line of its contours is straight and no two of its pillars are equally spaced, it presents to the eye a picture of symmetric perfection. Sculptors glory in its marble reliefs, which indeed were stolen by a British lord for the bribe of a few yards of red cloth, and are now in the British Museum; but which for twenty-five centuries were the wonder of the world.

There is another and a greater glory attaching to the Parthenon which all of us, though sculpture be unknown and architecture a mystery, may revere. For the Parthenon is the birthplace of Europe, and of what we know as Democracy. It was begun out of the spoils of Marathon, Eurymedon, Plataea, and Salamis, those battles in which the giant might of Persia was hurled back, shattered and afraid, before armies numbering less than one-sixth of their own. The Parthenon was built in the first glow of that incredible victory in which the armies of the Great King, before whom all of Africa and Asia bowed the knee, and to whom many of the Greek States were tributary, had been driven into ignominious retreat by the soldiers of Athena.

To that time all the empires of the world had been held in subjection by armies composed of huge masses of men, trained and disciplined into abject submission to

a supreme lord. The Pharaoh of Egypt, the Emperors of Assyria and Babylonia, the Shah-an-Shah of Persia, ruled as gods. With the Greeks a new empire began; an empire whose physical extent was never great, and which endured independent for an insignificant time; but whose spiritual dominion has never failed. Again and again as centuries have rolled by, the empire of the Greeks has come back in renewed sway over the minds of men.

When Persia recoiled from the battlefields of Marathon and Salamis, all men knew that a new thing had entered the world as victor: a thing that the Greeks called, and we have since learned to name, Democracy. They built their Parthenon as the shrine of Wisdom resident in the people of a city, not confined to a king and his councillors. Every citizen of Athens, men and women, girls and boys and babes alike, joined in the All-Athenian Festival which forms the subject of the Elgin Marbles. Athena, the Wisdom of the People,— as opposed to Oriental gods and goddesses of abject submission and of lawless love—she had led her people to supremacy; and royally did her people follow her.

Rome mastered the bodies of the Greeks, but bowed before their minds. Out of Israel came a new religion which captured the world; but Greeks formulated the creeds in which the faith of Christendom has since been cast. Islam swept out of its desert lair and took Constantinople; but the Greek scholars, driven thence, awakened the minds of the Western world with the keen stimulus of Greek thought, and the Renaissance resulted. And when the unknown seas of darkness were rolled back before the discoveries of the scientific world, the new provinces of that uncharted land were named out of Hellas. Every science is baptized in the Castilian fount: psychology, philosophy, arithmetic, trigonometry: these are more impressive words, being Greek, than their English equivalents, mind-study, love-of-wisdom, numbering, angle-measuring. Telephone is the Greek word for far-speaking. Telegraph is also Greek, far-writing. Within the past five years the world has been greatly wrought up over two Greek words, autocracy and democ-

racy, which have formed conveniently misleading battle-cries for the greatest conflict that ever shook the human race to its foundation.

Common words, followed back to their Greek derivations, sometimes give unsuspected meanings. Our word "chair" is simply a shortened form of the word "cathedral," implying perhaps that every man who owns his own chair is his own bishop, his own judge of right and wrong. The Greek word for city is "polis;" from it we get politics, policy, police, polite. A policeman is a politician who is polite: a captivating thought. "Encyclopedia" can only be translated "what goes round a boy;" the idea being that the growing mind should be surrounded with all knowledge, so that it will imbibe the wisdom of the ancients.

A very large proportion of our ideas are Greek in origin, like the word "idea" which describes them. Looking on statues or architecture of Hindu, Egyptian or Chaldæan origin, we say, "How strange, how queer, how primitive, these are!" But looking at Greek sculpture or Greek buildings, we feel, "Ah, these are American!"

II

The Seaways of Hellas

The kingdoms of the Egyptians and that of the Chaldæans were much older than that of the Greeks, much greater in extent. The homeland of the Hellens was small, and their empire brief. Yet that "one wide expanse" which they "ruled as their demesne" has never owned another sovereign like them; and Keats spoke perhaps more truly than he knew when he crowned deep-browed Homer as the lord of the land of the Greeks.

For when we ask, "How was it that out of this long procession of empire this strange new force appeared, shining so bright and clear against the dark background of antiquity that its brilliance even yet is as the day in which we live, not as the recollection of a sunset long departed?"—their worship of Pallas Athene, the goddess

of Wisdom resident in her people, leader of a race victorious over all enemies, seems to give the answer. But how did Athene come to be their goddess? And the answer leads us back to Homer, creator of a civilization which we are even yet proud to claim as kin. Let us see how these things came to be.

The homeland of the Hellenes, we have said, is very small, and what there is of it is mostly water. Plant the two hands, palm downward, on the table, thumbs joining, fingers all pointing toward the right. They will give a rough sketch of the Greek mainland, whose contours are the most irregular in the European outline, as Europe's contours are the most irregular in the world. Innumerable projecting headlands, intruding gulfs and bays, little islands just off the coast, a network of mountains crossing and crisscrossing the surface—these formed the infinitely varied landscape in which the main body of the Greeks lived.

Yet what we know as Greece was the smallest part of their inheritance. All around the edge of Asia Minor, all over Southern Italy and Sicily, all around the edge of the Midland Ocean and the Black Sea, their colonies were scattered, and their white sails plowed the tossing blue waves from the Pillars of Hercules to the furthestmost coast of the Euxine.

Wherever the seabreeze blew was the homeland of the Greeks. Never did they willingly, or for long, venture further inland than the breath of the salt air could reach them. The broken character of the coastline of their homeland is such that no part of it, save a few districts in Thessaly, is more than fifty miles from the sea. Broken up as it is by mountain chains which with their ramification cover four-fifths of its surface, their land is, as the Celts remarked, most easily traversed by sea. By preference, even if not by necessity, a traveller wishing to go from any one part of Greece to any other usually went by ship.

When Aristagoras of Miletus tried to persuade King Cleomenes of Sparta to march against the Persian empire, that wily monarch asked how far it was from the

Ionian coast to the Persian capital. "A three months' journey," answered Aristagoras, somewhat incorrectly; for it was a ninety days' journey speeding night and day with relays of coursers and horsemen.

"Guest friend from Miletus," the Spartan king interrupted, "get thee hence from Sparta before the sun has set; for thou speakest a word which sounds not well in the ears of the Lacedæmonians, desiring to take them on a journey of three months from the sea."

And here perhaps is the secret of the final overthrow of that Empire of Persia. For if the power of the Great King was absolute along the Royal Road, it ended where the Ionian cities looked upon the waves of the Aegean: for with the best will in the world, the horses and the swift messengers of the Great King could not run upon the sea. Beyond the limits of the land, one man is as good as another, especially if he be a sailor. Swinburne tasted the flavor of that fierce independence of the Greeks, born of the sea, in his poem "A Song in Time of Order":

"Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,
To the quiver and beat of the sea—!
While three men hold together
The kingdoms are less by three!

"They have tied the world with a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee;
Will they tie the wind with a tether,
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?

"Let the wind shake our flag like a feather,
Like the plumes of the foam of the sea:
While three men hold together
The kingdoms are less by three!"

Severed thus from one another by the mountains, and linked together by the sea, Greek communities very early developed an intense individualism, a local patriotism, shining sharp and clear against the inheritance of a common intellectual tradition. In Aristotle's "History of Greek Constitutions," 158 different states are enumerated, all of them treated as separate and independent—which indeed they were, politically, though speaking the

same language, singing the same poems, and gifted with the same tricks and turns of thought.

III

The Games of the Gods

Now the soil of Hellas, although covered with a mantle of quick changing but ever present beauty, is barren and poor. Only after hard toil does the earth yield its products, and never in abundance. There is a great variety of crops, due to the bewildering diversity of climate and farmland; but nowhere, save perhaps in the valley of the Eurotas, are anything like ample crops produced. Constant exertion was necessary and this, coupled with the invigorating climate, as opposed to the sluggish heat of Egypt and Chaldæa, stimulated a quick and inventive mind. Over all hangs a cloud of beauty; nature varies quicksilver like from hour to hour, but every mood is exquisite. So was nurtured a race which loved beauty, being suckled with it from the mountain breasts of their rugged but lovely land. But a race cannot live on beauty. Traffic was necessary, to supplement the commodities which the land lacked.

Trade as well as communication went in ships; and very early the Greeks developed the maritime habit, sailing from island to island, to the Egyptian ports for grain, to Syria and the Ionian coasts, to the Black Sea shores, to Sicily and Italy and as far as Spain in quest of traffic. Thus they came into contact with all the nations, learning the traditions of Egypt and Chaldæa and the rude beliefs of the people of the uncivilized lands. And thus they developed the critical faculty. When one lives in the traditions of one's own land, hearing only one version of a story, criticism lies undeveloped; there being but one side of the argument there is no occasion for debate. So among the valley lands, where the people heard nothing but their own history, they believed whatever they were told. But a Greek's education was never completed until he had sailed the circle of the lands; and

when in the course of a single voyage one touched at many shores, saw many peoples, and heard many stories, the faculty of criticism was bound to come into play. With the Greeks history began.

So it was with philosophy, also born on the sea. Comparing the cosmogony of the Egyptians with that of the Syrians, they found them both more or less absurd, and devised their own. Thales, first of the Philosophers, lived in Miletus, first and greatest of the colonizing towns.

Separated then as they were by the sea, and living in communities that were of necessity small, and yet kindred to many other groups living both near and far, the Greeks very early developed the habit of neighborhood gatherings, "amphictyonic" assemblies, which fulfilled very much the function of an Old Settlers Fair. Delegates from nearby towns gathered at certain set spots at regular intervals, once a year or so, for common counsel, for fun, for worship. Games took up a great part of the proceedings. running, wrestling, boxing—friendly contests such as take place everywhere in American villages between rival baseball teams. But in course of time, the relations between the towns came to be settled at these league meetings; treaties were made and oaths sworn, and the divinities who presided over the place where such assemblies were held were looked up to as the faith-keepers, the Watchers of Oaths.

And just as we in America have our Bush Leagues and our Big Leagues, so the Greeks developed out of the neighborhood games, great national festivities occurring every four years or so, which served the Hellenic races as the Passover served the Hebrews, an occasion for the meetings of the far-scattered Greek communities from the ends of the earth. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of these gatherings on the development of European history.

Oldest and most splendid of the Greek national games was the quadrennial celebration held at Olympia, in Elis, under the protection of the Olympian Zeus. Time was recognized by means of the Olympiads, dating from

776 B. C., when the names of the victors in the athletic contests there first began to be inscribed in the temple. Long before this time the games had been held. As far back as 1000 B. C., a Temple of Hera was built within the sacred enclosure. Because of their great antiquity these games held pre-eminence over all the festivals of the Greeks. The month in which they occurred was a holy month, in which all war was forbidden; and from Marseilles to Trebizond the sons of Hellas gathered to the great games which marked their racial unity—boxing, wrestling, footracing, hurling discus and javelin, leaping—to which were later added the chariot and horse races.

At these celebrations all the treaties concluded between the Grecian states were rehearsed by heralds in public, and in the "bouleterion" political conferences of the highest import were held between delegates from far-scattered peoples. National games were instituted later at Corinth, Pytho, and Nemea, so arranged that every year at least one great celebration took place; and at these others poetry and music were among the contests. But the games of Olympia overshadowed them all in prominence and in importance. It seems unquestionable that the supreme prominence of Zeus in the Grecian pantheon is due to the fact that since the dawn of their existence, the chief bond which held them all together was the Olympic festival under the protection and in the presence of Olympian Zeus.

Contestants in these festivals stripped their bodies completely nude. To this constant presence before the eyes of the human body, naked and not only unashamed, but proud of its nudity, may be traced the supremacy of Greek sculpture; for the most perfect human figures were there to copy.

Delphic Apollo—Olympian Zeus! were these august and splendid divinities merely the projection of quadrennial athletic contests like the World's Baseball Championship Series? Not quite. They were the expressions of the moral and intellectual unity of the Greeks, who, never acknowledging a single ruler like Ahura-Mazda of

the Persians; regarding indeed the Persians as atheists because they believed in one god only, thus dishonoring the rest of the immortals; yet did hold themselves as one race, united in the face of bitter disputes and ceaseless wars by the reverence they gave to perfection of body, and beauty of mind, and sanctity of oath. Behind and above all the gods was the mysterious power known as "The Watching," the oathkeeper, the unforgetting, which was the common element in all the games.

Other gods than Zeus and Apollo presided over such gatherings; and leagues other than those of Delphi and Olympia bulked big in history. Such was the Pan-Ionian League, which met yearly to celebrate the Games of Poseidon on the rocky promontory of Mycale, jutting out from the coast of Asia Minor. It was to this federation that Thales of Miletus appealed, asking that all the Ionians should unite themselves in a single citizenship under the protection of Poseidon that they might make war against Persia. He proposed that their capital be established at Teos, and that all the Ionians consider themselves as citizens of Teos. But this plan failed, through local jealousies; and the Persians stamped one after another of the Ionian cities into the indistinguishable conformity of their Empire.

But one other League there was, around which the tribes gathered for the final victory over their Eastern foe. This was the League of Delos, which met under the protection of Apollo. All the Attic races gathered there, and many of the Ionian islands, in the Holy Month of the Spring, when the rebirth of the year was celebrated with games and solemn dances. Homer, in his Hymn to Apollo, sings:

"There in thy honor, Apollo, the long-robed Ionians assemble, with their children and gracious dames. So often as they hold thy festival they celebrate thee, for thy joy, with boxing and dancing and song. A man would say that they were strangers to death and to old age ever more who should come on the Ionians thus assembled; for he should see the goodness of all the people, and would rejoice in his soul, beholding the men and

the fairly cinctured women, with their swift ships and their great wealth: and besides, that wonder of which the fame shall not perish, the maidens of Delos, hand-maidens of Apollo, the far-darter. First Apollo they hymn, then Leto, and Artemis delighting in arrows; and they sing the praise of heroes of yore and of women, and throw their spell over the tribes of men."

The very name of Apollo, some philologists contend, is derived from the verb "apello," to assemble. Indeed, the Doric form of the name is "Apellon," seeming to mean "God of the assembly." Apollo was becoming the best loved of the Greek gods, taking the same pathway of evolution toward monotheism that Marduk took. For Zeus, though recognized as Father of Gods and Men, is not nearly so attractive as the bright deity of the Trojans.

For generation these Delian games had been forgotten till in the first glory of the victory at Salamis Athens reorganized the old League upon a political and financial basis; and twenty-four years later removed the treasury from Delos to Athens, from the protection of Apollo to that of Athene. And here, again, we run against the overshadowing influence of the poems of Homer.

When the gods of Greece appear in the poems of Homer, says L. R. Farnell, they are "clear-cut, individual personalities of distinct ethos, plastically shaped figures such as later sculpture and painting could work upon. Athena is not the blue sky, nor Apollo the sun; they are simply Athena or Apollo, divine personages with certain powers and characters, as real for their people as Christ or the Virgin, for Christendom." And yet certain original characteristics seem to underlie the gods as Homer knows them. Doubtless the wild tribes of the North, the "fair-haired Achæans" each brought its own tutelary divinity, which in the wild intermixture of clash and conflict became a Pantheon, somewhat in the same way as the gods of Egypt had done. Hera is always known as the "ox-eyed," Athena as "owl-eyed," Apollo is occasionally known as the "wolf-born," which to many seems to prove that they were totem-gods in far dis-

tant past. Athena's helmet preserves, in the large eyes and sharp beak just above her face, the rough outlines of an owl-face.

But Apollo's chief characteristics seem to point him out as the god of the sunlit breeze. The ships of Hellas scudded from isle to isle on the wings of the fair and steady wind. He, the wind, was also the musician among the many-harped pines. His fingers wrought music along the shores of the sea where the waves fell in rhythmic murmurs. He herded the cattle, the rain-clouds, through the fields of heaven. But above all he was the god of inspiration, of that strong wind of the spirit which the gods breathed into a man's soul to make him one of the divine, a poet or a seer.

The qualities of other gods were in course of time attributed to him. He took on the bright radiance of Helios. It was Apollo who protected the crops, caressing the fruit trees and whispering among the stalks of rustling grain. He prevented blight, destroyed mice and locusts (whence his name "Smintheus" and "Sauroctonus"); he chased the wolves, whence his name "Lyceius," which is modernized into our "Lyceum." Perhaps, by a mighty effort, we should visualize the Chautauqua lecturers of our day as chasing the wolves of ignorance away from the people by the aid of Apollo. He was also the patron of the gymnasium, god of the silver bow, bearer of the golden sword, the Helper, the War-Cry Shouter, the Healing Seer, the Health Giver.

It is not easy for us to comprehend the extreme importance of the strong, steady trade wind, the fair and constant breeze which drives ships from port to port when sails are the only means of locomotion. Greek character and Greek greatness depended upon their command of the sea; and this, upon the wind. There is a profound difference between the steady, dependable trade wind and the tricky, uncertain, lying thief-breeze, which seems to have been hypostasized into Hermes, younger brother of Apollo. Upon Apollo's favor their public life depended. He is known as Delphinus—dolphin god, namely the accompanier of ships; he is the

Embarkar and Disembarkar; Nasiotas, the Islander; Euryalus, god of the Broad Sea.

On the bosom of the broad sea, the Greeks won their greatness. Fiercely independent as all their colonies were, they were linked together by the rhythmic song of the great Sea-mother, and by those marvelous poems whose resplendent surge and fall echoes so faintly the sonorous chanting of the sea.

IV

The Creator-Poet

Our earliest pictures of Greek life are contained in the poems of Homer. No other book save the Bible has so influenced Western lands. For a thousand years they formed the sacred books of the Greeks; for a thousand years every youth and maiden learned of Telemachus and Nausicaa as patterns and models of conduct; warriors were nurtured on Achilles; old men took comfort in Nestor; kings guided themselves by the counsels of Odysseus.

Palmer says, "At the dawn of authentic history, as early as we find the Greek race, portions of the poems of Homer were chanted about the cities of the Grecian mainland, southern Italy, Sicily, the islands of the Aegean and the coasts of Asia Minor. Throughout the continuance of Greek civilization they were the chief ingredients in the education of the young, and the chief literary delight of the men of mature years. So universally did they enter into the making of the Greek mind that it is no exaggeration to say that every one of the race of whom we have any historical knowledge was 'by that vision splendid upon his race attended.'"

"Into the Odyssey has gone a mass of histories, legends, mythologies, genealogies, ideals of character, manners, modes of life, which must have required centuries to mature. The book is an epitome of a civilization, with all that civilization's variegated dreams, records, and philosophy."

It is more than the epitome of a civilization; it is the creator of what we know by that name. Greek poetry and Greek art began there; Greek tragedy with the philosophy that developed out of it, are "slices from the rich banquet of Homer." Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; Socrates, Plato, Aristotle; Phidias, Ictinus, Praxiteles—what names these are, to arise almost simultaneously! Their problems, their solutions, their bold questionings and their bewilderments—how modern they seem! And with all their modernity, how fresh and vigorous, "back there," as we are apt to think, "in the morning of the world!"

Yet, as Paul Shorey reminds us, the Latin races might have produced an indigenous poetry of their own; but without Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, and what they represented, it is probable that our European world would never have developed either philosophy, logic, or science. All that differentiates Greek philology from Sinology, Aegyptology, Assyriology, or the archæology of the American Indian, is the supreme beauty and significance of a few poets and orators and thinkers who can be counted on the fingers of two hands, and who, if we except Homer, lived within two or three centuries. And all of them arose out of Homer.

Take away Greek poetry, and what becomes of European literature? Practically all of Roman poetry is a weak imitation of the mastery of the Greeks. Shelley is gone, and Keats; most of medieval poetry disappears if the Tale of Troy be stricken out. Shakespeare loses a great part of his subject-matter, and Tennyson is mutilated. DANTI

Who then was this master-singer who like Orpheus built cities by his songs? Well, indeed, did the Greeks call Homer simply by the name "the poet"—The Creator!

There was a time when men thought that Homer's stories were pure invention. But since the excavation of the ancient city of Troy by Schliemann, and since the translation of Egyptian records bearing on the Coming of the Greeks, and above all since beginning to piece together fragments of the wonderful civilization of the

Cretans, we are beginning to discover that the poems of Homer contain quite as much history as legend.

For the period which they reveal to us is one of giant conflict. Homer's poems form, indeed, the epitome of a civilization: but it was one which built itself upon the ruins of a far older and richer civilization, whose ruins and records we are but beginning to unearth and decipher.

V

Kings in Mycenæ

In Crete, in Mycenæ, and along the far fabled shores where Troy was, the Aegean Race built masterpieces of architecture, planned splendid cities, modelled and carved wonderful jewelry and statuary and even constructed elaborate systems of scientific city-drainage, while the ancestors of the Greeks were still barbarians roaming in their Northern forests. Under golden-haired chiefs the kinsmen of the Persians, "horse-lovers," "shepherds of men," came out of the plains of the North and descended upon these rich and teeming island cities to conquer and destroy.

For many a long generation this warfare went on, chieftains of the Greeks leading their followers in assaults on the walls of the old, rich cities of the Mycenæans even as the Goths under Alaric sacked the Roman towns, or the Normans under Robert of Sicily assaulted and took the cities of the same Mediterranean world. In the course of these generations the Greeks intermarried with the conquered, taking captive maidens to wife as Achilles took Briseis, or making alliances like that of Menelaus with Helen. The date of the overthrow of Knossos, capital of Crete, is tentatively placed by Professor Myres as 1400 B. C.; and the date is reached in this way:

Minoan visitors had long been recorded at the Egyptian courts, by inscriptions carved in the rocky walls and columns of their kingly palaces. But from the reign of Amenhotep III, who came to the throne about

1415 B. C., no more of the friendly "Keftiu" or Cretans came, wearing their long hair plaits and gaily colored kilts, bringing rich samples of their beaten gold and work of art. Instead, we read of the Shardana and Danauna—seemingly the Homeric Danaoi—who come as enemies; men of war, adventurers. One of them, if Manetho is correct, made himself Pharaoh for a brief period in the anarchy after the death of Akhenaton about 1365.

After 1300, these warriors of the Danaoi are no longer alone. Increasing numbers of other peoples accompany them, and their raids are on a larger and larger scale. About 1230 an attack of the Danaoi is made on Egypt from the West in company with the Libyans, on the edge of the Delta. Together with them came "Akhavasha, Shakalsha, and Tursha"—the first of them easily identified as the Achæans. This attack was repulsed; and thirty years later another great raid occurred, in the eighth year of Rameses III, by a combined land and sea force attacking from the Syrian side. The land force came intending to stay, bringing their families and property in large wheeled carts; the seamen came in great sailing ships, each with a fighting top on the masthead, and its decks "crowded with heroes." A hard fought battle in South Syria and a great sea fight kept them back; but the survivors were settled by Rameses on the Syrian coast. Their chief tribe was called "Pulishtai," perhaps the same as the Greek word *Pelasgi*: and certainly the *Pulishtai* later became known to fame as the *Philistines*, out of which we get the name of *Palestine* for the coast line of Syria, and call it the *Holy Land*. With them had come a tribe called by the Egyptians "Tikkarai"—doubtless the *Teucrians*.

Meanwhile, in the Aegean Sea, there was pandemonium. Written records we have none, and all we can do is to piece together the evidence of Greek tradition, which remembered the main events. The first was the "coming of the Achæans," blonde, fair-skinned giants, "tamers of horses,"—kinsmen, these, of the Persians. The second event was the Trojan War, which the Greeks dated at 1194 and 1184 B. C., apparently quite accurately. For

Menelaus, King of Sparta, was away in Egypt with these sea-raiders in 1200, when Paris, Prince of Troy, ran away with his wife Helen. Now Fair Helen, like Cleopatra of later days, derived a good deal of her claim to the consideration of men from the fact that she was an heiress. Menelaus reigned in Sparta by right of his wife's inheritance. If Paris had her to wife, Paris had as good a claim to the throne of Sparta as Menelaus. So the whole band of adventurous Achæan chiefs flung themselves together upon Troy, and after a ten years' war the Phrygian city was destroyed, and the lady recovered. But, says Myres, it was a hard bought victory. High gods were angry with both sides. Achæans and Phrygians were scattered over the waters. Their palaces were full of sedition, and "vagrant ne'er-do-wells with old-soldier yarns." "Men who could make verses sang of little but the wars and their wanderings. It is the very picture of the foiled sea-raiders, reeling back before the fleet of Rameses III."

Scholars have long agreed in dating the Homeric poems between 1000 and 800 B. C. They did not spring full blown into perfection. For centuries before, singers and balladists of the triumphant Achæans had told stories of the great fights of the heroes of this conquest. These stories, says Clifford Herschel Moore, in a fascinating book called "Development of Greek Religious Thought," "were composed to be recited at the courts of princes in Ionia for the entertainment of the nobles at the banquet or after the feast was over. This purpose naturally influenced the poet in depicting life and religion, for the incidents chosen, the adventures recounted, all the life represented, of necessity had to be consonant with the interests and life of the bard's audience. Homer represents the culmination of a long line of bards; his artistry was won by effort, and was not the incredible inspiration of one untaught."

But never did literary effort bear nobler fruit, for the essence of Greek character, which has left its imprint upon all succeeding ages and never more than upon our own, was mightily shaped and swayed by Homer.

VI

The Revolution of Solon

Living in a rocky land and upon islands of barren soil, the Greeks, as we have said, early took to traffic. With traffic came the custom of colonizing in order to provide markets. There was a very definite limit to the size of a city imposed by the scanty yield of the land; and when the pressure grew too great, parties of enterprising youths went under the leadership of some renowned warrior or sage to found a new community, which maintained filial relations with the "metropolis," or mother city.

Chalcis in Eubœa was the first city of which we read that it "sent forth daughters." Copper and iron in the mountains around Chalcis, and a certain fish from the strait nearby, which produced a prized purple dye, formed the staple of its trade. These products were shipped to those parts of Greece where they were needed, and when the markets seemed filled, colonies were sent to Italy and Sicily to open new commerce. One of these, at Cumæ, near the Bay of Naples, was the schoolmistress of Rome, having later taught the Romans their A. B. C.'s. Sparta founded the colony of Tarentum, whose people, though sons of Sparta were as different as the poles from the Spartans; thus proving, says Botsford, that the "character of a community depends more upon its situation than upon the race to which it belongs."

Aegina was the first commercial state west of the Aegean. The barren soil of the island drove its inhabitants to trade and industry. In Attica large landowners found that by shipping their grain and cattle to Aegina and Chalcis they could get high prices for their cargoes. But as Attica yielded only enough food to support the population, those of little means were soon brought to the verge of starvation. Small freeholders, unable to pay their rents, were compelled to mortgage themselves to their landlords, and when the time came due were sold as slaves. It had come about that there were but two

classes in the state; the few very rich, and the many very poor, and the poor were fast losing their freedom. Great foreign trade meant prosperity for the merchant but starvation of the workers—as it does today. Things came to a crisis. Commoners were arming themselves against the nobles and landowners, and civil war seemed imminent, when Solon appeared as peacemaker.

Even today we call the members of our legislatures by the name of Solon: a compliment which, in most cases, is entirely undeserved.

In the year 596 the distress in Athens, and the accumulating discontent of the poorer classes had reached a pitch of impending revolution. Solon, by agreement of both parties, was appointed Archon and legislator, and given power to draft a new constitution. This constitution marks, in very fact, a revolution in political history.

For Solon, on taking office as Archon, announced that all public and private debts contracted on the security of land or person, were abolished; thus setting both land and people free. All persons sold into slavery for debt were declared free. No one henceforth might sell children or kinswomen into slavery. No one might lend money on security of the person. No one might own more than a certain amount of land, fixed by law. Fortunes were swept away overnight by this repudiation of debts. Anger flamed high among those whose property was thus confiscated, but they were held in check; and the promulgation of these laws was celebrated ever after as an annual festival of the "seisachtheia," or "Great Disburdening."

Solon also established a new standard of coinage, using the coin of Chalcis rather than that of Aegina; a lighter piece. This enabled debtors to pay more easily, by melting and recasting their coins, and helped trade with all other countries which used the same standard. This had the effect of opening to Athens many markets hitherto unknown.

In order to curb the export trade which had impoverished the poor, Solon forbade the exportation of all products of the soil except olive-oil, thus aiming to pre-

vent the recurrence of famine by keeping the food produced in the country at home. Food profiteers were to be publicly cursed.

Every man was compelled to teach his son a handicraft. Wares being thus manufactured for exportation, they made money by the sale of these goods, so that food could be imported, thus reversing the fatal current which had brought with gold, starvation. Soon Athenian wares—vases, bronzes, iron work—were in demand all over Greece and even in foreign states, such as Rome, Etruria and Carthage.

By Solon also, the public assembly was divided into four classes, based upon the quantity of land owned. Only members of the first class could be elected archon, for only they could pay the fines exacted for misconduct; so that the enactment was not so anti-democratic as it seems. This office of Archon corresponded closely with our "commission form of government" and was held by three men who divided among them the executive, military and religious functions: this last including the superintendence of education. So again our latest discovery of democracy comes from the Greeks!

VII

The Theater of Dionysos

On the completion of his constitution, Solon, being sorely pestered by those who desired him to be not only the Congress to enact and the President to enforce, but also the Supreme Court to interpret his own laws, took ship and sailed away for ten years, to allow the Athenians to work out their own interpretation.

Solon had failed to satisfy any one. He had disappointed the poor in not massacring the rich and dividing among them all their property, and he had enraged the wealthy and noble by abolishing debts, freeing slaves, confiscating excess land, cursing the food profiteers, and acting in general like Lenin's forerunner. Their anger grew, and endless strife between the workers and peas-

ants on the one hand and the bourgeoisie on the other embroiled all of Athens, until Peisistratus appeared, to complete the revolution.

Peisistratus gathered under his leadership the men of the hills, the artisans, the debtors, and those who were discontented. Appearing in the Acropolis one day with wounded horses and with blood streaming from his own limbs, he announced that a plot had been hatched to assassinate him. For this he was granted a military guard. Watching his chance he seized the Acropolis with this military guard, and with the ardent support of the workers and peasants and common soldiers, he turned his "coup d'état" into a proletarian dictatorship.

It was in the year 560 B. C. that this stroke took place, a maneuver comparable to that of Napoleon when he abolished the Directory and made himself First Consul. Peisistratus took steps to further and solidify the Solonian revolution. He furnished the freed slaves, who of course were propertyless, with the lands of the nobles whom he had killed or driven into exile, providing these freedmen also with seeds and tools for farming. He punished the lazy, "permitting no idlers in the market place," which simply meant "no work, no vote," since the voting took place in the market. He compelled many of the city parasites to move out into the country and work their own farms for a living. Most of the measures of the revolution under Solon and Peisistratus are step by step comparable to the revolution in Russia.

But this proletarian dictator knew that laws are not sustained by any force so strongly as by the creation of an "ethos." And so the most important of all his acts, for us as well as for his own people, was to substitute for the ancient festival of the dead ancestors, which the aristocratic Athenians revered much in the way that Bostonians worship the shades of the Pilgrim Fathers and pray to the memory of the Mayflower,—to substitute for this an ancient country jollification, the Festival of Dionysos, and make of it the great municipal celebration of Athens. The shock was as great as if a military governor of Boston, say, should order the celebration of the birthday of Karl Marx to take the place of the anniversary of the

Landing of the Pilgrims. No wonder the Brahmins rebelled, and plotted his overthrow!

"Peisistratus," says Jane Harrison, "was a tyrant who was not in our sense tyrannical. He took his own way, it is true, but that way was to help and serve the common people. The tyrant was usually raised to power by the people, and he stood for democracy, for trade and industry, as against the idle aristocracy. It was but a rudimentary democracy, a democratic tyranny, the power vested in one man, but it stood for the rights of the many as against the privileges of the few. Dionysos was always of the people, of the working class, just as the king and queen of the May are now. The upper classes worshipped then as now, not the spirit of the Spring but the shades of their own ancestors. Peisistratus made the festival of the people the great day of the year; and he ordered the celebration, at this festival not of the deeds of local heroes, but the heroes of Homer. He first gave Homer official recognition."

Now to bring Homer to Athens was like opening the eyes of the blind. Cicero, speaking of the influence of Peisistratus in literature, says:

"He is said to have arranged in their present order the works of Homer, which were previously in confusion." He arranged them, not for what we should call publication, but for public recitation; and another tradition adds that he and his son fixed the order of their great recitation at the Pan-Athenaia, or festival of All Athens. Homer, of course, was known before in Athens in a scrappy way; now he was publicly and officially promulgated.

But why, we ask, did Peisistratus, the democratic tyrant, the Lenin of his day, welcome the poems of Homer, and insist upon their public recitation and their performance?

"In the old ritual dance with which Dionysos had been welcomed back to his people," says Miss Harrison, "the individual was nothing: the choral band, the group, was everything. In this it but reflected primitive tribal life. Now in the heroic saga the individual is everything, the mass of the people, the tribe, the group, are but the

shadowy background which throws up the brilliant clear cut personality into a more vivid light. The epic poet is all taken up with the glorious deeds of individual heroes; and what these heroes long for is just this glory, this personal distinction, this deathless fame for their own great deeds.

"Athens might, saving for the coming of Homer, have lain stagnant in her sheltered peninsula in a backwater of conservatism, content to go on chanting her Spring Songs in the traditional method year after year. She was given the clear strong draught of the heroic poetry that came from the storm and adventure of the Ionian heroic period, when the Achæans came down from their northern lands upon the Mycenæan civilization and despoiled the glory of the Trojans and the men of Crete. Athens drank of it deep, and was glad, and rose up like a giant refreshed."

It was a generation of Athenians nourished on the heroic poems of Homer who stood at Marathon, and who conquered at Salamis. They had been reared just within that period when every year the poems of Homer were chanted at the great celebration of All Athens. The transfer of the Delian Treasury from the custodianship of Apollo of Delos to that of Athena of Athens was the culminating point in the glory of Homer; for the heroine of Homer is not Apollo, who loved the Trojans, but Athena, who loved the Greeks.

How did the festival of Dionysos become the festival of Athena? The poems of Homer accomplished the transition; but still a remnant of the former worship remained. Within the shrine of the Virgin goddess stood her statue carved in ivory and clothed in solid gold. But the smaller and more sacred image was of wood, made of the sacred olive tree, a remnant of the time when the blossoming tree, or Maypole, was brought in as an emblem of the budding of the new year. And the culminating point of the Pan-Athenian festival was the presentation of the peplos, or robe, to the wooden statue; and this peplos was hoisted as a sail on the Ship of Dionysos in which the image of that god went in procession every year, wheeled from Athens to the sea, to open the sailing

season. To a seafaring people like the Athenians the opening of the sailing season was all important and it naturally began in Spring. Thus did Athena give her sacred robe, to be the sail of Dionysos' ship—to atone for displacing him from his Spring Festival.

The height of the glory of Athenian art, and the birth-place of Europe, and the beginnings of democracy, and the beginning of literature and of poetry, all dated from the proletarian revolution under Solon, carried into effect by the proletarian dictatorship under Peisistratus, and brought to perfection under the rule of Pericles after the great Democracy nourished upon the heroic poems of Homer, had defeated the Oriental masses of the Persians, scourged to the combat.

VIII

Achilles and Odysseus

But now, after so long a preparation, we must indeed say something of what the poems of Homer embody, and how it was that they produced so profound an effect upon all the generations succeeding. Many volumes have been written on the wonder of Homer's poems. Even to-day there is no better epitome than the remark of the French critic: "When I have been reading Homer, all men are fifteen feet high, and I cannot sleep." J. W. Mackail of Oxford said, in an address delivered at Hammersmith for the Independent Labor Party:

"It becomes a question for us, when we read Homer, whether we can clearly imagine a life better than the Homeric life, or even in some ways so good. . . . The excellence that ancient Greek life had—for in some respects ancient Greek life holds up an unapproached ideal to us even now—was in no small part due to their possessing him as their chief poet and keeping his ideal always closely before their imaginations. . . . Homer remains still as fresh, as enchanting, as he was to his first hearers; the more so, perhaps, that we have wandered farther away than they had from what is called the freshness of the early world."

Ostensibly the theme of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is the war between the Greeks and Trojans for the control of the Hellespont, and the subsequent return home of one of the Greek kings. But actually the underlying theme is the conflict between three ideals: empire and wealth, as embodied in the goddess Hera; lawless love, as embodied in Aphrodite; and Wisdom, as expressed in Pallas Athene, each seeking the worship of men. These goddesses are ever in the background. It is the supreme significance of the Homeric poems, and their great revolutionary value, that in them man is not called upon to sing of the gods, but rather the gods tell the doings of men. The greater theater of action in the *Iliad* is not Olympus, and the chief actors are not Zeus and Aphrodite; rather it is outlined in the opening words:

"The **Anger** sing thou, O goddess, of Peleus' son, of Achilles!"

And even here the cumbrous English compels us to put a meaningless monosyllable first, instead of beginning with the tremendous word that comes with all the force of an explosion: "ANGER!"

What then was Achilles angry about? As expressed by a schoolboy with true Homeric directness, "Achilles got sore because the king stole his girl." And there you have it—not the intrigues of the gods, and not the misfortunes of nations, but the wrath of a man on the most human and elemental of motives; a motive which is far greater than human, being really the fundamental motive of biological evolution—such is the foundation stone of the epic which has shaped the Western world.

Achilles goes to the shore and calls upon his mother, the sea-nymph Thetis, at whose wedding with Peleus the struggle between the three goddesses began. Thetis, responding, goes to Zeus on high Olympus, and binds him with an oath to do the will of Achilles. And there again speaks the Greek—the gods are obeying the will of man, rather than man the will of God. The epic is not, as among the Egyptians, a "Book of the Dead," nor, as among the Mesopotamians it would have been, the doings of the gods and kings; but of a young man, angry be-

cause the king stole his girl, who because of jealousy compels the gods to obey him.

And to what end? Troy falls, because her prince, Paris, has stolen the wife of Menelaus, obeying the commands of Aphrodite. Because Agamemnon, king of men, steals Achilles' sweetheart, the Greeks suffer terrible disasters and on his return home Agamemnon himself is slaughtered by his wife and her lover. All through the Iliad the peril of the worship of Aphrodite, goddess of lust and lawless love, is told. If the Greeks, like the Orientals, fall into the snares of Aphrodite, their doom is upon them. And this is an echo from the northern forests; the women of Homer are like the women of the Nibelungen Lied, like Sigyn, like Nana.

Homer loses no opportunity to tell his dislike for Aphrodite and her followers. He tells how her husband, Hephaistos, made a golden net and in it caught Ares, god of War, and Aphrodite, when they made a lovers' rendezvous in his pretended absence; and how, entangled hopelessly in this magic net, they lay unable to move while all the gods came and jeered them, the goddesses for very shame refusing to see. In the Iliad Diomedes wounds both Aphrodite and Ares, whereupon the valiant god of war "bawled out as loud," the poet says, "as nine or ten thousand men shout in battle," and fled into broad heaven to appeal to his father Zeus. In the twenty-first book of the Iliad Athena hits Ares in the neck with a boundary stone and knocks him down, adding insult to injury by laughing hugely at the god's discomfiture; and then when Aphrodite would lead off her divine lover, groaning, Athena hurries after and with a blow of her stout hand lays both god and goddess prostrate upon the ground.

War, then, as a divinity, is not particularly admirable in Homer's eyes; a coward, a bully, the professional soldier who fights for the sake of fighting appears to him. But his heroes are they who go into battle only to avenge some monstrous injury or some violation of divine law; such men he loves.

The constant companionship of Ares and Aphrodite is

but a personification of the fact that prostitution always goes with war; and the overthrow of them both by Athena was the expression of a hope that Wisdom could, and would, end them both. Wise old seer of the Ionian isle! Aphrodite Anadyomene, Venus Rising-from-the-Sea, a myth which has been depicted in painting of surpassing beauty by many an artist and sculptor, is at the bottom no more than a Greek way of saying that wherever there are sailors there will be brothels. In every Greek seaport town crowds of sailors passed months away from home and wife; and for these special temples of prostitution were provided under the patronage of Venus Anadyomene.

The Iliad, then, tells the story of how disastrous to a nation is the following of Aphrodite, since not only Troy, but all the kings who chose her as their guide, perished miserably. In the Odyssey the other side of the picture is given; and Athena emerges above the troubled waves of war and tempest as the only safe and sure guide, as Wisdom the Redeemer, who chooses for her especial care a man whose distinguishing characteristic is that for twenty years he has been trying, against all the misfortunes sent by angry gods and the blandishments of enamored and infatuated nymphs, to get back home to his own wife's side again. When the Odyssey begins the note is struck: "Him only, longing for his home and wife, the potent nymph, Calypso, heavenly goddess, held in her hollow grotto, desiring him to be her husband."

And again Homer sets the stage as he had done in the former poem. For Father Zeus opens the play, with a prologue in which Homer speaks his mind out of the depth of much experience:

"Lo, how men blame the gods! From us, they say, spring troubles. But through their own perversity, and more than is their due, they meet with sorrow."

In her remarkable study of the Odyssey, Cornelia S. Hulst has shown how the poem is in effect a sort of Pilgrim's Progress, in which all the names are symbolic; in which all the misfortunes happen because some one is drunk; in which the virtues are victorious and the vices

are defeated. For example, in the wonderful land of the Phæacians, the king's name is Alcinous, strong mind; the queen's name is Arete, Virtue. No wonder that their daughter, Nausicaa, is the paragon of all maids, as Telemachus, the far-fighter, son of Odysseus, is of all youths. Homer must have surely planned a third book, even as Luke the Physician did; a third book in which he would tell of the wooing and wedding of Telemachus and Nausicaa, fit pair to be the parents of a new and higher race. From the moment that Nausicaa appears on the scene, she is thinking of marriage, but has as yet found no suitor worthy of her, until Odysseus appears; and to her maids she says, "Ah, might a man like this be called my husband, having his home here, and content to stay!" But already we have been told, many times, how like Telemachus is to his father. The plot is all laid; the love story is perhaps all the more beautiful for remaining untold.

The theme of the *Odyssey* is the dominance of mind over circumstance, a theme deeply fixed in the genius of the Greek race. The three chief characters are always distinguished by epithets; Odysseus is the "wise," the many-wiled; Penelope is always the "heedful;" Telemachus is always "discreet." The form given the story is naturally that of a tale of adventure, a story matchless in its combination of plainness, profundity and range of human interest.

Now, the wisdom of *Odyssey* is something very different from what we are accustomed to call by that name. To us "a wise man" seems some one entirely unfit to cope with the world; the absent-minded professor is his perfect type. To a Greek, the idea of applying the title of wise to a man who knows ancient languages, but forgets to come in out of the rain, would be insanity. A wise man is he who can take care of himself under all conceivable circumstances. The slang idiom, "He's wise," is much nearer Greek ideals than are all the degrees of the colleges.

And always by the side of their wise man went the goddess of wisdom, a virgin goddess who has no lover

among the gods to distract her attention from her favorites on earth. Zeus is entangled by the jealousy of Hera, and awakens the disgust of the philosophers by his amours. Aphrodite is the scorn of gods and men, and likewise her lover and her husband. But the "glaucopis Athene," owl-eyed, seeing in the dark, takes the wise man under her own protection. She is the Nike Aptera, the Wingless Victory which does not fly away.

IX

The Virgin's Treasury

The Parthenon is a continuation of the Odyssey. It forms the Treasury of Athene, the storehouse out of which is maintained the navy and the army that guards the Empire of which Virgin Wisdom is the sovereign; a Wisdom resident in a people who have cast off their kings, chased away their capitalists, allowed no one to eat who does not work, prevented any citizen from exploiting any other citizen, and established absolute self-government, for the first time since civilized history began, as the normal rule for all citizens.

These Greek churches were not like ours, places in which congregations gathered for worship on stated occasions. The worship of the gods was a daily, not a weekly, matter; and congregations gathered at the games rather than in the churches. Temples were treasuries.

Two hundred cities and all of the Aegean islands and the edge of the Ionian coast were members of what might be called the Federal Reserve Bank of the Virgin Goddess. They paid their tribute gladly, and willingly did they rejoice in the beautification of the city which was undertaken out of their taxes. For "never before or afterward," says Botsford, "did the cities of the Aegean have equal opportunity for commerce or quiet country life. The annual tribute was more than balanced by an increase in wealth and prosperity. The commons, everywhere protected by Athens from the insolence of their own oligarchs, remained faithful. The merchants

were loyal because of the commercial advantages which the empire brought. Only the families of the former tyrants were actively engaged in fomenting opposition to Athenian rule."

So that the triumph of the idea of democracy, the overthrowing of capitalist and oligarch alike, had spread to all the cities which paid their reverence to Athene.

Great poets and artists had fought in the Persian wars; they began to give voice to those profound conceptions of the rights of the plain man which shook the world to its ancient foundations. "Justice shines in smoke grimed houses and holds in regard the life that is righteous; she leaves with averted eyes the gold-bespangled palace which is unclean and goes to the abode which is holy," chanted Aeschylus, in his play *Agamemnon*.

"Any one who is just and reverent," said Protagoras, one of the great sages and a friend of Pericles, "is qualified to give advice on public affairs."

"The Athenians," writes one authority, "had no master; they acknowledged no authority but the laws which they and their fathers made. There was no higher or more dignified office than that of the citizen who attended assembly and law court: he was at once legislator, judge and executive officer."

Yet there was a very serious defect in Periclean Athens. Though in name a democracy, the "demos" was strictly limited. The total number of Athenian citizens was 30,000; including women and children there were 100,000. Under them in rank were 30,000 alien residents, and at the lowest estimate 100,000 slaves.

Slavery was an essential condition of the Athenian democracy, as it gave the citizen leisure for attending to public affairs; yet slavery in Athens was by no means an unmixed, although a very real, evil. Slaves in Athens were treated better than common citizens in oligarchic states.

The common body of Athenian citizens became aristocrats, living at the expense of the great body of those men whom they ruled, both in Athens and in other states. Aliens were not admitted to citizenship. One of

Pericles' laws, passed in 451, provided that citizenship should be restricted to those whose parents were both Athenians. This exclusive narrowness was more pernicious to Athens than all the calamities which ever befell her.

And yet, the government of Athens with all its defects, was by far the most democratic and free that the world had ever dreamed of. Wisdom resided not in a divinely chosen ruler, nor in a military chief who held his post by main strength, but in the great body of all the citizens. Athena became the protecting deity of the empire, and every citizen felt himself sworn to the service of Wisdom. So that the Temple of Athena was the very symbol of their belief in the wisdom of the people; and a Temple must be built worthy of so great a faith.

When the Persians, sweeping around behind the armies of the democrats, took Athens, they had destroyed it, leaving the Acropolis strewn with wrecks of its former temples and structure. Themistocles had begun its restoration; but when the vast spoils of Eurymedon fell into the hands of Cimon, he used it to clear off the summit and to build a great substructure on the South slope, to prepare a level site for the Virgin's Temple.

Spoils taken from the shattered armies of the King of Kings and the tribute that poured freely into the treasury at Athens lay to the hand of those who were selected as leaders of this triumphant people, filled with the glory of a new civilization, thrilling down to the last least member of their tribes with the knowledge that they had conquered the world's armies. This wild exultation must needs find its expression in permanent form; and it was the supreme moment of that victory of Athenian Democracy over Persian absolutism which is fixed forever in the frieze of the Parthenon.

Now, from their earliest times, as we have said, Greeks had been familiar with the nude human form in action as a worthy object of admiration and imitation. National games had nourished their national feeling, and the naked victor of the Olympic games received a worship almost divine. And yet the development of their art, unlike the

development of their poetry, had lain fallow a long while. But when it did begin its marvelous course, it reached a supreme height which the ages have never surpassed, under the lash of this all-animating stimulus, the victory of the Democracy of the People's Wisdom over the Oriental stupidity of the Great King. And again, their homeland supplied the material out of which the things of beauty were wrought. The stone was at hand with which their dreams might be wrought into deathless form.

"Many of the islands of the Archipelago, notably Paros," says Salomon Reinach in his "Apollo", "are merely enormous blocks of marble; this material is also very abundant in Attica, where were the famous quarries of Pentelicus and of Hymettus, in Northern Greece, and on the coast of Asia. The Greeks had this great advantage over the Egyptians and the Assyrians; they had at their disposal an admirable material, less hard than granite, less soft than alabaster, agreeable to the sight, and comparatively easy to work.

"The progress made by the Greeks in the domain of art was extraordinarily rapid," continues this same author. "Barely two centuries and a half elapsed between the origin of sculpture in marble and its supreme height of perfection. This would seem inexplicable and altogether phenomenal had not Asiatic or Ionian Greece, the legatee of Mycenæan art, influenced by the art of Egypt and Assyria, played a part it would be unjust to ignore in the education of Greece proper. Yet the Greeks, furthest of all nations from servile imitation, used what they knew of Oriental art only to rise above it."

Such resources they had, and such a cause to celebrate. No wonder that the architecture of the Parthenon and its sculpture have remained unsurpassed!

Around the upper edge of the shrine of the Virgin is sculptured the procession of the citizens of Athens in honor of Athena; a celebration which normally occurred once every four years, when the maidens of Athens presented to the statue of the goddess the peplos woven of white wool, and all the citizens joined in the solemn ceremonial in honor of the Wisdom which was the city

incarnate. We may be sure that never was so splendid a ceremonial kept as that which celebrated the victory itself! And it, and its predecessors, still live for us in the frieze of the Parthenon.

At the west end of the temple the procession begins to form; the youths of Athens are mounting their horses. It divides, as it needs must, into two halves, one sculptured on the north, one on the south of the shrine. After the throng of the cavalry getting denser and denser, we come to the chariots, next the sacrificial animals, sheep and restive cows, then the instruments of sacrifice, flutes and lyres and baskets and trays for offerings: men who carry blossoming olive boughs; maidens with water vessels and drinking cups. The whole tumult of the gathering is marshalled and at last held in check, as it were, by a band of magistrates who face the procession just as it enters the presence of the twelve gods, seated at the east end. The whole body politic of Athens and her allies of whom these gods are but the projection and reflection.

The triumph was all too brief. In the Periclean age human genius, unchained and confident, reached a peak which it has never since surpassed. But the struggle between Athens and Sparta soon began; and the Golden Age died in civil war.

X

The Thrift of Sparta

Attica is for the most part a rugged country, whose thin soil fit only for grazing, compelled her people to make the best of what little they had. The contrast between Athens and Sparta rests on the difference between a hill and a plain. The valley of the Eurotas, in which Sparta lies, is one of the most fertile in Greece and the farmers who occupied it became very wealthy. But they had to fight hard to protect their property from the men of the high mountains on both sides, and this led them to form a strong army.

Their state was the first in Greece to require all

citizens to equip themselves with bronze armor, which covered them nearly from head to foot, and which made it possible for them to conquer and hold in subjection the mountaineers. The farmers left their work then and gathering into the city of Sparta, which they kept for themselves alone, passed all their time in military drill, while they forced the conquered to till their farms for them.

As the Spartans were never more than eight or ten thousand of military age, while their subjects were numbered by the hundreds of thousands, they could maintain their rule only by making of themselves a standing army, and by keeping up a constant military training. Every Spartan must have a sound body to begin with. Every baby boy who was puny and ill-shaped was exposed to death in a chasm of the mountains near by. Up to his seventh year the normal boy was in the care of his mother; then the state took charge of his education, and placed him in company with lads of his own age, under a trainer. From the age of twelve he must gather reeds for his own bed from the banks of the Eurotas, and must learn to go without underclothing and go barefoot winter and summer. Every year the boys must give a test of their endurance by submitting to whipping before the altar of the goddess Artemis, and he was the hero who could endure the flogging longest.

At the age of twenty the Spartan youth became a young man, and as he was now liable to military service in the field he joined a "mess", or brotherhood, of about fifteen comrades who ate together in peace and war. The members of the mess, or fraternity, to which he applied for membership, voted on his admission with bread-crumbs, blackballing those who might prove uncongenial.

Though compelled by law to marry, he could have no home, and could not even claim his children as his own. All elderly Spartans looked upon all young men as their sons.

But while the Spartan man, until his sixtieth year, lived in barracks and passed his time in military drill, the women lived in comfort and luxury. Aristotle remarks

that Lycurgus, after subjecting the men to discipline, tried to make the women orderly, but failed and thereafter permitted them to live as they pleased.

As women could inherit and acquire property and were permitted to engage in business, while their husbands were not, it resulted that two-fifths of all the land in the state came into the hands of the women.

The Spartan mother who sent her boy to battle with instructions to "come back with his shield or upon it," had a strong business interest in seeing that her property was protected, even if at the expense of her son's life. Her property was her own; her son was merely a soldier. In order to keep the Spartan youths in training as well as to keep the helots, or serfs, in subjection, occasional massacres of the helots were organized as a means of military preparedness. "Keeping order at home" as the American Legion boasts it was organized to do.

Such were the two cities which became leaders of the opposing sides among the Hellenic states in that war by which the Periclean age, the age of triumph over the Persians was brought to a close. Athens and Sparta, having triumphed over the Oriental monarchy in the name of democracy, fought each other to death until Macedonia arose.

XI

The Anger of Euripides

But even in her fall Athens was great—perhaps greatest then, when the first glow of her new glory died away. For then were born the thinkers who, constantly challenging the fading ideals of their people, explored the principles of human action as they have never since been examined. Sir Gilbert Murray, in his wonderful book, "Euripides and His Age," writes:

"Every man who possesses real vitality can be seen as the resultant of two forces. He is first the child of a

particular age, society, convention; or what we may call in one word, tradition. He is secondly, in one degree or another, a rebel against that tradition. And the best traditions make the best rebels. Euripides is a child of a strong and splendid tradition, and is together with Plato, the fiercest of all the rebels against it.

"There is nothing paradoxical in this. No tradition is perfect. The best brings only a passing period of peace, or triumph, or stable equilibrium. Humanity rests but for a moment, but knows that it must travel farther: to rest forever would be to die. The most thorough conformists are probably at their best when forced to fight for their ideal against forces that would destroy it. And a tradition itself is probably at its best, not when it is universally accepted, but when it is being attacked and broken. It is then that it learns to search its own heart and live up to its full meaning.

"The Greek tradition of the fifth century B. C., the Great Age of Athens, not only achieved extraordinary advances in most departments of human life, but it trained an extraordinary band of critical and rebellious children. Many a reader of Plato's most splendid satires against Democratic Athens will feel within him the conclusive answer: 'No place but Athens could ever have reared such a man as this, and taught him to see these faults, or conceive these ideals.'"

Euripides, like ourselves, comes in an age of criticism following upon an age of movement and action. And for the most part—like ourselves—he accepts the general standards on which the movement and action were based. He accepts the Athenian ideals of free thought, free speech, democracy, virtue, and patriotism. He arraigns his country because she is false to them.

How terribly, pitilessly, of today these words sound! Surely if the question be asked, "Can America produce such men as Greece did?" the answer must be "We have indeed the conditions: can we answer the challenge of the men?"

XII

The Spell of Babylon

In this disunion, in this fierce hatred of brethren, the Greeks fought themselves impotent. Up to this time the Hellenes had been a seafaring people. But in the mountains of Macedonia a fresh stock was preparing to take the leadership. A succession of kings of energy and power raised the Macedonian folk from barbarism to the headship of the world. Amyntas adopted the military organization, the armor, and the tactics of the Greeks. Perdiccas, his son and successor, undertook extensive wars against the highlanders to the rear of his own land, while his son, Philip, a half-barbarian, was taken to school in Thebes by Pelopidas. This visit of Philip to Thebes was like the visit of Peter the Great to Holland and England. Thebes was then at the height of her glory; her schools, streets, market places, and assembly thronged with busy and brilliant life. The royal youth came a half barbarian, with a voracious appetite for learning; he returned home a civilized Greek, with the ambition of making his Macedonians head of the nation.

The history of Macedonia is strikingly like that of Persia. A strong, fresh stock, on the edge of civilization, acquires a brilliant leader at a crucial time. Just as Cyrus became successively king of Anshan, then king of Media, then master of the world, so Alexander, two hundred years later, moved from the west as Cyrus had from the East. Both succeeded to the same ancient empire; both built upon a foundation laid many milleniums deep and both brought striking improvements to the work of previous kings. Cyrus began as an Aryan, as a democrat, as a frank and open fellow of his soldiers, and ended by assuming the despotic habits and divine claims of the priest-kings of Babylon. Alexander led his armies as champions of Greek democracy against Oriental despotism. But like other men in our own time who have ventured among the relics of kingship, he succumbed to the fatal temptation and in the name of democracy proclaimed himself a god.

After the death of Darius, Alexander announced himself as his successor, King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He wore the Persian dress, demanded that all should approach him with adoration, and sent an imperative message back to the cities of Hellas that he should be proclaimed a god. Carried away with the adulation which the people of Persia were accustomed to pay to their kings, he murdered his best friend in a drunken bout, and at last in a wild revel in Babylon in the hot middle of a Chaldæan June, he drank himself into disease and death.

Ordinarily we think of the Greeks as having conquered the Persians through the conquest of Alexander; but it is at least open to question whether the Greeks were not rather absorbed by the Persians. Alexander spared no pains to amalgamate the two races. At a great marriage feast he united 15,000 of his officers to Persian wives. He planted colonies of Greeks throughout the Empire, and sought to unite Europe, Asia and Africa, into an organic unit, to blend all nationalities so completely that all men would become brothers in one great family. Following his career, we can only say, with wondering speculation, "Had Alexander lived!"

But this civilizing mission was cut short by his death. His generals warred among themselves for possession of his power, and divided the vast territory of the Empire into four parts, Seleucus receiving Asia from Phrygia to India; Western Asia Minor and Thrace falling to Lysimachus; Ptolemy receiving Egypt, and Cassander becoming king of Macedonia.

Alexander's conquest had opened the way for international communication from the Adriatic to the Ganges. His death marks the beginning of that division between East and West which we speak of today as though it were a Law of Nature. For in the recoil of India from the conquest by the Greeks, Buddhism was established by King Asoka, and the Indian Empire consolidated; while Rome struck across from the shores of the Tyrrhenian sea and later united all the West under the Christian creed. Thus the fundamental thought of the people of

India, China, Japan, is colored by the underlying assumption of the Creed of Kapilavastu, and in Western lands the Christian deposit, which united around the person of Him of Nazareth conceptions of Persian, Jew, Greek, Roman and Teuton, forms a background of life and thought totally different. The clash between East and West as two distinct races of men began with the recoil from Alexander: the West inherited Israel and Homer, but the Orient fell to Buddha.

It was the sea-road which made the Greeks great. Along the highways of Babylon and Persia, uniformity was inevitable. But along the seaways of the Greeks, independence blossomed in the foam of every wave. Rome, like Assyria, was built upon her roads; and as Assyria had taken her literature, her art, her intellect, from Babylon, so Rome took hers from the Greeks, contenting herself with a physical mastery that reaped the material profit, leaving to the Greeks the glory of the intellect: which glory indeed has never dimmed, ageless as its mother, the Sea.

THE BOOK OF ROME

I

The Bridge of Romulus

"Rome," remarks Gibbon, "is the central lake in which all the streams of ancient history lose themselves, and out of which all the streams of modern history flow. Rome is the bridge between the past and the present."

Bounding the further horizon of all Europe, as we look back into the past, lies indeed the tremendous shadow of the City by the Tiber. At every great crisis in its history, it is the abiding genius of Rome which laid the roots of the struggle, and which dominates the issue.

But Rome's career has a deeper importance for Americans at this crisis than its relation to Europe. For Rome was the last great Republic before the American Eagle assumed the ancient forms of its Roman brother, and in its flight began to follow that circling sweep.

Greek history began with an epic; Roman history starts with a murder. Kings and consuls and emperors dated their years from that day in 753 B. C., when Romulus, in founding the city, killed his brother Remus, until that moment when *Anno Urbis Conditæ* was succeeded by *Anno Domini* in the chronology of mankind. And if it is true, as Botsford remarks, that "everything which lives in the world today is of Greek origin; the freedom which we now enjoy, the right to think, speak and act as we choose under the law which we or our fathers have established; our education, our interest in athletic and intellectual competitions, our love of the beautiful in nature and art—in brief, nearly everything which makes our life worth living,—was originally creat-

ed by the Greeks", it is also true that almost everything which is permanent in the public affairs of modern men dates from Rome.

Those figures which Gibbon uses, comparing Rome to a Lake and a Bridge, epitomize her origin and early history. For Romulus and Remus, when they led their bands of ruffians to fortify the Palatine Hill, did so to command the Bridge over the Tiber, the Bridge which controlled the life of Central Italy; and their armies moved across the world bearing the customs and the tactics of the Lake-Dwellers from whom they came.

II

The Farms on the Flatlands

Look for awhile at that word "Latin," which denotes not only the language but the customs of the world-rulers. It is closely akin to our word "flat." Indeed, it is the same word, as will be perceived if you pronounce it as if you had a hare-lip. *Latium* means just what we mean when we speak of "river flats;" it describes that marshy alluvial land created by the heavy volume of mud which Father Tiber, Yellow Tiber, brings down from the Apennine uplands across the narrow peninsula of Italy.

While these flats were fertile, they were unhealthy; and the farmers who tilled their gardens along the river built their houses on the hills, not only for health but also for protection; for the Mountain Men regularly raided the Flatlands in force, for cattle and harvests. Every morning till very late in Rome's history the farmers went to their toil through the "Porta Mugonia"—the bellowing gate—so called from the noise made by the sheep and cattle as they were driven from the barns adjoining the huts on the hills to the pasture lands below. It was not until the Tarquins drained the lowlands between the Seven Hills with arched sewers—a trick caught from the Myceneans, perhaps—that they became habitable. But when this was once done, the public life of the hilldwellers—seven hill colonies close together—

centered around the Forum in the valley. Smiths and shopkeepers set up their little shops there; marketing and trafficking were carried on there; and when Rome began to be great, the temples and the senate house were built above the sewer.

Thus, the close proximity of the Seven Hills to one another, to the flats below, and above all to the River, explain the beginnings of settlement. But the Bridge contains the story of the budding supremacy of the City.

For there were many such flatland leagues of the farmers against the hungry tribes of marauding mountaineers; but there is only one such river. Clear across the farm land from the mountains to the sea runs the Tiber, the only navigable stream of Italy. About twelve miles from its mouth navigation is, however, checked by an island in the river and by shoals. At this point the road down the peninsula had long been wont to ford that yellow stream. It is the only good passage for many miles. This also is the highest point to which the salt-boats from the great salt pans of Ostia, "The Gates", at the mouth of the river could come.

Consider the location for a moment. Toward the sea stretch the unhealthy marshes, twelve miles of them. Up and down the peninsula runs the road along which all Central Italy came to obtain supplies of salt, without which life was unendurable. And here was the only bridge, and here the only harbor safe from pirates. It was, indeed, as Professor Myres remarks, "a great man with an eye for a strong situation." who fortified the Palatine Hill, which, isolated from the other hills, commands the bridge from the Latin side of the shore.

Who were the men who thus seized and fortified the Palatine? There is much legend concerning Troy, Aeneas, Alba Longa, the virgin Rhea, and the wolf-nursed Twins. But the habits of the Romans give a better clue, that leads back northward to the prehistoric dwellers of the Lakes. All along the Alpine chain were found these Lake-dwellers. Felling the great trees on the bank they cleared small fields there, and built piers out into the water on the piles. Platforms at

the end of these piers held their houses, secure from invasion against bear and mountain cat, and easily defensible against human enemies by a narrow gangway, easily withdrawn. These gangways were never fastened or secured, so that at any moment they might be drawn back or knocked away.

These chains of Alpine lakes were rapidly colonized by the Lake-Dwellers, who spread down into the marshlands of the Po. And of them came the ancestors of the Romans. Roman armies, even when halting for a night in a friendly country, fortified their camps with ditches and palisades; and their huts were built in four-square "islands" like the structure lines of the old lake-platform. The Bridge over the Tiber, which was kept by Horatius "in the brave days of old" was still a bridge of piles in which no nails might be found, to be cut away almost at a blow, on the approach of the enemy,

"Till with a mighty thunder
Fell every loosened beam."

Of such men was the band who seized and fortified the Palatine hill. Very likely the legend is true which tells how Romulus and his successors enthusiastically welcomed into their midst all the ne'er-do-wells from surrounding territory; for blackmail of passersby was the only serious industry of the Romans for a long time. Heavy tribute could be exacted in return for the salt which they controlled; and if any refused to pay a passenger tariff as well as a levy on their goods, the bridge was knocked down and they were denied passage until they did pay.

It was not for nothing that Rome's chief officials, perhaps her original priest-kings, bore the title "Pontifex," Bridgemakers. They held just such a monopoly of traffic between Latium and Etruria as their successors in the title have claimed between Heaven and Earth.

Now all the flatlanders were in constant peril of the marauding men from the mountains, who swept down upon their farms to carry off their hard-won crops and

cattle. Every year the dwellers in the plain had to fight for the protection of their lives and property. With such a champion as Rome to be their leader, the Latin League began to make way against their Samnite foes. But defeating highlanders seemed much like beating the air. Light as the wind, they withdrew from the field to their homes among the crags, and as lightly swept down again upon the homes of the allies.

With such constant peril surrounding them, a permanent leader was a necessity. In the revolution of 509 B. C., the House of Tarquin, out of which the kings had been chosen, was overthrown because of the brutality of Sextus Tarquin; and Lucius Junius Brutus required of his fellow Senators an oath that never again should a king rule in Rome. But Rome lost greatly in those early days by the overthrow of the kingship; and his replacement by two consuls, alternating day by day or month by month in command of the army or in administration of affairs, was a weak substitute. Factions of nobles and people divided their strength, until they learned to unite under a Dictator, a supreme commander, whose term was limited to a period of six months. By this method Rome began to advance. As she grew in power, she grew also in population. Now the number of people who could live in comfort on the Seven Hills was limited; and conquest was the only remedy for over-population. In newly conquered territory colonies were settled, enjoying the rights of Roman citizens, or perhaps of Latin citizens, a less favored class.

Rome was launched upon her career of conquest in a strangely familiar way. Down in the Campania, two cities, Capua and Cumæ, had been captured by bands of highland freebooters, who had settled down to enjoy the fruits of their conquest, and had become in effect lowlanders, as the Normans in France became more French than the Frenchmen. But their highland countrymen did not cease their raids, merely because kinsmen were now the raided; and Capua and Cumæ called upon Rome to aid them in driving back the mountaineers. So began the First Samnite War. In the championship of "civili-

zation against savagery," in this year 343 B. C., Rome, like ourselves in 1918, was victorious: but the terms she imposed upon her allies were such that they revolted, and in the terrible Latin War they tried to throw off her protection. Absit omen! The Latin League was crushed; but from the time of the Latin War onward, Rome pursued the plan of preventing the possibility of any further such Leagues, by forbidding allies or conquered lands to trade with one another. All trade must go through Rome.

It was the policy of Rome to unite the allied nations to herself not, like Athens, by supporting the people against their tyrants, but by upholding the nobility against their peoples. One of her strongest holds, of course, was her control of salt, so that her salt-administrators early ranked among her most important officials. By such means she extended her alliances and strengthened her control until at the battle of Sentinum, in 290 B. C., she finally broke the Samnite power and established control of all northern Italy. Her conquered lands, like her allies, were permitted to trade with Rome, but not with each other; and thus her traffic and consequent wealth grew by leaps and bounds.

Sentinum ended the long war between the plain and the mountains in favor of the plain. It had raged almost without interruption for half a century. It had desolated Italy from Etruria to Lucania. Cities and Villages were in ruins, pastures and cornfields had become lonely wastes, thousands of warriors had fallen in battle and tens of thousands of men, women and children were slaves at Rome. But though desolation had wasted the provinces, Rome had become a great merchant city, and had tasted the power which slavery gives. From that time on every war of Rome was a commercial enterprise, and every treaty a commercial gain. Ostensibly she had entered the Samnite Wars to protect the lowlanders against robbers. She came out of it the chief trading center of Italy, and her face was set abroad after new markets.

III

The General Strikes

Such was the outward aspect of the city. But within it, as her foreign power grew, the strife between the classes deepened. Patricians and plebeians fought bloody battles around the election polls during a long and terrible period. Very early the commons found their main resource in the General Strike. And the development of the Republic begins with those two General Strikes which first gave to the plebs the Tribunes, with their veto power, and then abolished the class line which forbade marriage between worker and aristocrat. And this is the story of them:

For more than two centuries after its foundation, no Roman citizen could read or write. Written laws were therefore useless, and all law was in the custody of the patrician Senators, who passed it down by tradition from father to son. A plebeian, a commoner, could not sue; so to secure protection for himself and his family before the courts, every plebeian chose a patrician, an aristocrat, for his "patron" whom he bound himself to serve as a client. It was an act of impiety for a client to accuse his patron, or to testify against him; and likewise for a patron to accuse or bear witness against his client.

But this relation was all in favor of the patron, and all against the client. With the king gone, there was no higher power to whom the client could appeal from his own patron. Oppression of the poor by the patricians, who naturally made common cause against their weaker fellow citizens, grew worse and worse. Illegal and excessive rents were exacted, and a debtor could be seized and sold as a slave. Very many such debtor and tenant families were sold into slavery. Misery increased until, fifteen years after the king was gone, the first General Strike occurred, when the whole plebeian army, enraged and disgusted at the things which had been done to their families while they were conquering abroad, deserted their commanders and marched off to the Holy Hill, an-

nouncing that there they would stay until their demands were granted.

Panic ruled in Rome. With the workers and soldiers making common cause with tenant farmers, the ruling class was in evil case. An arbitration commission was immediately appointed and made off post-haste to the Holy Hill. A protocol was drawn up—verbally, of course, because nobody knew enough to write it, or to read it after it was written. The plebeians were allowed two officials, elected annually, to be known as “tribunes.” They were given the right to shout “veto”—I forbid—through the door of the Senate house, and thus stop unfriendly legislation. The tribune was forbidden to be absent from the city overnight; his door was to stand open always, that he might be immediately accessible to any one in trouble; his duty was to protect any plebeian in distress, and he was given the right to kill any citizen or other person interfering with him in the discharge of that duty. When any person was thus slain, his property became the property of the tribune.

A large concession, indeed, for a single strike, and a testimony to the effectiveness of that weapon for gaining political demands, even in early Rome! The gain was greater than it seems; for it was the “tribunicia potestas” which eventually came to signify the supreme power of the emperor, since by his veto he could defeat an act of the Senate. Something of the dignity of the Tribunician office is supposed to clothe our President: of whom Andrew Jackson began to advance the theory that he is the champion of all the people against the aristocracy of Congress.

Further efforts to relieve the condition of the plebeians met with stern resistance. A consul named Spurius Cassius was incautious enough to propose a farmland distribution law very much in favor of the commoners. So much popular enthusiasm was aroused in its behalf that the Senators accused him of aspiring to be king, and had him executed for treason.

Meanwhile, the Greeks living at Cumæ began to impart knowledge of written characters to the Romans,

and in 462 the tribunes began to fight for written laws, which all could consult. This would mean that the law, instead of being a sealed book which none but a hereditary caste could understand, would be the property of all the people. For ten years the professional lawyers fought this proposal, but in 452 the tribunes gained their point. A constitutional convention of ten, known as the Decemviri, was chosen, and all other public officials, consul and tribune alike, were abolished for the term of their office. For one year the Decemvirs labored, and by the end of that time they had set up in the Forum stones engraved with the Twelve Tables of the Law. So far, so good. They desired more time to "complete their work," and a second year of office was voted them.

But during this second year, the laws proposed were highly objectionable. They made regulations in favor of merchants and bankers, who began to come into existence with the invention of coinage. The first coin, known by the name of "as," was a heavy copper piece. As soon as the coin was issued, all creditors began to demand their debts in asses; and, these being very hard to get, debtors were thrown into acute distress. Most objectionable of their proposed laws was one proposing to make permanent the prohibition against intermarriage between patrician and plebeian.

Again the General Strike was preached, and with an equal success. The commoners, soldiers and workmen together, marched in good order off to the Holy Hill and announced that they would not return until the Decemvirs were abolished and they had their tribunes back. They won, of course; the "Wicked Ten" were thrown out of office and with their tribunes once more in power the commons began a two hundred year struggle for absolute equality in rights—a struggle which began with the Canuleian Law, providing that an heiress might marry her chauffeur if she liked, and which ended with the Hortensian Law, giving binding force to decrees of the Plebeian Assembly.

IV

Plundering the Provinces

But this victory was a political one only. Economically the victory lay with the patricians. For as often as the army conquered a new province, the wealthy seized the lands and added them to their own estates, without paying rent to the state. Huge quantities of slaves were brought in year after year, and free labor had to compete with them in open market. The war with Carthage, a titanic struggle which exhausted the plebs, laid them in debt, desolated their farms and sent the cost of living to giddy heights, had merely enriched the capitalists. They had secured fat contracts for supplying the state with arms and munitions and supplies of every kind: they had stolen huge sums from the public treasury, in the outfitting of the fleet; and they had taken for their own benefit the Sicilian lands as a "province," or spoil of victory. Not only that, but when the conquests in Sicily, Cardinia, Corsica and Africa were made into provinces, the taxes from these provinces were put up at auction, to be sold to the highest bidder. Stock corporations were organized to bid in these concessions, and millions were made in the process by those who secured the contract.

A Roman governor received no salary, but got all his money by graft. In his short term of office this official expected to make three fortunes. The first was to pay the debts he had contracted in bribing his way into office; the second, to bribe the judges in case of prosecution on his return to Rome; the third, to enable him to live in luxury the rest of his days. Though a special court was established for the trial of extortion, the judges were of like mind with the culprits. Thieves and plunderers sat in judgment on plunderers and thieves. Next year their places might be reversed.

With rare exceptions, Rome consistently forbade commercial intercourse between the cities of a province, and even between one province and another; so that all trade

poured through Roman hands. By impoverishing all but the favored few, this policy sapped the lifeblood of the wretched subjects. In place of native merchants, a horde of greedy money lenders, speculators, and traders poured from the capital over all the provinces; and while their citizenship at Rome protected their lives and their ill-got wealth, by their monopoly of commerce, by their heavy rates of interest and their endless exactions, they acquired most of the property in the subject-countries and reduced the people of them to misery. Such speculation transformed the small farms, tilled by their owners, into vast estates worked by slaves.

In the same dreadful year, 146 B. C., the greatest commercial cities of the Mediterranean, Corinth and Carthage, were destroyed, their houses pulled to the ground and their people slaughtered. Rome would have no rival. Her wars were business wars; and her victory was a commercial peace arrived at by the destruction of all competitors.

V

The Blood of the Gracchi

Meanwhile the soldiers who fought these wars and won these victories came back home to find themselves ruined. Misery grew apace all over Italy. The revolution of the commoners gathered head until, under Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus, they made a desperate effort to regain some of the economic rights they had lost while winning political power.

The Senate held the balance, and the Senate was composed exclusively of capitalists. It was openly and frankly a Millionaires' Club, like our own Senate; but, unlike ours, it made no pretense of being anything else. Any man who championed the rights of the commoners was threatened with assassination by Senators and frequent indeed were the deaths from this cause. Spurius Mælius had been assassinated for distributing free grain among the starving poor. Marcus Manlius had been like-

wise executed. The charges were always the same; any man who sought the welfare of the commoners was evidently aiming to make himself king, and as such was guilty of treason and deserving of death.

Tiberius Gracchus, with a wild and sonorous rhetoric, began to stir up the hearts of these poor with hope.

"The wild beasts of Italy," cried he, "have their dens and holes and hiding places; while the men who fight and die in defense of Italy enjoy, indeed, the air and light, but nothing else. Homeless and without a spot of ground to rest upon they wander about with their wives and children, while their commanders, with a lie in their mouths, exhort their soldiers to defend their tombs and temples against the enemy. A lie, for out of so many Romans not one has a family altar or ancestral tomb, but they fight to maintain the wealth and luxury of others, and they die with the title of 'lords of the earth' without possessing a single clod to call their own!"

Under the spur of this strong eloquence, the commons elected Tiberius Gracchus tribune of the people. He brought before the Senate laws which would strip the aristocratic and wealthy classes of their privileges of public plunder. No one was to be allowed to have more than 500 jugera—about 300 acres—of public land, or to pasture more than 100 cattle or 500 sheep on public land, or to employ slave labor without also employing free labor. This meant confiscation of vast estates, and their distribution among the poor. The rich, through their Senate, naturally proclaimed such a measure to be robbery.

Tiberius argued before them by an appeal to their reason. "Make this trifling sacrifice for the good of the Republic," he urged, "in return for which the increased strength of the peasant soldiery will assure you the mastery of the world." But the Senators induced Octavius, a tribune, to veto the measure of his colleague. Then Tiberius Gracchus seized the dictatorship. Octavius was thrown out of the assembly, and Tiberius carried his bill into effect with the enthusiastic support of the people. Within four years, as a result of his provisions,

there was an increase of 80,000 in the roll of citizens fit for military service. But when he stood for re-election he was beaten to death, together with 300 of his followers, and their bodies were thrown into the river. Even his obscure followers were prosecuted for "sedition"—which meant then, as it means now, an attempt to benefit the people at the expense of aristocratic thieves.

But Gaius Gracchus took up the cause of the commoners in his brother's stead. He was elected with tremendous enthusiasm in the year 123 B. C. Only one year he held office. But during that time the office of Tribune became the dominant office of the Republic, laying the foundations for the imperial power later. He passed laws to prevent the drafting of boys under military age, preventing graft in army contracts by providing that the state should supply the troops with clothes, preventing the Senate from appointing its favorites to governorships of the best provinces, building roads and public granaries, and extending the citizenship to Italians.

His ultimate object was to exalt the Tribunes, the representatives of the Plebeians, to the height of power held by the Consuls, and to make them responsible to the Assembly of the People as the Consul was to the Senate; a direct working class revolutionary measure. But the Senate, jealous of its authority, suddenly made the consul Opimius dictator, and he slaughtered Gaius Gracchus with three thousand of his followers.

In the blood of the Gracchi the seeds of the Revolution were nourished to their full fruit. For after them came Marius, at the head of a revolutionary army of escaped slaves, of Italians desperate with oppression, of debtors and of provincials maddened with the memory of wrong; and for five days they hunted down all the aristocrats in Rome, murdering the aristocratic Consul Octavius and all his capitalistic friends and plundering their property. The blood of the Gracchi, said many, was avenged in the blood of the Senate.

But after Marius came the patrician Sulla; and he, after gaining control of the city in a fearful battle outside the Colline gate, posted every day a list of the pro-

scribed, whom any one might slay and be rewarded therefor with the goods of the slaughtered man. Five thousand of the leaders of the popular party were thus massacred in the streets, or in their homes. Murder and confiscation were carried on all over Italy. To replace the murdered Senators, 300 new ones were elected, but only the nominees of Sulla were allowed to be voted for.

Rome seemed on the verge of suicide. Prizes of conquest were so vast that the claimants were in danger of mutual extermination. And then, on the crest of these bloody pyramids of massacre and retaliatory massacre a young man began to climb, a young man whose very name for twenty centuries ruled the world.

VI

Cæsar

Julius Cæsar inherited the traditions of Marius and the Gracchi, and in pursuance thereof he became the head of a voting organization of the city mob. He was gradually working his way toward office when the conspiracy of Catiline threw all his plans awry. Catiline, himself in debt, had conceived a plan to decree the abolition of debts and to distribute the government lands among the poor. It was the very law of Solon. But Cicero, greatest and last of the orators, was consul; and Cicero exposed the plan of Catiline before the time was ripe, and thus destroyed it. Cicero "saved the Republic," indeed; but we must not forget remarks Botsford in his "Short History of the World," that "the Republic existed for the profit of a few aristocrats and the Roman City populace, who received free grain from the government and sold their votes to whomever wished to buy." A strange transformation seems to have taken place between Botsford's History of Rome and his History of the World; in the first, Catiline is an anarchist; in the second he is a revolutionist of the highest order, only unfortunate in his plans; while Cicero is the betrayer of the people into the hands of their plunderers.

However, Catiline's premature attempt disarranged the plans of the popular party; and Cæsar was compelled to wait many years. A combination was eventually effected between Crassus, the richest man in Rome and the victor over Spartacus and his slave revolt; Pompey, the idol of the army, and Cæsar, political boss of the river wards. These three controlled Rome, Crassus and Pompey being consuls and Cæsar imperator, or commander in chief of the army. Then, when Pompey, who was in Rome, tried to double-cross Cæsar, who was in the field with his veteran troops, the army crossed the Rubicon, Pompey and the Senate fled, and the world had a dictator.

Cæsar held the post of Dictator for Life, and under the powers thus conferred he began to enforce the old desires of the commons. As consul, Cæsar proposed and carried through the old law of Tiberius Gracchus to distribute all government land among the needy; that law which the first tribunes had proposed, and for which all successive tribunes had fought.

This was a terrible blow at the aristocracy; it was "wholesale confiscation of property." But further blows were to follow. Cæsar carefully supervised the government of the provinces, preventing the governors from extorting money from their people. In certain provinces, namely in Sicily and in Asia, he abolished the contract system of collecting taxes, and turned this task over to expert accountants, "procurators," who worked on salary. It was apparently his intention to extend this benefit to the whole empire.

No wonder the aristocrats rebelled! Under the Republic the Senate had enjoyed unlimited opportunities for unlimited graft. Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and the rest of the noble patriots who stood up so staunchly for the ancient privileges of the Senate, had all been profoundly interested in rich contracts which Cæsar's reforms had swept away. Like the grand dukes of Nicholas II, they hungered for the ancient liberties of unbridled plunder. Cicero states that he discovered, when Governor of Cilicia, that Marcus Junius Brutus, the "no-

blest Roman of them all," had forcibly loaned to his subjects a large sum of money at 48 per cent. compound interest. One of Cæsar's first acts was to abolish this system of forcible loans. No wonder Brutus organized a conspiracy to assassinate him!

VII

The Making of an Emperor

What constitutes an emperor? After the victory at Pharsalia, when Julius Cæsar crushed Pompey, he was granted "tribunicia potestas," namely the veto power of the tribunes, for life. When Octavianus, after the victory over Marcus Antonius, returned to Rome and formally "handed over the Republic to the control of the Senate and People of Rome," he was the chief magistrate, "princeps," or First Citizen, as he himself put it, by "universal consent." He was ranked with the two consuls as holding equal power with them. Some title was needed to mark the fact that he was actually the master of the world; and it was found in the ancient title of Tribunician Power.

From that time on, Augustus Cæsar, master of the world, was so by virtue of the fact that he held the office created by the General Strike of the Holy Hill nearly five centuries before. Other offices he held temporarily, one or two at a time, but the Tribunician Power marked him out as the supreme ruler.

In pursuance of this trust, Augustus Cæsar adopted the course of one who recognized himself as elected to represent the common people, the tribesmen, of the whole world, as against the aristocracy of the Senate. The power of requisition by which provincial officials demanded supplies from their subjects, in addition to the taxes, was swept away. But his greatest edict was that which is recorded in the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, "There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed." The basis of this tax was a census, now for the first time made of all persons within the Empire. Haphazard ex-

tortion was replaced by a scientific system of revenue. Money poured into the Treasury, and was judiciously expended by Augustus for public works, construction of harbors, bridges, reclamation of waste lands, and erection of public buildings. Augustus said, "I found Rome brick and I leave it marble." But more than all others things, his attention was devoted to the building of roads.

The Republic has prospered by forbidding cities and provinces to trade with each other, ordering that all traffic should go through Rome. Augustus swept away these restrictions; any Roman city could trade with any other. The provinces had been regarded, under the Republic, as the "estates of the Roman people," to be plundered for the benefit of officials. But Augustus sought to destroy the distinction between the City and the World: the Senate became what it had originally been, the City Council. The excellence of the government of Augustus, indeed, was found in his maxim, that the government should do as little as possible in the way of regulating, confining itself to keeping open the avenues of communication.

Julius Cæsar had tried to make the Senate a Representative Assembly of the world. So many of the Senators had been killed by the various proscriptions that most of the seats were vacant. Julius raised the number of Senators to 900 and appointed many Gauls to sit in its august ranks; but the old patricians of Rome snubbed and ignored their new colleagues to such an extent that the experiment was a failure. How wonderfully the history of mankind would have been altered, had the Senate, under this new Dictatorship of the People, been transformed into a Consulting Assembly of the nations! But that class pride which had plunged the world into civil war rather than yield one iota of their privilege of exploitation, again barred the way. Such, indeed, is the custom of Senates!

Augustus scrupulously consulted the Senate on all occasions. But his power was unquestionable—as he had the veto power to prevent any legislation he disliked, and the imperial power of supreme command of the army and navy to enforce his likes and dislikes, the Senate did

as they were told. Augustus announced as his main policy the cessation of conquest and the Romanizing of the territory already held; and this he did principally by means of roads.

VIII

The Foundations of Empire

Thomas Ashby, director of the British School of Archaeology at Rome, writes:

"The mainstay of Roman military control of Italy first, and of the whole empire afterwards, was their splendid system of roads. As the supremacy of Rome extended itself over Italy, the Roman road system grew step by step, each fresh conquest being marked by the pushing forward of roads through the heart of the freshly won territory, and the establishment of fortresses in connection with them. It was in Italy that the military value of a network of roads was first appreciated by the Romans, and the lesson stood them in good stead in the provinces. And it was for military reasons that they were developed into permanent highways.

"From Rome itself roads radiated in all directions. Communications with the Southeast were mainly provided by the Via Appia, the "queen of Roman roads," as Statius called it, and the Via Latina. The two met close to Casilinum, at the crossing of the Volturnus, the center of the road system of the Campagna. Here the Via Appia turned Eastward toward Beneventum, while the Via Popilia continued in a southeasterly direction through the Campanian plain and thence southward through the mountains of Lucania and Bruttii as far as Thegium. Coast roads of minor importance as means of through communication also existed on both sides of the toe of the boot. Other roads ran south from Capua to Cumæ, Puteoli (the most important harbor of Campania), and Neapolis, which could also be reached by a coast road from Minturnæ on the Via Appia.

"The only highroad of importance which ran east from Rome, the Via Valeria, was not completed as far as the

Adriatic until the time of Claudius. On the north and northwest started the main highways which communicated with central and northern Italy, and with all that part of the Roman empire which was accessible by land. The Via Salaria, the "salt road," a very ancient highway, with its branch, the Via Cæcilia, ran, like the Via Flaminia, northeastward to the Adriatic coast. The Via Flaminia was the oldest and most important road to the North; and it was very early extended by the Via Aemilia, running in an almost absolutely straight line between the plain of the Po and the foot of the Apennines.

"Roads," says Ashby, "were almost as plentiful as railways are now, in the basin of the Po."

As to roads leading out of Italy, from Aquileia roads diverged northward into Rhætia, eastward to Noricum and Pannonia, and southward to the Istrian and Dalmatian coasts. Further west came roads over the higher Alpine passes.

Roman roads are remarkable for preserving a straight course from point to point, regardless of obstacles which might have been easily avoided. In solidity of construction they have never been excelled, and many of them still remain, often forming the foundation of a more modern road, and in some instances constituting the road surface even now used.

Their method of construction is indicated by frequent allusions among the ancient writers. Two parallel trenches were first cut to mark the breadth of the road. Loose earth was then removed until an absolutely solid foundation was reached; and this loose earth was replaced by three or four layers of stones, laid in accordance with a regular system. The first layer consisted of two or three courses of flat stones, or if they were not obtainable, of round stones, generally laid in mortar. Above this, rubble masonry of smaller stones, or a coarse concrete; the third of a finer concrete, on which was laid a pavement of polygonal blocks of stone jointed with the greatest nicety.

Of course, where rock crops out to the surface, it was

merely smoothed away and the paving stones laid directly upon it. The paved part of a main highway seems to have been of a regulation width of fourteen feet, and on either side, separated from it by raised stone edgings, was a "sidewalk" or unpaved sideway, each half the width of the main road. On some of the less important roads, instead of carefully jointed paving blocks, hard concrete was used, or pebbles and flints set in mortar. But scientific calculation dictated, of course, that where stone was not used, the roadbed was made higher than the wideways, and rounded in cross section, so that it could be drained.

Along these highways the Roman couriers sped, and a heavy traffic naturally developed. Travel was easy and safe, and quite as comfortable as travel in similar regions is now; perhaps, indeed, much more so, for the customs of those days required less and were better supplied. Roman laws followed Roman trade and travel; the Roman religion went with them. And the enduring impress which Rome has made on the rest of the world, the heavy legacy which succeeding ages have taken from the print of the hand of Rome, and of the language and literature and customs and ways of thought of the Romans, derives ultimately from the fact that the Romans mastered this elementary principle, that communication is the life of humanity. Physical communication necessitates mental and intellectual communication, and that produces a spiritual unification. So that the Roman Empire, like all other empires before or since, has depended upon mastery of the means of transportation; namely, the roads by land and water.

IX

Standardized Civilization

Briton, African, Asiatic, knew one another only as Romans. In language, it is true, the East remained Greek and the West remained Latin, with the Adriatic sea roughly marking the limits of that division. But the world was one in feeling. A population of perhaps

75,000,000 people was gathered in myriads of cities, great and small, each throbbing with varied industry and with intellectual life drawn from the schools of Rome and Athens. From Britain to Persia, there was a common style of architecture, common language and law. Rome had the nearest approach to a standardized civilization that has been seen until America began to turn out cities all cast in one mould, with the same people in the same restaurants eating the same food and reading the same twenty-five cent magazines from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco.

Irrigation made the African desert's northern rim the garden of the world, where, from drifting sands, ruins mock the traveler of today.

Over the vast network of the Roman roads the legionaries maintained order. Piracy ceased from the seas, and trade flourished as it was not to flourish again until the days of Columbus. All the ports were crowded with shipping, and the Mediterranean was "spread with happy sails." One Roman writer exclaims, "There are as many men upon the waves as upon the land." Men travelled for pleasure as well as for business. St. Paul remarked to the Ephesians, "After I have been in Jerusalem, I must also see Rome"—(Acts 19:21)—a desire as common to every citizen as it is to "see Broadway" now. From the Rhine to the Sahara desert men planned to visit the wonders of Rome and the Nile, and such pleasure trips were as frequent as it was among modern Americans to spend a summer in Europe. Family parties, in the days of the Cæsars, scrawled their names on the Sphinx and ate their lunches on top of the Pyramids, very much as they do now.

The good Roman peace lasted for more than two hundred years, from the time of Augustus Cæsar in 31 B. C., to that of Marcus Aurelius in 192 A. D., almost the same length of time that the Persian Peace had endured under the Achæmenian kings, successors of Cyrus. Few troops were seen within the empire, and "the distant clash of arms with the barbarians on the Euphrates or the Danube scarcely disturbed the tranquility of the

Mediterranean lands." Tertullian, one of the Christian fathers, writes:

"Each day the world becomes more beautiful, more wealthy, more splendid. No corner remains inaccessible. Recent deserts bloom. Forests give way to tilled acres. Everywhere are houses, people, cities. Everywhere there is life."

X

The Church Survives.

Thus, to those who profited by Roman imperialism, the Cæsar was the embodiment of prosperity, of happiness, of order. But the whole substructure of this wide prosperity was built upon slavery. Vast floods of slaves taken captive on the edge of the empire, or sold to satisfy debts, were offered in the markets of Rome at prices so cheap that almost anyone who could feed him could own a slave or two. Slaves were fed to the wild beasts in gladiatorial shows, and were thrown to the carp in the imperial palaces.

This competition of slave labor drove the working classes into the practice of infanticide, killing their babies because they could not afford to raise them. Free labor all but disappeared. Rapidly the Latin stock deteriorated. Tribes of Germans were admitted to the borders of the Empire, and in course of time they began to make up the main support of the army and even composed a major part of its leaders. A large part of the empire was Germanized, exactly as the empire of Persia had been Hellenized long before the Greeks struck for mastery. Even we know the process! So when the Germans became masters of Rome, it was only asserting openly what had long been true in fact, that the voice was the voice of Rome, but the hand was the hand of the Germans.

Meanwhile, all this imperial trade was based upon the wide circulation of money. Lack of money began to hamper the growth of trade seriously even in the days of Tiberius. The empire did not have sufficient supplies

of the precious metals for the demand of business, and what money there was was steadily drained away to India and the distant Orient. India, Ceylon and Malaysia were inhabited by races of men who, organized in the caste system, needed no money as a circulation medium, since all their wants were mutually supplied; and who required nothing from Rome's territories except its gold, which they used for ornament. Indigo, spices, sapphires, pearl, and the marvellous crafts of India perfected through many thousand generations of hereditary workmen, drained away the wealth of Rome to be sunk in the coffers or worn on the arms and ankles of the women of India.

By the fourth century this movement had carried away hundreds of millions of dollars of coined money. Even the imperial officers were forced to take part of their salaries in produce—robes, horses and grain. Trade began to go back to the primitive form of barter, and it became harder and harder to collect taxes.

But the Empire demanded more and more taxes. It was a great tax-gathering and barbarian-fighting machine. And the time came when the provincials began to dread the tax-collector more than they feared the barbarian. This was partly because of the decrease in ability to pay, and partly because the complex organization of government, inaugurated under Diocletian, cost more and more.

There was dearth of money and dearth of men. The Empire had become a shell. Meanwhile, its best blood and brains was being drained away from it into the Christian church, rising within it and towering above it; an organization based not upon coinage but upon co-operative mutual service, and appealing far more to the plain people, continually in distress, and to the philosophical element who were disgusted with the follies of the gods, than did the organization without. In 311 Christianity which had been persecuted for three centuries, became the lawful and eventually the established religion and almost one hundred years later to the day, the Empire fell, and nothing but the Church remained.

THE BOOK OF NICEA

I

The Scarlet Woman

And now we approach a problem too little understood, because too little analyzed. How did the religion of the Jews make its conquering way from their little rocky capital on the edge of the Arabian desert to the mistress of the world beside the Tiber? Judaism, with Christianity, which was a despised subdivision of that despised faith, formed but one of the myriad religions which strove and fought for the mastery in the great eddying whirlpool of Rome. As Rome despised the Christians, so the Christians despised Rome. They likened it to Babylon, the sink of iniquity of the first exile. In a horrible parody on the great vision of Hosea of Israel as the Bride of Yahweh, they branded Rome as the Scarlet Woman, the Harlot of many Kings. For Israel, the True Congregation, was faithful to her Husband, as the Bride to the Lamb; but Rome worshiped as many gods as her provinces could muster. The revolting language used in the Book of the Revelation (See Chapter seventeen) refers simply to the fact that any religion found a welcome in the great City, which cared not what church a man or a nation belonged to, so long as they paid their taxes.

Many faiths eddied in the dark tenements and crowded slums of Rome. The City's own ancient religion had long been submerged. The fanciful gods and goddesses of the Greeks, dressed in Roman names and with somber Romanized characteristics; Isis and Osiris and Horus of Egypt — these last growing ever more powerful with the growth of the corn traffic from the land of

the Nile; — divinities from Crete and Carthage; Mithraism from Persia, with its gruesome bath of blood, which made a strong bid for supremacy through the devotion of the soldiers; and made-to-order religions like that of Apollonius of Tyana — all claimed their followers. To the Jew, bred up in the faith of the One God and the Holy City, these things were revolting beyond expression.

How was it that out of this dark welter of nameless and forgotten sects and religions, Christianity, that sect despised even of the most condemned, emerged triumphant? We have seen how the attempt of Amenhotep to establish monotheism in Egypt ruined his land; how Nabonidus, when he sought to make Babylon monotheistic, simply opened the gates of the city to invaders from the hills, and how Cyrus compromised in order to retain his crown. But each of these attempts was made by an emperor, with power in his hand to carry out his will. And each of them failed. How was it that the victory rested with the followers, not of an Amenhotep or a Nabonidus, but of a crucified criminal?

Seen as a religious revolution, the establishment of Christianity is an unceasing marvel. But it is when viewed in its financial and economic aspects that the Revolution of Nicea is most amazing. It is just those aspects which are of most importance today, when conditions begin to resemble the conditions under which the new constitution of the World was framed, and it is just those aspects which are most ignored, neglected and concealed. The economic history of doctrine needs must be understood, before the extension and warfare of the faiths can be grasped as an intelligible and coherent whole. Unless we can see the early Christians against the background of their own times in their economic and political relation to it, we cannot see them in any respect as they were. First, let us see Rome as they saw it.

It was about the time of the priest Ezra, under whose stern hands the Jewish religion was cast in its iron mould, that Rome had first begun to attract attention. At that time it was a rough Wild Western farming community

on the outskirts of the civilized world, occupying a territory of not much more than 400 square miles. Its population was certainly not more than 150,000.

At its furthest extent, the Roman empire included what is now Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, part of Britain, Holland, most of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, all the Balkan States, Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria and all of Northern Africa. In the course of this vast expansion the ancient religion, well enough in its way as the spiritual expression of a group of Western farmers, was insufficient to express the spiritual unity of the civilized world. All the groups and nationalities of the world poured their beliefs into the Great Sewer, which fairly festered with them. Each of these religions, in its own place, had been the natural and normal expression of its own people. But being all whirled together in a place and under conditions foreign to each of them, they all simply rotted.

II

Practical Gods

The primal religion of Rome was not a thing of poetic myth, nor simply a mirror of the beauty and mystery of nature. Its highest religious functionary was the Pontifex Maximus, the Chief Bridge-BUILDER, or State Inspector of Transportation and Highways. Vesta, its most poetic goddess, was charged with the vital and impressive duty of seeing that the fire never went out.

The whole system was eminently practical, a true reflection of the hard-headed, unimaginative Roman. His gods did not roam the woods in spring-time, wooing the flowers amid the dew. They were farm hands, who toiled in his fields. The farmer called upon Imporcitor to help him plow, and on Insitor to help him plant the seeds well. Seia presided over them underground; Segetea took charge of them as they peeped above it. Nodutus caused the stalk to head; Lacturnus' work was recognized when the kernel became milky. Messia and Messor

helped to cut the grain; Convector and Conditor, to bring it home and stack it in the mow, and Tutilina protected the barns in which it was stored.

Each of these divinities is simply a description of the thing which was being done. The god was simply the verb personified; the name of the god was the name of the act itself. For example: the goddess Abeona protected the children when they first left the house. Abeona means simply "out-going," or the "out-goer." Domiduca brought them home again; Domiduca means "home-leader." Interduca took care of them "between whiles." Cunina protected the child in the cradle; Cuba gave it sleep; Educa taught it to eat—a good sound foundation for an education; Fabulinus taught it to speak; Statanus or Statina taught it to stand; Levana lifted it up when it fell. The verb was the god's name; the force which acted was the god.

Hannibal, marching unchecked on Rome after the battle of Cannæ, was turned back at the second milestone along the Appian Way, by a voice in a dream. Upon the spot the Romans built a temple to the god Rediculus, "The Little Turner-Back," who had been previously unknown, but whose existence was evidenced by the fact that he had caused Hannibal to turn back! To this god "Rediculus" Rome owed its independence. There was even a shrine to the God of Mildew, to whom the perplexed housewives sacrificed in damp seasons to preserve their garments from decay.

The Roman's view of religion was so practical that he undertook to direct the gods, rather than they him. If they opposed his will and refused to grant his desires, he first doubled his sacrifices; if they still failed, he threw them out and got another set, as I have seen girls of New Orleans stand a small image of St. Joseph on its head, because the good saint failed to secure a husband within the time specified in their prayers.

This matter-of-fact religion, consisting simply in the personification of any desired act, was capable of indefinite multiplications as to the number of gods—any new desire carrying with it its own god, ready to be named

and propitiated. Small statues of "Roma Dea"—Holy Rome—were set up at the limits of the Empire like images of the Goddess of Liberty in American homes abroad.

III

How Cæsars Became Divine.

Romans were practical men. Rome, said they, is Cæsar. His is the power which holds the world together. Therefore, he is the god whose worship should unite the world. Let temples be built, and let incense be sacrificed to Julius Cæsar and his successors. He is as much of a god as any of these other divinities, and a great deal more so than some. And they were quite right.

Judged by the ancient Roman standards, Cæsar was divine. To a Roman, a God was simply the symbol of an accomplished fact. Rome's Empire was the most significant and apparent of all accomplished facts. Its greatness and its grandeur covered the world, and there before them all stood the Emperor, in whose hands was actually concentrated the power for which Rome stood.

Therefore the proclamation of Augustus, and after him of Tiberius, of Claudius, of Caligula, of Nero, as "divus" was neither blasphemous or absurd. It was simply the logical next step; and, according to the nature of religion, the inevitable next step, given the Roman character. To Orientals, this worship of Cæsar was far more abject than to Westerners, who looked on statues of Cæsar somewhat as we do on pictures of Uncle Sam.

Indeed, all empires take very nearly the same method of incarnating their own greatness in their ruler. In Japan the Mikado is Son of Heaven, and so it was in China under her Emperors. The Pharaoh was enrolled among the gods. Among us, war-time criticism of the President is punished by the statutes made to prevent blasphemy. It is largely time that determines the abjectness of our prostration. We do not yet literally kiss the foot of the President; but—give us time!

Burning incense to the statue of the Emperor was the method naturally adopted by the Romans to express their allegiance to the Empire. It was analogous to our kissing the flag; and there is no essential difference between the frenzied tar-and-feathering and occasional lynching of an American internationalist or Socialist for refusing to kiss the flag, and the executions of Christians who refused to burn incense to the Emperor.

Augustus, with a courtesy rare in later days, exalted his wife Livia with him into the atmosphere of divinity, and temples of Augustus and Livia are found among the relics of the Empire in France and Spain.

Incarnation is a moral necessity for every great self-conscious group. We must have symbols to express our social feelings. There cannot be a nation without a standard or a flag or a person to incarnate its nationality. Either we are forced to invent such a figure as Uncle Sam or Columbia, or we accept the ruler, as in the President-worship of these days or the Emperor-worship of Rome. Those who refused to acknowledge this divinity are classed as anarchists and are treated as such.

This was not all done in a hurry. Augustus considered himself to be under the special protection of Apollo. The claim was even made that he was the son of Apollo. After the battle of Actum, Augustus enlarged the ancient temple of Apollo, dedicating a portion of the spoils to him, and instituting quinquennial games in his honor.

In the year 17 B. C., Augustus advanced the startling theory that the elder gods, Jupiter and Juno, had proven themselves incapable of guiding the state aright, and that it was to the younger generation of divinities that Rome must look. Hence Augustus set up Apollo and Diana as the successors to Capitoline Jove and Juno. To these twin divinities he summoned all the young men and maidens in Rome to pay due worship. The young gods were to have their day, and with them the young people.

Augustus had emerged triumphant out of a period of vast upheaval, chaos and despair, when men stoned the temples of the gods out of disgust for their utter lack of response to the fervent implorations of men. Among his

clerks was a poet who interpreted to all successive ages the movements of this time. Horatius had fought as a military tribune in the army of the Republic, which Augustus had overthrown at Philippi. He had seen the victor crushing out the conspiracy headed by Brutus and Cassius, as the avenger of Julius Cæsar—"Cæsaris ultor." But Horatius (there is really no more reason why we should call him Horace than why we should call Augustus "August" or Julius "July" or Cassius "Cash") had come over to the imperial cause when he saw how Augustus brought peace out of the confusion and disaster which threatened to overwhelm all civilization.

Hence his odes to Augustus continually suggest that as Jove rules in heaven, so Cæsar rules on earth. Cæsar is called by many phrases intimating that he is "*filius Maiæ patiens vocari, mutata figura*"—Mercury, the avenger of Cæsar, in a changed form:

"*Justum et tenacem propositi virum,*" he begins his third song of Book III, referring to Augustus; and in Ode V, he frankly sets the crown of Jove on the head of Augustus:

"Coelo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare; præsens divus habebitur
Augustus!"

Even so Vergil wrote the Aeneid as a political argument to prove that the line of Cæsar descended from Aeneas, son of Venus and Anchises. In his Eclogues, Young Rome appears as the Divine Child who is to save the world.

This new world, headed by Augustus, was to be led in the paths of virtue by Apollo and Diana. The *Carmen Sæculare* of Horatius in stately measure dedicates the Young Men and the Maidens of Rome to their care:

“Phœbe, silvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, o colendi
Semper et culti, date quæ precamur
Tempore sacro;
Quo Sibyllini monuere versus
Virgines lectas puerosque castos
Dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen!”

It was a sublime conception. Rome had before her eyes the visible embodiment of Roman power, and also a fanciful dedication of Rome to Youth. It was not unnatural that Augustus became more of a god than Apollo and Diana. In Nero's day the splendor of the Oriental priest-kings replaced the stern simplicity of the Roman rite; in this worship of the World-Genius, embodied in a fool who was Cæsar. Under the Shadow of this Cæsar the Western world has lived even until now.

IV

Why Christians Were Burned

And again the question arises; how did Christianity win out over Augustus combined with Apollo and Diana? But this must be qualified with the further question: Did Christianity win out? Were not Cæsar-worship and Apollo-worship merged into Roman Christianity? And this perhaps leads to a third question: If so, why not? how could it have been otherwise? It is so that Revolutions proceed.

Many of the epithets used by the Greeks of their gods have been applied to Christ, and still are in our popular hymns. And certainly the Augustan concept of Cæsar has been retained in the Roman conception of the Pope.

Some have thought that the Paganization of Christianity was a wholly evil thing. Others have thought that the Christianizing of Paganism was a wholly evil thing. But in truth both were inevitable. Christianity was the universalization of the Jewish religion, which had al-

ready become Egyptianized, Canaanized, Chaldæanized, and Persiafied. Now it became Romanized and Hellenized; and the deep abiding truth in it must now also become Japanized, Indianized, Americanized, and in general adapted to the concepts of every human race, before it can accomplish universal salvation.

And again we come to the persistent and recurring question: How did it happen that it was Christ who gave his name to all these pagan phenomena which were incorporated into his church? Why was not the Church of the Roman Empire the Apolline, or the Augustan, or the Mithran, or the Isisean, instead of the Christian church?

The answer is quite simple. Christianity, in its first and most evident aspect, was an organized system of poor relief and of highly efficient benevolence. In particular, the migratory workers of that vast empire found that in every city there was a "hospital" or hotel for their reception and entertainment; there were homes for orphan children, and regular relief for widows and sick and disabled. While the apostles spread over the empire preaching the Good News that there was but One God, instead of a myriad, and that he had appeared in the form of a workingman to tell them of their speedy redemption from the yoke of capitalist Rome, the bishops, or superintendents, in every city were perfecting the system of mutual relief which caused the great upheaval in Jerusalem by its extreme efficacy.

How did the Christian Church originate? It was first brought to the attention of Roman officials by bitter quarrels between the Jews in every city and the members of the Christian sect, who, until the destruction of Jerusalem and the burning of the Temple, were esteemed to be parts of the Jewish community. In Rome the Christians first became publicly known when Nero tortured them on the accusation of having set fire to the city.

And here a puzzle arises: How did the Emperor of the World fix upon this obscure sect of a sect to single them out before the eyes of the world for the stupendous crime? Ferrero says that it is an insoluble mystery.

But it seems to me very clear. The Cæsars, already feeling the pinch of impending bankruptcy, had dealings with the Jewish bankers, who were possessed of huge reserves in the Temple treasury.

The Temple at Jerusalem, like the Parthenon at Athens, was a national bank, whose reserves were continually fed by the yearly tax of half a shekel paid by every male Jew of age throughout the world. From Britain, Africa, India, Babylon, and all the known world, this great volume of money poured in, brought by delegates from these scattered communities at the annual festivals.

The Jews were the financiers of the Græco-Roman empire, as the Greeks were the traders, and the Romans the conquerors and exploiters. Jews could trust one another, for in the Passover, the Succoth and the Hanukah feasts they had great clearing-house assemblies in which they could trace one another to the limits of the world.

So when the Christians became numerous, doubtless the Jewish bankers who helped finance Cæsar called his attention to the troublesome sect of "reds," and asked his assistance in suppressing them. The diseased mind of Nero acted upon the suggestion and inaugurated a persecution to distract public disfavor from himself—very much as the "red raids" in America followed the revelations of the treachery at Versailles.

Eye-witness testimony of this procedure of Nero is given by Cornelius Tacitus, Consul of Rome in the year 97, a personal acquaintance of many emperors—Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, Trajan, and Hadrian—and ranked as one of the greatest literary and historical figures of the world. It should be remembered that Tacitus was born in 54 A. D., and was therefore about ten or eleven years old when Nero burned the Christians in his public gardens. A boy of ten or twelve—especially in a climate where boys are supposed to become men at the age of twelve—remembers very vividly such tremendous catastrophes as the burning of Rome naturally was. Tacitus remembered the accusation made, of course; and as Consul he had occasion to deal often with this troublesome question of the Christians. As Consul, also,

and likewise as a historian (by such modern men as Godley of Cambridge he is "ranked beyond dispute in the highest place among men of letters of all ages,") he must have had access to the archives of the emperors.

Judea was an "imperial province," the governor reporting direct to the Emperor. We know, from the letters exchanged between Pliny and Trajan, that the emperors gave specific directions in regard to matters of such importance as a threatened sedition. Therefore when Tacitus writes, as he does in his *Annales*, Book XV, chapter 44, in regard to the origin of Christianity, he was writing as an official historian who had already published four works on Roman history, who was dealing with matters of the gravest importance to the state, and who therefore must have investigated, in documents that lay ready to his hand, the facts concerning which he wrote. Tacitus writes:

"Therefore, for the abolishing of the rumor, Nero substituted culprits and with severest penalties executed those who for crimes unseen the crowd called Christians. The author of this name, Christ, when Tiberius was emperor, was executed with torture by the procurator Pontius Pilate. And for the present the hateful superstition was repressed, but afterward broke out again, not only in Judæa, the origin of this evil, but in the City even, where all atrocities and shameful things from everywhere flow together and are celebrated. The first therefore who were seized confessed, then upon their indication a huge multitude, not so much for the crime of incendiarism, but for hatred of the human race, were convicted. And to them perishing ridicule was added, so that dressed in the skins of beasts they died by the worrying of dogs, or were affixed to crosses, or were set on fire, and when daylight failed were utilized for lights by night. To this spectacle Nero threw open his gardens, and was giving a circus exhibition, in the dress of a jockey mingling with the people, or driving in his chariot. Hence commiseration arose, though it was for men of the worst character and deserving of the sharpest punishment, on the ground that

they were destroyed not for the good of the state, but to satisfy the cruelty of an individual."

In such wise the Christian Church was publicly introduced to Rome, to the city whose proudest boast through many centuries was that it had become the center of the faith which it strove with such cruelty to destroy.

Persecution had followed the Christians all along the Roman roads from Jerusalem to Rome. Luke, a Greek physician, who became interested in the doctrine through a patient who came to him at Troas to be cured of ague and fits, undertook to write a history of the growth of the organization from its origin at Jerusalem to the world-capital. Two volumes of his book, known to us as the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, were completed. The second one ends in so indeterminate a fashion that it is manifest that he had intended to write a third one—like Homer—but was prevented, possibly by execution in the Neronian persecution: or indeed, perhaps he did write the book, but others lost it.

There is no doubt that the persecutions which began in Jerusalem, in which Stephen and his fellow-deacons were put to death, arose from the co-operative system of buying and distribution by which they cut into the profits of the bazaars owned by the sons of Annas. In like manner wherever the Christians organized their "serving of tables" along the method outlined in Jerusalem, with deacons and presbyters and overseers beneath the direction of the Apostles, they aroused persecution which had a strictly economic base.

Sir William R. Ramsay in "The Church and the Roman Empire" (page 130) remarks: "The intolerant fanaticism with which the Jews persecuted any dissentient opinion excited the wonder of the tolerant, easy-going indifference of the ordinary pagans, who did not care two straws whether their neighbors worshipped two gods or twenty Gradually the people began to realize that Christianity meant a social revolution; that it did not mean to take its place alongside the other religions, but to destroy them. This discovery was made in a homely way, familiar to us all—viz: through the pocket-book.

Certain trades began, with all the sensitiveness of the money market, to find themselves affected. The gradual progress of opposition to Christianity is well marked in the Acts, and is precisely in accordance with the above exposition. When Paul began to preach in Asia Minor, he at first experienced no opposition except from the Jews. But in Philippi occurred the incident of the 'maid having the spirit of divination,' whose masters when they 'saw that their hope of gain was gone,' accused Paul as a Jew of exciting illegal conduct and violations of the Roman law, thus turning to their own account the general dislike felt by both Romans and Greeks toward the Jews. Similarly in Ephesus the first opposition against Paul was aroused when the trades connected with Artemis-worship felt their pockets touched; and then the riot arose."

Pliny's attention was first drawn to Christians in Bithynia by complaints that the sale of fodder for sacrificial animals had been decreased by the Christian activity in preaching against idol-worship.

By the Christian organization, the enormous sums spent by the pagans in placating the gods were turned to a better account—caring for the poor. Instead of trying to bribe heaven to avert misfortune, they cared for the unfortunate. Thus the vast administrative system of the Christian Church grew up. It was the organization which first attracted men to it, and not the Gospel. This is, of course, contrary to the idea of modern Protestantism, so far as modern Protestantism can be said to have any ideas; but it is in harmony with the words of Christ, that "by their fruits ye shall know them" and with his parable of the last judgment, when no one is adjudged worthy of entry into the Kingdom of Heaven who has not fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, clothed the naked, and aided those who were in prison.

In all the struggle of Emperor-worship versus Christianity, there was this dominant fact ever present before the minds of all who witnessed it; the Empire is a union of speculative capitalists, which robs the whole world and pours millions of slaves into the city of Rome, to feed

the greed of the capitalists of Rome. The Church is an organization of the workers themselves for mutual protection, and its gospel foretells a future in which the humble shall inherit the earth, and the peacemakers—not the war-makers, sons of Mars—shall be called the Children of God.

When Constantine came to the imperial dignity he found that the old officialdom of Rome was shot through with corruption and graft, and that the bishops of the now numerically vast Christian Church were the only officials he could lay his hands on who could be trusted. Hence he took over Christianity as the only means whereby he could enlist Christians in his government. The "salt of the earth" of the disciples of Jesus, was found to retain its savor when the "Attic salt" of the Greeks—that quick wit which had so charmed the stolid imagination of the Romans,—and the world-law that arose from the output of the salt-pits of Ostia, had both become so savorless and old that they were fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

Jesus was put to death for sedition, for obstructing the draft, for organizing the poor. His rallying cry, the Lord's Prayer, contained a petition for the abolition of debt by mutual cancellation. His Sermon on the Mount began with a startling "Hurrah for the class-conscious poor for they shall bring about the brotherhood of men!" His message was the message of the prophets, who from Moses down taught that God loved the workers, whom he had brought out of Egypt when they suffered under cruel task-masters, and whom his seers had continually bidden to look for the day when they who build houses shall inhabit them, and they who toil in the field shall eat of the harvest. His call was "Come unto me all ye that labor!" And the enslaved millions of the empire of Rome heard and heeded the call, borne to them by myriads of eager lips after the voice of Jesus was stilled. He still "spoke by the prophets."

V

The "First International"

But let us first consider how and why the Church remained when the Empire failed. We have seen that the Senate, jealous of its privileges and position, haughtily refused to associate with the newly created Senators from Gaul. Julius Cæsar might wish his "half-civilized barbarians" to sit in the council of the Conscript Fathers; but no human power could compel the Conscript Fathers to be polite to them. So the Empire had no common council, no assembly from all the nations and races and lands.

When men born in other provinces than Rome—Claudius, born in Lyons; Seneca, Nero's tutor, who was born in Spain; Trajan, who was also born in Spain, and proud of it—came to power, they tried to develop an international assembly, and failed.

But the Church was international in its inception. At Pentecost, when it was organized, representatives from every nation were there: and at Nicea the three hundred and eighteen bishops assembled had been elected by their congregations in all parts of the empire, and their president was Hosius, of Cordova in Spain. Communication between the furthest limits of the Empire and beyond had been maintained during the fiercest of the persecutions.

The Church was better organized than the empire; it was proletarian from the start, and all the organizing genius of the world which was debarred from officialdom in the Empire, flowed into the Church. And sorely it was needed. A century passed after Nicea; and then—the Deluge!

In 410 the invading Goths under their young King captured Rome itself; and to the minds of the people of the world-empire, the world had come to an end. The course of Babylon seemed to have run; and empire passed to the men of the men of the North.

Yet Augustine's book, "The City of God," written when

the Mistress of the World lay at the feet of the barbarians, speaks truly when it says that though the City of Romans had fallen, the citadel of God was unshaken. The Church conquered where the Empire had collapsed.

VI

The Revolution of Nicea

Gathered in their great international assemblies, which go by the name of "Ecumenical Councils," the Church officials, who had become officials of the Empire, struck hard and deep at the very groundwork of the Empire, which was founded on speculative profit.

Among its first canons, the Nicene Council enacted (Canon 18) that any one who took usury, defining this as "in lending money to ask the hundredth part of that sum"—in monthly interest; namely twelve per cent per annum—"or by using any other contrivance whatever for filthy lucre's sake, he shall be deposed from the clergy and his name stricken from the list."

The Council of Laodicea, which was held some twenty years afterward, provided that none of the clergy might receive interest on loaned money; and the Council of Carthage held in 419, decreed that interest was forbidden to either clergyman or layman. The wording of this Canon 5 of the Council of Carthage is worthy of attention. It quotes Aurelius, president of the council, as saying, "The cupidity of avarice, let no one doubt, is the mother of all evil things; it is to be henceforth prohibited, lest any one should usurp any other's limits, or for gain should pass beyond the limits fixed by the fathers; nor shall it be lawful for any of the laymen to receive usury of any kind. And what is reprehensible in laymen is worthy of still more severe censure in the clergy."

When the Church was made the religion of the empire, therefore, the act involved the eventual sweeping away of the entire economic system under which the Roman Empire had been founded. There was a reversal of philosophy, a reversal of personal morals, of course; but

along with it went a reversal of the whole business custom of the civilized world; a revolution so vast as to be compared with nothing else so well as the revolution in Russia.

For these edicts of the councils were not mere occasional by-laws, passed as the "freak legislation" of our own lawmaking bodies. They formed the fundamental groundwork of the new order brought into being by the decrees of Constantine and Theodosius. The Apostolical Canons, which for many centuries all men believed to have been issued by the Twelve Apostles themselves for the guidance of the Church contained as Canon 44:

"Let a bishop or a presbyter or a deacon who takes usury from those who borrow from him give up doing so, or be deposed."

It is worth while dwelling on this point: for the Revolution of Nicea had a very profound economic side. The Nicene Creed is not merely an expression of pious credulity—indeed, it cannot be classed even as a metaphysical philosophy, like so many of the utterances of the Greek sages. It is a manifesto, as terrible in its implications as the Lord's Prayer or the Sermon on the Mount: and it gives the fundamental principles on which the government of the world was based during the whole period between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Reformation—namely, for eleven centuries.

It is an expression of faith in much the same way as, and in terms not very different from, those expressions of faith contained in the Socialist platform: "All wealth is produced by labor; to labor all wealth belongs;" and in the preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World: "The employing class and the working class have nothing in common."

For the statement of belief in One God who was himself the Creator of Heaven and Earth and of all things visible and invisible; and who himself came to abide permanently in the body of every member of the Church through the Spirit imparted by the Sacraments—this compact and clear statement implied a fundamental rev-

erence in the relation of the society which accepted it to the workmen on whose labor the society was based.

Thus the Nicene Revolution embodied an economic philosophy which ruled the civilized world, East and West, for that long period between the acceptance of Christianity and the Reformation. Indeed, the Reformation may be described on its economic side, as a counter-revolution of the money-lenders of Northern Europe against the restrictions of the Revolution of Nicea.

St. John Chrysostom, patriarch of Constantinople about the time of the Great Division between Eastern and Western Rome, laid down, without fear and without favor, the principles of the Revolution. He was what one would call a member of the Extreme Left, believing in no compromise and no modification. His sermons might have been preached today, were there a bishop with the courage of a Chrysostom. If the sermon quoted seems long, remember that it is the substance of the sermons preached for more than thirteen centuries.

VII

The Eloquence of Chrysostom

In a sermon on I Timothy, 12, Chrysostom demands: "How is it possible that wealth should not be gained wrongfully? To grow rich without injustice is impossible. What if one succeeds to his father's inheritance? Then he receives what had been gathered by injustice. For it was not from Adam that his ancestor inherited riches; but of the many that were before him, some one must have taken and enjoyed the goods of others.

"Tell me, whence art thou rich? From whom didst thou receive it? From thy father and grandfather? But canst thou, ascending through many generations, show this acquisition just? It cannot be. The root and origin of it must have been in injustice. Why? Because in the beginning God made not one man rich and another man poor. Nor did he afterwards take and show to one treas-

ures of gold, and deny to the other the right of searching for it; but he left the earth free to all alike. Why then, if it is in common, have you so many acres of land, while your neighbor has not a portion of it?

"Mark the wise dispensation of God. That he might put mankind to shame he hath made many things common, as the sun, air, earth and water, the heavens, the sea, the light, the stars. We are all formed with the same eyes, the same body, the same soul, the same structure in all respects; all things from the earth, all men from one man, and all in the same habitation. . . .

"Other things are common, such as baths, cities, market-places, walks. Observe that concerning these things held in common there is no contention, but all is peaceable. But when one attempts to possess himself of anything, to make it his own, then contention is introduced, as if nature herself were indignant that when God brings us together in every way we are eager to divide and separate ourselves by appropriating things, and using those cold words, 'mine' and 'thine.'

"But how can he who is rich, be a good man? When he distributes his riches, he is good, so that he is good when he has ceased to have it, when he gives it to others; but whilst he keeps it himself, he is not good. How then is that a good which being retained renders one evil, being parted with makes him good? Not therefore to have wealth, but to have it not, makes one appear to be good. Wealth therefore is not a good."

"They shall tear in sunder every unjust compact, saith the Scripture; thus calling men's bills about the interest due to them and the sums that they have lent. 'Set at liberty them that are bruised; them that are afflicted.' Such a being is a debtor; when he sees his creditor, his mind is broken, and he fears him more than a wild beast.

"What is more vexatious than to be lending, and taking thought about usuries and bargains, and demanding sureties, and fearing and trembling about securities, about the principal, about the interest, about the bondsmen? For nothing is so unsound and suspicious as that which is accounted 'security'.

"Let us not then traffic in other men's calamities, nor make a trade of our benevolence. And I know indeed that many hear these words with displeasure; but what is the profit of silence? For though I should hold my peace, and give no trouble by my words, I could not by this silence deliver you from your punishment.

"For indeed a dreadful disease, beloved, dreadful and needing much attendance, hath fallen on the church. Those, namely, who are enjoined not even by honest labors to lay up treasures, but to open their houses to the needy, make a profit of other men's poverty, devising a specious robbery, a plausible covetousness. For to this intent thou hast money, to relieve poverty; but thou with a show of relief makest the calamity greater, and sellest benevolence for money. Sell it, I forbid thee not—but for an heavenly kingdom. Receive not a small price for so good a deed, thy monthly one in a hundred (twelve per cent per annum)—but thy immortal life.

"For tell me not the poor man is pleased to receive, and is thankful for the loan. Why, this is the result of thy cruelty; for the poor man, because thou countest him worth not so much money, is actually compelled to be thankful for thy cruelty!"

Alas, alas, that in the sixteen hundred years since John's time we have gone no further; that our whole charitable system of the present time compels the poor to be thankful for the cruelty of a society which makes him depend upon its benevolence for his living!

VIII

The Sin of Usury

"But what is the plea?" he continues. "'When I have received interest, I give it to the poor,' one tells me. Speak reverently, O man; God desires not such sacrifices. Deal not subtilly with the Law. Better not give to a poor man than give from that source; for the money that hath been collected by honest labors, thou often makest to be unlawful because of that wicked increase;

as if thou shouldst compel a fair woman to give birth to scorpions.

"For even the Gentile lawgivers regard the taking of interest as a proof of shamelessness. Those who are in the offices of honor, and belong to the Senate, may not legally disgrace themselves with such gains; there being a law among them which prohibits the same. For what could be more foolish than this, unless one without land, rain or plough, were to insist upon sowing? Why, are there not many honest trades? In the fields, the flocks, the herds, the breeding of cattle, in handicrafts, in care of property? Why rave and be frantic cultivating thorns for no good? What if the fruits of the earth are subject to mischance? Hail, and blight, and excessive rain? Yet not to such an extent as money dealings. For in whatsoever cases of that sort occur, the damage of course concerns the produce, but the principal remains: I mean the land.

"For never doth the money-lender enjoy his possessions, nor find pleasure in them; but when the interest is brought, he rejoices not that he hath received gain, but is grieved that the interest hath not yet come up to the principal. And before this evil offspring is brought forth complete, he compels it also to bring forth; making the interest principal, and forcing it to bring forth its untimely and abortive brood of vipers. For of this nature are the gains of usury. More than those wild creatures do they devour and tear the souls of the wretched. This is the 'bond of iniquity;' this is the twisted knot of oppressive bargains.

"'Yea, I give,' the rich man seems to say, 'not for thee to receive but that thou mayst repay more.' And whereas God commands us not even to receive again what is given; for 'give,' saith he, 'to them from whom ye look not to receive'—thou requirest even more than is given, and what thou gavest not, this, as a debt, thou constrainest the receiver to repay. And thou indeed supposest thy substance to be increased hereby, but instead of substance thou are kindling unquenchable fire."

The Empire fell because its foundation of money was

drained away to India and its foundation of roads was cut by the barbarians. But this only made the Church stronger, because it was not built on money. "Ye cannot love God and Mammon." Not merely the iniquity of heavy usury, such as had made Marcus Brutus the first gentleman of Rome, but the iniquity of any sort of selfish exploitation of the wealth of the world, is condemned by the Fathers. Thus St. Basil says that a usurer may be admitted to orders, only provided he gives his acquired wealth to the poor, and abstains in the future from the pursuit of gain. But Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury provided a punishment of three years on bread and water for any one who took usury.

In the Canon Law it is written :

"Private property is an evil, since according to divine law all things are as common to all men as air and light. Nature produced common property; robbery made private property."

Similar language is held by all of the great Doctors of the Church. In the earliest fragment remaining to us, the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, a document which dates from near the beginning of the second century, we find it said: "Thou shalt not turn away from him that hath need, but shalt share all things with thy brother, and shall not say they are thine own."

St. Clement of Rome, one of the first of the Popes, said:

"The use of all that is in the world ought to be common to all men. But by injustice one man has called this his own, another that, and thus has come division among mortals. Private property is the fruit of iniquity."

And St. Ambrose, that heroic Bishop of Milan who forbade Theodosius, Emperor of the World, to enter the Cathedral at Easter-time because his hands were stained with the blood of the Thessalonian Martyrs, spoke thus:

"How far will your mad lusts take you, ye rich people? Till you dwell alone upon the earth? Why do you at once turn nature out of doors, and claim the possession of her for your own selves? The land was made for all;

why do ye rich men claim it for your private property? Nature knows nothing of rich men; she made all of us poor.

“‘What injustice,’ sayst thou, ‘is there in my diligently preserving my own, so long as I do not invade the property of another?’ Shameless saying! My own, sayst thou? What is it, and from what secret place hast thou brought it into the world? When thou enteredst into light, what didst thou bring with thee?

“That which is taken by thee, beyond what would suffice for thee, is taken by violence. Is it that God is unjust in not distributing the means of life to us equally, so that thou wouldst have abundance while others are in want? Thou, then, who has received the gift of God, thinkest thou that thou committest no injustice by keeping to thyself alone what would be the means of life to many?

“It is the bread of the hungry that thou keepest, it is the clothing of the naked that thou lockest up; the money that thou buriest is the redemption of the wretched!”

St. Basil says:

“If some person were to take possession of the State Theater, and turn out thenceforth all who went into it, deciding that what has been provided for the common use of the public was his private property, that would be exactly what the rich people do. They claim prior possession of the common property and make it private by anticipation.

“When we try to amass wealth, make piles of money, get hold of the land as our real property, overtop one another in riches, we have palpably cast off justice and lost social righteousness. I should like to know how any man can be just who is deliberately aiming to get out of some one else what he wants for himself.”

Addressing the rich, St. Basil says:

“Unhappy one that you are! What answer will you make to the Great Judge? You cover with tapestry the bareness of your walls, and do not clothe the nakedness of men. You adorn your steeds with most rich and

costly trappings, and despise your brother who is in rags. You allow the corn in your granaries to rot or to be eaten up by vermin, and you deign not even to cast a glance on those who have no bread. You hoard your wealth, and do not deign to look upon those who are worn and oppressed with necessity."

And St. Jerome, the translator of the Vulgate, the common Latin version of the Bible, writes frankly thus:

"Opulence is always the result of theft, if not committed by the actual possessor, then by his predecessors."

These great precedents were followed by the great Pope Gregory I, the first monk to occupy the Chair of St. Peter, whose strong hand laid the foundations of the reform which the later Gregory was to carry to so vast an extent. In his "*Pastoralis Cura*," a textbook for the guidance of all bishops, Gregory takes a frankly communistic stand.

"The land which yields them income is the common property of all men," says he, "and for this reason the fruits of it, which are brought forth, are for the common welfare. It is therefore absurd for people to think that they do no harm when they claim God's common gift of food as their private property, or that they are not robbers when they do not pass on what they have received as their own. When we administer necessities to the poor, we give them their own—we do not bestow our goods upon them; we do not fulfil the words of mercy—we discharge the debt of justice."

When, therefore, we trace the history of the Roman Church and the Orthodox Church we are not merely following the development of a superstition, amiable or malignant as you happen to look at it. We are watching the growth of a system of economics, adapted in its spread to the conditions which it confronted. The barbarian onrush overwhelmed the Empire, but it strengthened the Church. Rome's emperor weakened and for centuries disappeared; but Rome's bishop grew and increased in stature and in strength until, by that

betrayal of trust which fatefully accompanies absolute power, half the world broke away from him. The Money-Lenders came back into power and for three centuries have ruled the world until their System culminated in the Great War which destroyed it. A new Nicea, it seems, must now inevitably be born.

Part II

MODERN IMPERIALISM

THE BOOK OF ISLAM

I

The Empire of Islam

It was but the shell of Western Rome that fell before the onrush of the barbarians. Its life had long departed to that New Rome beside the waters of the Bosphorus. The City by the Tiber became once more what it had been before the Punic Wars, a little Western town, living now upon its traditions. But in the Byzantine capital the splendor of Babylon and the power of the Cæsars were united.

That ancient sanctity of the Priest-Kings of Babylon was wrapped around the sacred form of the Christian Emperors of Constantinople, who controlled the life-giving currents of trade that went by land and water. For a thousand years after Alaric took Rome, the drama of Imperialism is played out between the waters of the Bosphorus and the deep currents of the Euphrates, which flowed past Bagdad.

There is a curious obtuseness about many histories written by Westerners in regard to this great Thousand Years. Blinding their eyes to evident and incontrovertible facts, they have been accustomed to repeat those fables of the "degenerate Greeks" evolved by the jealous scribes of the West, who saw the splendors of the East undimmed while their own grandeur lapsed into a wretched memory. But a race of degenerates could not have ruled the world-currents so long as Byzantium did.

The Roads of Rome were cut by the Goths, and there was no man to repair them. But none could cut the Sea-Road where Constantinople still reigned supreme. Rich traffic moved along the ancient road of the

Euphrates Valley, as it had moved for countless centuries. Caliphs in Bagdad and Cæsars in Constantinople divided the profit of it, and civilization maintained its height there, while the Goth and the Frank and the German and the Saxon roamed their primeval forests and tilled their scanty farms in bestial ignorance.

For two centuries the Eastern Cæsar held undisputed sway over the lands of the East. Rival sects of Christians alone disturbed the imperial peace. Jacob Baradæus, "Jacob the Goatskin" headed the Monophysite sects and organized Jacobite churches everywhere in opposition to the Melkite or "Imperial" Church. No less than 80,000 priests are said to have been ordained by Jacob with his own hands, in a long life-time of imprisonments and escapes. The Empress Theodora, a circus-dancer in her younger days and always a child of the people, favored the Monophysites, and as often as Justinian's police would apprehend the gaunt Prophet, attired like John the Baptist in goatskin and camel's hair, she would scheme for his release.

Weakened by these continual dissensions, the Imperial Church saw a new spiritual power sweep up out of the deserts, whence John and Moses before him had come. Like Cyrus rushing from his Eastern Mountains, like Alexander swiftly dashing from his Macedonian hills, Mohammed came out of the wilderness of Arabia with a gospel of deliverance, and the world fell into his hands.

Since six hundred years after Christ, the ancient seats of Empire—Egypt, Chaldæa, Persia, Palestine, Syria, North Africa, India, Arabia—have been held by the successors of Mohammed. And during that Thousand Years between Mohammed and Columbus, while the West was sunk in barbarism and ignorance, the light of learning and civilization was maintained by the Empire of Islam.

It comes as a severe shock to our Western pride, this realization that whatever of wealth and learning the West attained were dim shadowings of that traditional splendor which shone in the East. When traffic with the

East was ended because the roads were cut, the West—France, Germany, England—went back to savagery. Only when the Roads were opened again by the Crusades, and the West went East to learn, did the revival of learning begin in the Renaissance. When the West found how to get to the East by the longer Sea-Road around the continents, then the Modern age began. Our Western Empires have dragged themselves into power by the leading strings of that ancient Mother. England's Empire is based on India, Germany's dream of Empire was based on the *Drang nach Osten*, the Drive to the East. The prizes of the World War were Constantinople and Bagdad. Who possesses them controls the world.

Without the history of Islam one can no more understand that of Europe, than it is possible to play chess on a board from which all the black squares have been removed. All through those intricate moves the dark face of Mohammed's Caliph looks across the world from beneath his snowy turban, out of the oasis of Mecca towards his great rival, the Christian Cæsar. Action and reaction between them have spelled out the story of Europe from the Hegira to the capture of Jerusalem; just as, to continue the figure, the moves of the white chessmen are meaningless unless the alternate moves of the black be known, to give them point of attack and scheme of defense.

To those who held that Christianity was the light of life, and who saw alternate heathen tides roll down from the vast and frozen forests of the North and up out of the hot and burning deserts of the south against the besieged City of God, the rival faith whose converts so far outnumbered those of the Gospel seemed indeed the fulfilment of that scourge foretold in the book of the Revelation. Out of Mecca it poured, covering with its overflowing power the sacred cities of the East, the coast of North Africa, the fertile and glorious land of Spain, the Island of Sicily. Then it rolled its sulphurous waves against the city of Constantinople. Century after century it attacked the city of the Eastern

Cæsars, until at length that too fell, and the heart of Europe lay open to the beseiger.

With this background we can understand the terrible reality which lies behind so many of the casual references made in Medieval literature to the Infidels; we can understand the missionary fervor which sought to find in the Indian tribes of newly discovered lands converts to substitute for the millions of believers lost to Islam: we can get a glimpse of what really lay behind the Inquisition, in its savage determination to allow no foothold in the reconquered land of Spain for a relapse to the old faith.

For everywhere the believer looked he beheld the True Faith surrounded by foes; heathen to north and east, implacable worriors of Mohammed to South and West and East; and the Church lay like an island of salvation between assailing floods. The minarets of Mohammed covered the lands that once were holy; their universities and schools flourished where once had been the pride of Christian learning; and even when barbarians held but had not assimilated Rome, the brilliance of the Caliphates of Cordova and Bagdad shone across mountains and seas to fill with jealous disdain those who felt themselves champions of a losing truth.

The Crusades were not an isolated phenomenon. The rivalry of Christian and Moslem rose then to its fiercest height. But never was there a time from the day of Mohammed's birth even until now when the world did not seem to be divided like the moon in its first quarter between a little rim of light and a vast expanse of darkness. Because of the sudden advance of scientific learning in the West, we have temporarily forgotten that sharp rivalry. The policy of Western Europe lately kept the Sultan as a corrupt pensioner of the richer purse. But ever and anon a frightful whisper sounds across the chancelleries of Europe as the threat and possibility of a new Holy War shakes the millions of Mohammedan believers with its kindling fanaticism.

Every missionary from the Near East or the Far East tells of the phenomenal swiftness with which the mission-

aries of Islam are gathering their converts in Africa. They do not need expensive mission stations and elaborately organized Boards. Every Mohammedan trader is a missionary. The simplicity of their faith, with its fighting gospel of hatred, wins over the sentimental appeal of the "gospel of love" which the missionaries find it impossible to persuade their own protecting governments to believe.

Another matter becomes plain to us as we watch the contending strength of the two religions coil and struggle for the mastery of the world. It is that the supremacy of the Pope of Rome is not due primarily to any gift of St. Peter, or donation of Constantine, nor even to the Forged Decretals, nor to the innate supremacy of the dwellers of the City of the Seven Hills. It was the scimitar of Mohammed which elevated the Pope above all the bishops of the Church and for a time above all the princes of the world.

For from the foundation of the Church there have been five Apostolic sees—those of Jerusalem, where the Church was founded; Antioch, which first called them Christians; Alexandria, seat of St. Mark, and intellectual center of Christendom; Constantinople, unique among all the cities of the world as having been founded expressly as the home for a Christian Empire: these were the rivals of Rome, ancient capital of world rule, and the place of the martyrdoms of Sts. Peter and Paul.

But the four rival sees fell into the hands of the foe of the Cross. Jerusalem, Antioch and Alexandria were among the first fruits of the Crescent's wars. The only rival of Rome as head of the Church was Constantinople, whose Patriarch long disputed with the Pontiff of the Tiber the place of honor, being titular head of the Orthodox Church, the religious expression of the Eastern Empire. Rome's spiritual pre-eminence was greatly aided by the absence of any local rival to the Pope, there being no Emperor resident there. Besides, the Goths, not being very firmly fixed in their own religious beliefs, accepted Christianity, whereas the Moslems brought millions of Christ's followers into their own ranks on the

plea that Mohammed was the Fulfiller of whom Jesus had spoken. The defeat of the Mohammedans at Tours was accomplished by a tribe who were, alone among the Northmen, supporters of the Papal orthodoxy. Many causes contributed to the dizzy height of the papal claims; but the strong underpinning was laid by those same sturdy blows with which Mohammed's sword knocked out the rivals of the Pope of Rome.

II

The Crossroads of the Desert

The story of the Conquest of Islam is the old, old story of the highroads. See how the great desert of Arabia thrusts up into the heart of the Three Continents, into the point where Europe, Asia and Africa come nearest together. Around the edge of the great Arabian Wilderness pass the highroads which link Africa to Asia, and which lead from the heart of Asia into the heart of Europe. Damascus, Bagdad, Babylon, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Antioch—these all lie within striking distance of the Desert. Throughout history from its beginning the tribes of the desert were a warring medley, every tribe with its sword turned against every other. Around the edges of their country the ceaseless stream of traffic poured, and caravans went through their territory only with their permission. Whenever in all that time they united and turned their swords outward against the rest of the world, instead of inward against each other, the world was theirs. For long ages the tribesmen had watched the strife of Empires uncomprehending, until Mohammed came and began to teach; and then the face of the world was changed.

Idolatry was the religion of the tribes. The essence of idolatry is that it is local, and divides the worshipers of one shrine from those who worship at another. A tree, a stone, a well, these were the holy places of the Arab tribes, and each tribe fought for the superior sanctity of its own relic. So great was the competition for liveli-

hood, and so numerous were the mouths to be fed, that infanticide was a common practice, aimed at reducing the number of the tribe within the limits of the food supply. So Mohammed found them.

Mohammed was born in the year 570 A. D., and lived sixty-three years. When he began to teach, the Arabs were an ignorant race of warring tribes, split by blood-feuds, steeped in ignorance. When he died he ruled a vast united empire. Eighty years after its foundation, the world shook with the greatness of its glory. From the river Indus on the East to the shores of the Atlantic on the West, the sons of Islam acknowledged Mohammed as the Prophet of God, and his Caliph, or Successor, as the Commander of the Faithful.

How had he done this?

Two secrets explain the mystery. Islam was one, and Christendom was divided. And united Islam lay closer to the center of the world's traffic than divided Christendom, having but to stretch out its hand to seize them.

In the city of Mecca there has lain from time immemorial a meteor, worn black by the kisses of countless millions of devout lips. Mohammed's grandfather was the chief of the council of ten who ruled the tribe of the Koreishites, who then controlled the sacred city. His father died before Mohammed was born, and his mother Amina died when he was six years old, so that the boy was brought up by an uncle.

Mecca is the Chicago of the Desert, lying at the cross-roads where the road from Bagdad to Egypt crosses the road from Arabia Felix, on the southern end of the great Triangle. Whoever controls Mecca, therefore, controls the trade of the desert; and in those days most of the wealth of the world poured through and around Arabia.

As a young man, Mohammed was employed by a woman, Khadija,—whom he later married, as chief of her camel-traffic. He made many trips to Persia, Abyssinia, and possibly to Syria, and there came in contact with Christianity and Judaism through small sects, bitterly disputing about unimportant religious differences which were badges of political feuds. To and fro over the des-

ert roads he went, and the divisions of Christendom awoke in his soul the wonder, "How can such a divided people rule?"

For fifteen years Mohammed lived in Mecca, superintending his growing commercial interests. Meanwhile his old familiar desert called him; and the habit grew of spending his time out in the sandy wastes, musing alone beneath the desert stars. In these long nights alone, with the firmament above and the rolling sands below, Mohammed found the Answer to his questioning.

He began to preach, cautiously and privately at first, that there is but one God, and that he had been sent as the prophet of God to call the people from their ignorance. But announcement of his mission met with a double opposition. The proclamation that there is but one God meant the destruction of all the idols and idolatrous practices on which Mecca thrived; the proclamation that Mohammed was God's prophet meant that he claimed rulership. —Amenhotep understands—and Nabonidus. Persecution broke out, tempered only by the fact that Mecca was a holy city, and hence could not be polluted with bloodshed.

Mohammed slipped out by night and made his way to Yathrib, which ever thereafter is known by the name *Medinat-el-Nabi*, or City of the Prophet. The date of the flight, July 16, 622, is the starting point for all Islamic chronology, Day One, of the *Hegira*.

Mohammed was made dictator of Medina. For a while he and his followers supported themselves by raids on caravans passing to Mecca. There was a sacred month *Rajabin*, in which by universal consent the Arabian tribes forebore to fight. Mohammed's robbers violated this sacred season and captured much booty almost without a blow, building the Empire of the Faithful on an act of treachery. No faith need be kept with unbelievers. But any tribe which accepted the Prophet was admitted into the customs brotherhood, and could pass untroubled.

Mecca, seeing that to allow her exiled Prophet to gain control of the northern caravan route would be disastrous, marched against him. The forces of Mohammed

were victorious. Thenceforward they commanded the trade routes of desert commerce, and the foundation of Empire was laid.

III

The Soul of the Desert

Much might be said of Mohammed's personal qualities. But the point to be observed is that his religion, both in faith and practice, was perfectly adapted to the soul of the desert. In its exaltation of the One God, aloof from all created things; in its ritual, requiring no priest or congregation, no temple save a carpet spread upon the sands, equally adaptable to one or to ten thousand worshipers; in its picture of heaven, in its offer of perfect salvation to all who died fighting, in its picture of hell—all of these teachings, put forth by a man who understood perfectly the psychology of the unchanging desert from long meditation therein, took hold of the tribes of the Garden of Allah and made them fanatically one.

For consider the ritual. The Christian mass requires an altar, a priest, an acolyte, candles, vestments, instruments of gold or silver, bread and wine, and a complicated missal. The Christian Creed was forged out in the Councils of the Undivided Church by the subtlest metaphysicians in the world. In every act and word it implies a highly developed, highly organized society.

But the Mohammedan believer carries his own church with him. At the five hours of prayer—dawn, noon, afternoon, before sunset, after sunset, and at night—he spreads his prayer-rug upon the sand, faces toward Mecca, and begins his sacrifice of prayer.

This is Mass, matins, prime, terce, sext, none, vespers and compline. One worshiper alone on the desert, or ten thousand worshipers gathered in the great Mosque of Cairo, or half a million surging around the Kaaba at Mecca—it is all the same. The same Recording Angels stand at right and left of the worshiper, whether solitary in the desert or at the shrine of Mohammed. Mecca

once in a lifetime—this was the uniting bond that held the loose, rapidly shifting conglomerate of the faithful firmly cemented. Ideas of God differ among the “two and seventy warring sects”—but they all go to Mecca.

Islam bears in its every feature the stamp of the desert. God's solitary and awful power, never to be associated with anything, was a teaching that gripped the hearts of tribes who spent much of their time between the vast wastes of sand and the immeasurable stars. And even as the wandering sailor dreams constantly of women, his visions of them objectified by the seafaring Greeks under the bright form of Venus Anadyomene: so does the desert wanderer, off on the sands where women do not come, and where for weary weeks and months he sees nothing but men and camels—so does he dream of women: and his dreams were objectified by Mohammed in the form of the lovely houris of Paradise, women beautiful beyond all earthly women, who in groves of palm and bowers of roses, beside cool fountains and ever-growing fruit, await the sweaty Bedouin to wash the grit and dust of the sands from his scorched body, and to feed him, weary of tepid water from the strong smelling goat-skins and of dried dates and figs, with food luscious and pulpy. Far more attractive to desert-dwellers was such a heaven than the money-lenders' heaven with its streets of pure gold so assiduously taught by the Hebrews.

Mohammed's institution, or rather regulation of polygamy was a necessary consequence of his promulgation of war as the best pursuit of the faithful. With the men always fighting, many of them were necessarily killed. This left a surplus of women, who must be supported somehow. The institution of the Maiden Aunt and the Bachelor Girl had not yet been devised; and the East long ago discovered the only really satisfactory solution of the Hired Girl Problem—namely, to marry the cook. If more help were needed around the house, the true believer simply brought home another wife, not so much to indulge his own sensual pleasures as to help the first wife do the housework.

When warring between the desert-dwellers was

stopped, when the slaughter of infants was discontinued, and when the tribes were united into a single coherent people, capable of being launched against any desired objective, the resultant phenomena may be compared to the behavior of a steam boiler under a heavy pressure of heat, whose valve is screwed shut. Islam expanded on all sides at once, suddenly, with a tremendous explosion: and the kingdoms surrounding it were shattered. Jerusalem, Damascus, Mosul and Bagdad fell almost by the mere impact of the disciplined hosts of the Crescent. A very heavy contributing cause was the deep disaffection of the native Christians of those regions, who belonged to various sects—Maronite, Jacobite, Copts—who hated the elaborate Imperial Church and joined the simplicity of Islam by the million.

Almost at a blow the long chain of Roman colonies along the northern shore of Africa fell into the hands of the conquerors. Clear across to the pillars of Hercules swept the standard of the Crescent, hailed often as a deliverance from the yoke of the Roman Empire, its tax-gatherers and its conflicting faiths.

In the year 711 Islam crossed from Africa to Europe over the Straits of Hercules, known ever since by the name of the Berber chieftain who commanded that invasion as Jebra-al-Tarik, Gibraltar, the Straits of the Hill of Tarik. In that same year the Mohammedan hosts poured into India, and first established a Moslem Kingdom there. And thus in that year, 711, a date easy to remember, the horns of the Crescent pierced to the limits of the known world.

In its height the civilization of Islam was far superior to the contemporary civilization of most of Christendom. From the Pyrenees to the Ganges the Moslems held sway. They had utilized the old culture of Persia and Greece. Their governments were as good as the Oriental world had ever known. Their roads and canals encouraged commerce, and bound together distant regions. Their magnificent cities were built with a peculiar and beautiful architecture, characterized by the horse-shoe arch, the dome, the turret, the graceful minaret, and

the rich ornament of "Arabesque" which takes its name from its Arabian origin. Their manufactures were the finest in the world, both for beautiful design and for delicate workmanship. Their glass and pottery and metal work, their dye stuffs, their paper, their cloth manufactures, their preparations of leather, all represented industries almost or wholly unknown to the West. We still speak of Damascus and Toledo blades, and Morocco leather, while Muslins and Damasks recall their superior manufacturing process at Mosul and Damascus. Their agriculture was scientific, with the use of irrigation and fertilizers; and by grafting they had produced many new varieties of fruit and flowers, which adorned the lovely gardens in which they especially delighted. Europe owed to them its first knowledge of oranges, lemons, rice, sugar cane, and asparagus.

In intellectual lines their superiority was no less marked. While Europe had only a few monastic schools to light its Dark Ages, the Arabs had great universities, with libraries containing hundreds of thousands of manuscripts. In Persia and in Spain they created a noble literature, both prose and poetry; philosophy, theology, law, rhetoric, were subjects for special study. Much progress had been made in astronomy. The heavens still keep proof of their studies in its thick sprinkling of Arabic names, like Aldebaran, Altair, while many terms of our texts on astronomy, such as azimuth, nadir, zenith, bear like testimony. From India they brought the Arabic notation, while Europe was still struggling with the clumsy Roman numerals. Fancy for instance, trying to conduct an investigation into the profits of the packers or the United States Steel Corporation using I, V, X, L, C, D, M, instead of the simple numerals borrowed from the Arabs!

Algebra and chemistry (alchemy) are Arabic in origin as in name, and spherical trigonometry was their creation. And while Europe still treated disease from the viewpoint of an Indian Medicine Man, the Saracens had established, on Greek foundations, a real science of medicine.

Against this highly educated and highly progressive civilization, the Western nations—or, to be more exact, the Northern nations, for the Saracens controlled furthest West in Spain, as well as furthest East in India—could oppose only Byzantium. In magnificence and extent and comfort Constantinople was unapproached by the rude towns and ruder castles of France and Germany; and its wealth, splendor and comforts—its paved and lighted streets, its schools and theaters, its orderly police system, its hospitals and parks—were all amazing to the few visitors from the West. Such little trade as Western Europe possessed was mainly in Greek hands; and the “byzant,” the coin of Constantinople, was the standard of coinage all over Europe. This was the brightest—indeed, the only—jewel of Christendom.

V

Commerce and Crusader

The period of the Crusades has for many centuries enchanted the eyes and dazzled the dreams of adventurous youth. No picture was more familiar to American eyes during the Great War than the likeness of General Pershing marching at the head of a host of Crusaders, with crosses on flag and shield, and embattled angels flying overhead as witness to the sanctity of their cause. Yet it was an evil parallel: for the Crusades were commercial wars from start to finish, inspired by the jealousy of merchant princes and resulting in utter and overwhelming defeat of the cause of the Cross.

More and more as we study them the Crusades appear in the light of a barbarian, illiterate and uncultivated onslaught of the West against two highly cultured and civilized empires, sharing between them the control of the highroads of the East.

Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade, beginning at Clermont in 1095, under the inspiration of Pope Urban II. This came as the climax of a long series of events. Under the influence of the revival of Cluny,

which lifted the Western Church from its pitch of degradation, pilgrimages to the Holy Land had become increasingly popular.

For many centuries the Church at Jerusalem had been under the control of Saracen Caliphs. At the time of Charlemagne's coronation in 800, the patriarch of Jerusalem sent him a standard and the keys of the city; and in 807 Haroun al Raschid, glorious hero of the Arabian Nights, acknowledged this symbolical cession and sent to the Western Emperor tokens of his recognition as patron of the Christians in Jerusalem, and protector of the Holy Sepulchre. This fine courtesy was at bottom a politic attempt to cultivate hostility between the Western and Eastern Empires, and thus weaken the Christian resistance to the conquests and tenure of Islam;—but it looked well.

Frankish patronage lasted for more than two centuries, until in 1010, the Caliph Hakim ended the Frankish protectorate, so that the Eastern Church came into possession of this prized privilege of the Westerners. In the year 1054 the schism between Eastern and Western Churches became final. Byzantine officials began to practise extortions upon the Catholic pilgrims to such an extent that the Pope complained to the Empress. Meanwhile the Seljukian Turks, first the mercenaries and then the masters of the Saracen Moslems, had come to power. They were unable to draw fine distinctions between Christians which the Saracens had known so well; and all pilgrims suffered heavily.

Then the Eastern Emperor, hard pressed by the Seljuks who had taken Asia Minor from him, appealed to the knights of the West for troops. It was an incautious step; he asked for soldiers and evoked a deluge. The opportunity was too good to be lost. For many years France had been a splendid country to get away from: As Ekkehard says, in his *Chronica*, "The pope found it easy to persuade the Western Franks to leave their own country, for Gaul had been for many years afflicted, now by civil sedition, now by famine, and now by mortal

plagues." Everybody was either hungry or desperately afraid; and in the golden East was abundance of food.

Leaders there were in plenty. The whole West was full of younger sons eager to carve out for themselves principalities in the East; eager to invest their fighting qualities in the hope of securing possession of lands and slaves who would feed and clothe them. But the great resistless drive which made the First Crusade a success, was the interest of Italian towns, anxious to acquire the products of the East more directly and cheaply by erecting their own trading-towns in the Eastern Mediterranean. Unregulated enthusiasm might of itself have achieved little or nothing; enthusiasm caught and guided by the astute Norman adventurer and the no less astute Venetian or Genoese merchant, could not but achieve tangible results.

In very truth, the "enthusiasm" wrecked the enterprise at last. The huge admixture of worthless ragamuffins drawn into the vortex of the Crusades by the great advertising given through the emotional appeal spelled the ruin of the whole undertaking. For the stream of emigration which now set toward the east comprised all the refuse of the Western lands, as well as some of its highest and noblest spirits. Tramps and bankrupts, camp-followers and hucksters, fugitive monks, escaped villains, convicts and ne'er-do-wells, were lured by the hope of great plunder in this world and of eternal happiness in the world to come.

V

The First Crusade

The story of the First Crusade explains quite clearly why the Emperor Alexius of Constantinople, who had evoked the aid of the West, turned against his allies. Peter the Hermit, riding on an ass from place to place through France and along the Rhine, stirred up the frenzy of the poor. Five divisions of these "paupers"

were collected by him, and set out three months before the date fixed by the Pope. Three of these divisions, led by Fulcher of Orleans, Gottschalk and William the Carpenter, failed miserably even to reach Constantinople, the general rallying place. Fulcher and Gottschalk saw their "armies" cut to pieces by the Hungarians, in revenge for outrages and excesses committed by them upon the inhabitants. William the Carpenter's mob also engaged in a wild pogrom against the Jews all along the towns in the Valley of the Rhine, as the "first fruits of the crusading zeal," and was in turn slaughtered. Only two divisions reached Constantinople. These were led respectively by Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit; and although they managed to get as far as Constantinople, it was with sadly diminished numbers. Peter the Hermit had had enough of crusading, and stayed in Constantinople.

The Emperor Alexius, aghast at the sight of the tattered horde which his appeals had evoked, did his best to treat them well and speed them on their way; but the mob had not learned to behave themselves as "gentlemen and soldiers," and the people handled them severely.

In August the two divisions crossed the Bosphorus. In the passes of Asia Minor they met the keen scimitars of the Seljukian Turks, and perished utterly. By the end of October all that was left of them was a heap of whitened bones, which remained a monument to later armies of the folly of a People's Crusade, unorganized and undisciplined.

But behind this Bryan-Roosevelt army, "springing to arms in a single night" came the disciplined hosts of knights, well ordered and well equipped for the combat. Godfrey of Bouillon and his brother Baldwin led the crusaders of Lorraine along the "highroad of Charles the Great" through Hungary to Constantinople. Raymond of Toulouse led the Provençals down the coast of Illyria and then due east to Constantinople: while Bohemund of Otranto led a force of Normans by sea to Durazzo, and across Rome's ancient highroad of the Via Egnatia, to the city of Constantine. There was gathered an army

variously estimated at from 150,000 to 600,000, the first figure being much more probable. A fleet of Italian ships hugged the shores of Syria and supplied the Crusading armies with munitions and provisions.

Emperor Alexius had asked for an army, and received one indeed; an army whose closest parallel in modern times was the horde of pilgrims with which General Coxey started to Washington. The disciplined host which followed it was hardly more to his taste; for it was captained by men who had firm intentions of holding for themselves the conquest they won, whereas the theory of Alexius had been that all such conquests, being undertaken in his name, were to be turned over to him. He was in the unenviable position of many another man who, having called in a neighbor to help him harvest a crop, sees the neighbor go away with all of the grain.

To forestall this, he required the leaders of the crusading host to "do him homage," thus acknowledging in advance that all their gains would be his. This promise they cheerfully made, without the least intention of keeping it. But the fact that he required it produced the same feeling among the Crusaders as was produced among the American soldiers in the Great War, for example, when England, having acknowledged herself beaten and with her "back to the wall," and having called upon American help, thereafter claimed for her own all the fruits of victory.

Hideous cruelty marked the successes of the Crusaders. When they captured Jerusalem, it was their boast that the "streets ran even to their horses bridles with the impure blood of the Saracens."

This victory was only in part due to the prowess of the Crusaders. Mainly it was the result of a division among the Moslems—divisions following on the death of the Seljukian Caliph Melek Shah. There was a Sultan of Bagdad, a caliph of Egypt, a Sultan in Konia ruling over Asia Minor, and rival rulers in Aleppo, Damascus and Antioch. There was a great religious cleavage between the Sunnite caliph of Bagdad and the Shiite caliph of Cairo—a cleavage much like that between

Orthodox and Catholic. The crusading princes were well enough aware of this cleavage; and they sought, by envoys and the offering of presents, to gain the alliance of the Caliph of Bagdad—strange procedure for a Holy War!

As soon as the Moslems were united under a strong ruler, the days of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem were ended. But while the divisions lasted the Crusaders swept on, and on July 15, 1099, the city of Jerusalem was taken by the Christians.

Godfrey of Bouillon was first ruler of Jerusalem, under the title of "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre." Baldwin of Edessa, brother of Godfrey, was later, however, crowned King of Jerusalem. From 1100 to 1187 the nobles of Flanders and Lorraine ruled in the Holy City; but then they were overthrown by Saladin. The wonder is, not that the Latin Kingdom was overthrown, but that it lived so long; and the reason for its survival can be found mainly in the support of the Italian trading cities, Venice and Genoa, who brought to the ports of the Kingdom of Jerusalem great supplies of munitions. The Crusaders were heavily reenforced by constant accessions from pilgrims who came to pray, liked the country, and remained to fight.

Heavy concessions were demanded by these trading cities, concessions which weakened the resources of the kingdom which they helped to create. They demanded, for example, freedom from taxes throughout the kingdom, a quarter in Jerusalem, baths and ovens in Acre, and in Tyre one-third of the city and its suburbs, with their own court of justice and their own church. The rise and fall of the various principalities of Jerusalem, Antioch, Tripoli, and other strongholds of the adventurers, was indeed based on the rivalries of the trading cities of Venice, Genoa and Pisa. But the weakness of the Latin states was the Church. The clergy continued to acquire fresh lands, and at the same time refused to contribute through taxation to the defense of the kingdom. They rigorously exacted the full quota of tithes from every

source which they could tap, and even from booty acquired in war. The richest proprietor in the Holy Land, but practically immune from any charges on its property, the Church helped unconsciously to ruin the kingdom which it should have supported above all others.

But it was the two orders of the Knights Templar and the Hospitallers which were most dangerous to the kingdom. Half lay and half clerical, they took advantage of their ambiguous position to escape from the duties of either character. As to the rulers themselves, the climate was no doubt responsible for much. The Franks of Northern Europe attempted to live a life that suited a Northern climate under a Southern sun. They rode incessantly to battle over burning sands in full armor of chain mail, long shield and heavy casque, as if they were on their native French soil. The barons alternated between the extravagance of Western chivalry and the attractions of Eastern luxury. They returned from the field to divans with frescoed walls and floors of mosaic, Persian rugs and embroidered silk hangings. Their sideboards were covered with the copper and silver work of Eastern smiths, and the confectioneries of Damascus. They dressed when at home in flowing robes of silk, and their women wore oriental gauzes covered with sequins. Into these divans, where figures of this kind moved to the music of Saracen instruments, there entered an inevitable voluptuousness and corruption of manners.

The men died early, of hardship and vice; the women survived them, and ruled over infant kings.

Against the divided Crusaders, enfeebled by division and by unaccustomed luxury, the power of Islam gradually became consolidated under one man, the peerless Saladin. After years of careful political manœuvring Saladin got into his own hands the united power of Egypt and Syria, and from north and south moved against the tiny stronghold of the West, in the keystone of the great Arch of the Orient. Attempts to gain support in Europe failed. St. Bernard of Clairvaux was induced to begin the preaching of a second crusade, and enlisted the aid of two kings, Louis VII of France and Conrad of Germany.

But this crusade ignominiously failed as a result of the quarreling between its heads.

Saladin moved against Jerusalem in 1187 with the crusading zeal of an army of deliverance, while the Crusaders who defended it had degenerated into a band of quarrelsome brigands. On October 2 of 1187 Saladin entered the Holy City.

"Saladin," remarks Sir George Cox, in his history of the Crusades, "may have been neither a saint nor a hero; but it cannot be denied that his temper was less fierce and his language more generous than that of the Christians who, under Godfrey, had deluged the city with blood. He had no wish, he said, to defile a place hallowed for its associations for Moslems as well as Christians; and if the city were surrendered he pledged himself not merely to furnish the inhabitants with the money which they might need, but even to provide them with new homes in Syria. . . . The offer was rejected, and Saladin made a vow that entering the city as an armed conqueror he would offer up within it a sacrifice as awful as that by which the Crusaders had celebrated their loathsome triumph. Most happily for others, most nobly for himself, he failed to keep his vow to the letter. Fourteen days later the city surrendered; the agreement was reached that the nobles and fighting men should be taken to Tyre, that the Latin inhabitants should be redeemed at the rate of ten crowns of gold for each man, five for each woman, one for each child: failing which ransom they should remain slaves. On the sick and helpless he waged no war; and although the Knights of the Hospital were his most determined enemies, he would allow the brethren to remain for a year in their attendance on the sufferers who could not be moved away. . . . On the suppliance of the queen and her ladies, Saladin courteously restored to them their husbands, fathers and brothers who had been taken prisoner; he added his alms for those who had been left orphans or destitute by the war, and remitted a portion of the ransom appointed for the poor. In this way the number of those unre-

deemed was reduced to eleven or twelve thousand, and 'Saracenic slavery was seldom cruel.' "

Compare Saladin with Godfrey, or with Baldwin of Flanders: judge who was the civilized, and who the savage king?

VI

The Loot of the Relics

Crusades now began to sweep across the troubled firmament of Europe like storm clouds at the autumnal equinox. The Third, Fifth and Sixth crusades drew their hundreds of thousands of warriors to the shores of Syria, where most of them died. Richard Cœur de Lion made a treaty with Saladin, Richard's proposal being that the Sultan's brother should marry Richard's sister, Johanna, and receive Jerusalem and contiguous towns on the coast. The Greek Emperor Isaac Angelus had already concluded with Saladin a treaty whereby the Greek received patronage of the Holy Places and religious supremacy in the Levant—privileges which carried with them commercial supremacy. The Fourth Crusade, which was aimed against Constantinople, was animated directly, as all the rest had been indirectly, by commercial jealousy. It was the price paid by the Crusaders to Venice in lieu of the 85,000 marks they had promised for the ships in which they were to be carried to the scene of operations. Venice desired Constantinople in Latin hands in order to secure commercial advantages for herself.

The Fourth Crusade will forever remain as the lowest pitch of perfidy to which the name of religion has been lent. Much has been written of the destruction of the Library of Alexandria, but one seldom hears of the sack of Constantinople by the Latins. Yet it was far worse than any outrage perpetrated by the Moslems.

The Fourth Crusade was preached by Pope Innocent III in order to save the remnant of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. Many knights of northern France joined it; Venice entered under the leadership of her doge, Dandolo,

an old man of seventy, who had been blinded by the Greek Emperor while ambassador at Constantinople—an evil seed, bearing vast fruit! A contract was made with the Venetians for the necessary ships—a contract for much more money than the Crusaders could pay. Even while the agreement was made that in lieu of the money the Crusaders should destroy Constantinople's rival power, the Venetians were in agreement with the Moslems, betraying even their confederates to their foes.

Zara, a rival Christian city on the East coast of the Adriatic, whose commercial competition cut into the profits of the merchants of Venice, was the first object of the crusading zeal kindled so holily by Innocent III. Zara was captured and wiped out; though it was a Christian city. A fine lot they were, these Merchants of Venice! No wonder Shylock despised the whole breed of them, and sought to show his contempt by owning one pound of Antonio!

Fram Zara they proceeded to Constantinople, where they lay for nearly a year making unsuccessful assaults. In April of 1204 these attacks culminated in a grand final assault which on the morning of April 12, carried the town. In preparation for this final effort, Sunday, the day before, had been given over to exhortation. The bishops and abbots preached to every contingent the righteousness of the war and the iniquity of the Greeks; like Y. M. C. A. secretaries warming up the doughboys before an attack with a fresh recital of the atrocities of the Germans.

"They preached," says Edwin Pears, "against the Greeks; they urged that the war was just, that the Greeks had been disobedient to Rome, and had perversely been guilty of schism in refusing to recognize the supremacy of the Pope, and that Innocent himself desired the union of the two churches. They saw in the previous defeats the vengeance of God on account of the sins of the Crusaders. . . . Confession and communion were enjoined, and in short all that the clergy could do to prove that the cause was just, to quiet the discontented, and to occupy them until the attack next day, was done."

Newell Dwight Hillis and all his breed must have been there. But—when the city was taken! The same historian writes:

“An indiscriminate slaughter began. The invaders spared neither age nor sex. They set fire to the city; so extensive was the conflagration that, according to the marshal, more houses were destroyed than there were in the three largest cities in France. Next day began the plunder. The troops and sailors were given the right to take what they would, and do what they chose. Never was a work of pillage more shamelessly carried out. Nicetas, the historian, who was witness of the outrage writes, ‘You have taken up the cross, and have sworn on it and on the Holy Gospels to us that you would pass over the territory of the Christians without shedding blood. . . . Instead of defending the Sepulchre, you have outraged the faithful who were members of Christ. You have used Christians worse than Arabs used Latins, for they at least respected women!’ ”

An immense mass of treasure was found—gold and silver, jewels, plate, satins and silks, furs, and every kind of wealth. The lust of the army spared neither virgin nor nun. Foremost among the plunderers were the clergy, who sacked the churches as their own by right. Especially eager were they for the relics, of which an incalculable number were stored in Constantinople; for the abbey or Cathedral which had a real relic possessed an exhaustless source of income.

Baldwin of Flanders was proclaimed Emperor of Constantinople; but he perished ignominiously in a foray against Adrianople. Other emperors who followed him were a weak and pitiable lot; and the Latin Empire at Constantinople died with none to mourn it, having accomplished nothing but the utter spoliation of the great city which was to have been the capital of the world.

Treasures of art which had been accumulating since before the time of Constantine were ruthlessly destroyed; bronze and silver statues, some of them immense size, were melted to be sold like scrap iron. Priceless altar

cloths and ecclesiastical plate were either cut in pieces or melted. A brutal and ignorant savagery impoverished the world forever, to an extent which may be dimly grasped when we catalog the few which escaped the ruin—such as the bronze quadriga brought from Chios by Theodosius, which has enriched Venice by its presence for seven centuries. The great temple of Justinian, Sancta Sophia, was despoiled of its marbles, its mosaics, its riches of every sort; only the bare architecture was left.

No wonder that the Greeks, having experienced the rule of the Latins, felt it no special hardship when the Mohammedan conqueror, having taken the city, began his rule by announcing that the security of the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church and the confirmation of commercial privileges for the inhabitants would be his chief care! The conquest by Islam was a distinct forward step in the fortunes of the Golden City!

A few more sunset gleams: St. Louis of France embarks for the Holy Land but dies of the plague in Egypt; Frederick II achieves the conquest of Jerusalem without striking a blow, while under excommunication of the Pope, crowning himself as King of Jerusalem;—and then the Crusades ceased. They did not so much fade out, as they fizzled. It was found that by means of treaties signed with the Sultans, better trade advantages could be secured than through the precarious process of trying to hold the Holy Places by main force. The Crusades ended, not in the occupation of the East by the Christian West, but in the conquest of the West by the Mohammedan East. The Crusades began with the Seljukian Turk planted at Nicea, menacing Constantinople. They ended with the Ottoman Turk planted by the Danube.

Nothing is more striking than the recession of Christianity in the East after the thirteenth century. By 1350 Christian missions and Christian bishops were established from Persia to Peking, and from the Dneiper to Tibet. But a Mohammedan reaction set in, largely due to the zeal of Timur; and Central Asia was lost to

Christianity. Everywhere in the 15th century in Europe and Asia, the Crescent was victorious over the Cross; and Crusade and Mission perished together.

VII

The Crescent Victorious

For more than a century before Constantinople finally fell to them the Ottomans were the controlling power on the Balkan Peninsula. John Cantacuzene, Eastern Emperor, in 1345 invited a force of Ottomans under Orkhan, the Emperor's kinsman by marriage, to help him against Stephen Dushan, emperor of the Serbs. Twelve years later the Caliph Suleiman was invited for the same purpose. This time Suleiman established a stronghold on the Gallipoli Peninsula and secured a passage from continent to continent, which remained unshaken after the ghastly blunder of the allied attack in 1916. By battle after battle the Mohammedan hosts crept around the diminishing territory of the Byzantines. In the end Constantinople passed easily enough into the hands of those who had already been in possession of its proper empire for more than a century—like the Greeks in Persia, like the Goths in Rome.

Contemporary opinion made very little of the transfer of the Holy City of Constantine into the hands of an alien faith. Men had become accustomed to the growth of Islam's dominion over the realms once held by the Orthodox Emperor of the East. No prince in Europe was moved to any action by the peril, except, very half-heartedly, the Doge of Venice; and the unrest of Venice was based upon the fear of active commercial competition. The Greeks having control of the Bosphorus had been the most serious rivals of Venice for the trade of the Orient. But they had, like Venice, been barred by the power of Islam from full control of the great overland routes. All of the land routes were in Islam's hand, and in addition the greatest of the sea-routes had now come into their power.

And to the sea the Ottomans did at once betake themselves. In less than thirty years their fleets covered the Eastern Mediterranean, and laid siege to Rhodes, stronghold of the Knights Hospitallers, in an attack which ranks among the bloodiest and most desperate in warfare's annals. This order, like the Teutonic Knights, had become a great trading corporation, masking their commercial enterprises under the form of missionary zeal, like all too many of the missionary-backers of today.

For no other reason than this transfer of sea-power into the hands of Islam, can the taking of Constantinople be called an epoch-making event. It did guarantee the Empire of the East from passing into any western hands, such as those of Venice or Genoa, or into the hands of Latin Emperors whose chief interest lay in stimulating the overland trade toward the Netherlands as against the sea-trade by way of the Italian republics. Such had been the goal of Baldwin of Flanders; and his lamentable failure as Eastern Cæsar showed the supremacy of water-borne traffic over land-traffic, much more than it showed the supremacy of the Orthodox faith over the Catholic form for an Eastern people.

Mohammed the Conqueror was at pains to make it clear that his introduction of a new heaven did not entail a new earth. As little as might be, would be changed. He had displaced a Palæologus by an Ottoman, a Christian emperor by a Mohammedan Sultan, in order that an empire which had long been Ottoman *de facto* might become one *de jure*. Therefore his first act was to confirm the Eucumenical Patriarch in his functions and the Byzantine Greeks in their privileges; renewed the rights secured to Christian foreigners by the Greek Emperors, and proclaimed that because of his accession to the throne, there should not be made "one Moslem the more or one Christian the less."

Moreover, during the thirty years remaining to his life, Mohammed devoted himself to precisely those tasks which would have fallen to a Greek Emperor desirous of restoring Byzantine power. The Ottoman emperors

were foreign in speech, in religion, in family system, from the customs prevailing in Central Europe. But in blood they were no more foreign than many of the Greek Emperors had been. Armenians, Syrians, Isaurians, had sat upon the throne of Constantine. Mohammed encouraged arts and letters in a very un-Moslem spirit. The higher offices of state and army were confided for many a year exclusively to men of Christian birth. Commerce was encouraged, and western traders found that their facilities were greater now than they had been under Greek rule.

For century after century the throne of Constantine was filled by men who carried the triumphant standard of the new Eastern Empire farther and farther. To the whole East, he who ruled in the Holy City of Constantine was rightful lord; as in fact he was the controller of the great tides of commerce by which their cities lived. Suleiman the Magnificent, ranked by most historians as the greatest of the Ottoman Sultans, captured Rhodes from the Knights, captured Belgrade and Sabac from the Hungarians, and laid siege to Malta. Crossing the Danube at the immemorial fortress which controlled the Valley Routes, he marched up into Hungary and took that rich plain, the largest and richest in Europe. Thereupon the race of the Southern Desert came face to face with the race of the Northern forests; and against the armies of the Germanic nations the scimitars of Mohammed smote in vain. He failed to take Vienna. His power had reached its utmost, and the world felt that the ruler of the seas had said to the proud waves of the Islamic flood, "Thus far, no farther."

VIII

The Balance of Power

And then it began to recede.

For the secret of Islam's power had been, from the moment when it came into being, control of the highroads. Mohammed's first step was to take possession

of the crossroads of the Desert passing through Mecca and Medina. Alexandria, Damascus, Jerusalem, Constantinople, each of them was an important trading center, and Islam, as master of them all, reaped tribute from all the commerce of the world.

But this mastery brought its own destruction, like every other monopoly oppressively administered. Christopher Columbus, having read Marco Polo's accounts of the dominions of the Tartar Khan, set sail Westward to find them, inasmuch as the Turks had barred the Eastern road. Vasco da Gama found the sea route south and East, thus proving that commerce could reach the Eastern Lands without going through the territories of the Caliph. Thenceforward the struggle between nations swung sharply away from the land routes, and became a conflict for control of the sea.

At the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, the naval power of the Eastern Empire under the Sultans was destroyed in the greatest sea-battle the world had seen for eighteen hundred years, since Rome and Carthage strove for mastery of the Mediterranean. More than 600 ships were engaged. The Turks lost 30,000 men, and 12,000 Christians were freed from horrible slavery in the galleys.

From this battle is sometimes dated the decline of the power of Islam. But the real reason is that the current of the world's trade swung elsewhere. Islam remained magnificent; yet there was a seed of decay planted within.

Just as in the height of Rome's power the barbarians swept down from their fastnesses in the Baltic forests, so at the height of the Saracenic civilization the Northern plains poured a devastating wave into the pleasant lands of the Caliphate of Bagdad. The Turks, a Tartar race akin to the Mongolians, swept down from the country ever since known as Turkestan and became the plague of the world. Across the passes of Armenia they came, nomadic tribes looking upon that unhappy land simply as a passage way to the rich plunder of Syria. Beneath their desolating tread the Mesopotamian valley,

once the world's great garden, became the abomination of desolation.

How awful was the destruction which they wrought it is hard for us to visualize. When Haroun al Raschid was Caliph of Bagdad, and Busrah and Kufa were rival centers of learning, his vast dominions shone with a fairy splendor. Moslem Arabs fraternized with the Christians, whose patriarch at Bagdad, with twenty-five archbishops under him, guided the fortunes of that great Oriental Christendom which stretched from Edessa to Pekin. Millions upon millions of Christians, far more than owned the sway of the Bishop of Rome, looked to the patriarch of the Holy City of Bagdad, which was the successor of the Holy City of Babylon. In the Western confines of China there is still a monument, written half in Chinese and half in Syriac, testifying that the Emperor of China had received Christian missionaries about the year 800, and was well pleased with them, and in Southern India there are the Christians of Malabar, half a million members of the only surviving remnant of that vast Church which stretched over all of Southern Asia — before the flood-tide of the Turks and the Tartars desolated the Garden of the World.

Genghis Khan, Hulagu and Tamerlane swept out of the wilderness of Central Asia, and tore like a whirlwind of death across the world. Where they set their feet, corn and wheat and the patient flowers never grew again, the ancient chroniclers told. Before them went a tidal wave of Turks, who, entering the service of the Saracens, seized the authority of their masters, and founded the Turkish dynasty at Ghazni. Fresh hordes from Turkestan established the authority of the Seljukian Turkish rulers, until finally Ertoghrul, leader of a homeless Turkoman tribe, founded at Angora the empire of the Ottoman Turks.

But how could such a race establish so glorious an Empire?

At least half of the blood of the ruling families of the Ottoman empire has always been Christian. Turkish conquerors married, or gave to their sons, Christian

princesses; and the fighting force of the Sultans, the far-famed "janissaries," were Christian boys trained up as Mohammedan warriors. When Murad defeated the Pan-Jugo-Slavs at Kossovo, and was himself slain in the victory, his son, Bayezid, took the daughter of the vanquished prince Lazar as his wife; and thus the son of Bayezid claimed the throne of Serbia by double right of inheritance. The great founder of the dynasty, Osman, or Othman, married his son Orkhan to the famous princess Nilofer, whom he carried away from the altar on her wedding day. For many hundreds of years the intermarrying went on; and millions of Christians of the Serb race, inhabiting Bosnia and Herzegovina, having become disgusted with the bitter warfare between Catholic and Orthodox, joined the faith of Islam and gave their daughters freely to the warriors of Mohammed, in marriage.

But Constantinople, ancient capital of the Orthodox Faith, found a rival. Far in the North the Grand Prince of Moscow caught up the fallen diadem of the Cæsars and proclaimed that Holy Russia was heir to the sacred title of the Byzantine empire, as guardian and protector of the Faith of the Ecumenical Councils. Holy Russia began her slow and ponderous way toward the warm waters of the south. Century by century she made way, until in 1787 it looked as if the Czar, the new Cæsar, were about to take possession of the lands of the old, driving out the Moslem invader.

Then came the French Revolution; and then came Napoleon; and Russia's face was wrenched around from the South to the West. After Napoleon came the Congress of Vienna; and out of the Congress of Vienna came the Balance of Power; and the wavering hold of the Sultans was confirmed and strengthened for another hundred years.

Here is the secret of the depravity which has marked the rule of the last Ottoman sultan. Europe was divided into two camps. Neither side could bear to have the other side take any advantage from the Turks. As often as Russia won a decisive victory, England pre-

vented her from enjoying it; as often as France or England or Austria or Germany or Italy sought concessions or attempted to gain advantages, they were faced by underhanded trickery or open resistance emanating from other nations, jealous for Constantinople. "Maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire," became a watchword of European history. Secure from any destruction from without, the Ottoman sultans degenerated far below the level at which they could have sustained themselves, if not held up by this pressure; as a drunken man is sustained by pressure from opposite sides.

Disposition of Constantinople is, even as I write, the great problem perplexing the victors in the World War. The Allied forces have partitioned among themselves the richest provinces of the Empire of the Turks. But who shall administer the Capital of the East? The sudden vast importance of Russia makes the holding of the Straits the key to the East even more decisively than it has been hitherto. And the millions of Moslems in India and throughout the East are bestirring themselves at the menace to their Caliphate.

What Constantinople means to the East is implied in that name Rôum, by which the Western Dominions of the Turks have been known ever since the Seljuks won Asia Minor. Apart from the prestige of their own early conquests the Ottomans inherited and in a large degree have retained until now, the traditional prestige of the greatest empire which ever held it. They stand not only for their own past, but also for whatever still lives of the prestige of Rome. Their system of rulership was that of Byzantium, which means that it was the system of Babylon. Change of nationality among the rulers of the world matters very little to those vast populations, which are still in about the same stage of knowledge and of civilization as they were in the days of Heraclius, when Mohammed preached. The victory of the Moslems did not mean what we take it to have meant, a victory of the East over the West. It was merely a change of administration in the Capital City. "Rôum is Rôum"

the natural and indefeasible Lord of the World. Possession of Constantinople means to the East what the oath of inauguration taken at the Capitol in Washington means to Americans. We of the West may scout the idea of a Holy City and of a Priest-Emperor. But the bulk of the world has never been ruled in any other way. Our own claim may be advanced in the name of "Humanity" or "Democracy" or some other shadowy god. But still the holder of Roum is Lord of the World.

THE BOOK OF FRANCE

When the Western Cæsar's crown was sent by the Gothic conqueror to his imperial rival at Constantinople, it was but the symbolic recognition of an accepted fact. The glory had departed from the Tiber, and shone beside the Bosphorus.

Ever since that time the course of history in the western world has been dominated by two chief notes. One is the struggle for the Roads, and the other is the Strife of the Eagles.

The story of France is a ceaseless warfare between the kings, who represented a national road-system, against the Dukes and Lords, who represented innumerable and extortionate tariffs. Not until the days of Napoleon did France, Eldest Daughter of Rome, build a sure foundation for her dream of inheritance. Napoleon sought to crown his magnificent roads with the diadem of Augustus and Charlemagne. But the Eastern Head of the Roman Eagle struck at him from Moscow, and Napoleon fell.

In the struggle of the two heads of the Double-Headed Eagle, which symbolized the Empire with two capitals, the Balkan wars were perpetually renewed, until in that last and most fatal strife the heritage of Rome destroyed itself in the flames of the Great War.

Tracing the history of Europe since the days of the fall of Rome, therefore, is tracing one or another of two dominant notes which run across a confused chaos, a barbaric welter, an unending madness. The Book of France is the Story of the Roads, wherein the faint remembered gleam of the inheritance of Rome shines along the lands desolated by the Folk-Wandering. The Book of Germany is the story of the Romances, wherein

history is written in the love-stories of the great. Over both hangs the giant shadow of Imperial Rome.

I

The Storm from the East

Cains' Julius Cæsar conquered Gaul with merciless cruelty, putting to death some five million men, women and children. But the organizing genius of Rome, and particularly her splendid road-system, united the warring tribes into one great province, which increased in wealth so rapidly that it became, next to Egypt, the richest in the Empire. Bountiful harvests of grain and a rich trade in enamel and jewelry kept the center of the Empire fixed in Italy by offering a strong counterbalance to the heavy pull of Egypt and Syria.

Celt and Roman became amalgamated into a single race by the swift development of interchanging ideas, spreading along the roads. Magnificent highways enabled the messengers of the Government and its armies to reach every part of the empire with incredible speed. It lends great interest to those who have survived the days of Albert Sidney Burleson to know that the Roman official who corresponded to our Postmaster General held the title of *Cursus Publicus*. These highways and this postal system made commerce easy, and encouraged merchants and travelers to visit the most distant portions of the realm. Everywhere they found the same coins, the same system of weights and measures. Colonies were sent out to the confines of the Empire, and the remains of great public buildings, of theatres and bridges, of sumptuous villas and baths at places like Treves, Cologne, Bath and Salzburg, indicate how thoroughly the influence and civilization of Rome penetrated to the utmost parts of the territory subject to her rule.

Having no literary or artistic ability, Rome had adopted the culture of the Greeks. This was spread abroad by Government teachers, so that an educated

man was pretty sure to find, even in the outlying parts of the Empire, other educated men with much the same ideas and interests as his own. Everywhere men felt themselves to be not mere natives of this or that land, but citizens of the world.

So stretched this fair but fragile civilization, menaced by the distant sullen roar of barbarian hordes beating upon the Legion-dikes stretched along the whole vast length of the Rhine and the Danube; a thin line of soldiery flung across the center of Europe, dividing North from South with a boundary that has run red with the bloody foam of those contending currents ever since.

Below this sunny Roman world lashed and foamed the sea of servile discontent. A rainbow bridge it was indeed, for those who profited by it; spun above an angry sea and shining against a background of storm clouds rolling perilously near.

And then the great Storm broke; a storm from whose wreckage the world has never yet struggled clear. Out of the Northern Plains of the giant land of Asia swept the Huns, a horde of Mongolian savages, in a tidal wave of destruction that covered Europe even to the Western Ocean with smoking horror. And before them, driven like the froth and fume before an oncoming hurricane, went a flying van of fugitives who, seeking shelter within the legionary ramparts of Rome, rent those aged walls asunder. One whole Gothic nation, driven ahead of the Huns, asked lands of the emperor Valens, which were granted them; and they crossed the Danube with their wives and their children as immigrants.

But there was corruption in the civil administration. Immigration officials who kept the crossing of the Danube were venal creatures, more interested in their own profit than in the laws of the Empire or the good treatment of their wards, like the "Indian Agents" of our own day and land. They sold to the immigrants worthless provisions and allowed them, for a bribe, to keep their own arms; both being violations of the law. Madened by the consistent ill treatment of their hosts, the

Gothic immigrants rose in revolt, like Geronimo and his Apaches, and drove the legions before them, until in the fateful year of 378 the Roman Emperor Valens was killed at the head of his troops, fighting before the city of Adrianople.

Here, with Valens, Rome began to fall; for it was proven that Goths could conquer legionaries. Further and further onward the tribesmen, disciplined and fearless, pressed into the heart of the Mistress of the World, —welcomed as liberators by millions of serfs and groaning slaves—until in the year 410, the City itself fell into the hands of the barbarians; and a descendant of the immigrants pulled down and set up emperors at his pleasure. Meanwhile the Horror from which the Goths had fled was pressing on behind, until Attila, in that last dreadful wave which washed nearly across the length of the Empire, found Goth and Roman standing united at Chalons on the Marne, “with their backs against the wall”; like Sir Douglas Haig, fifteen hundred years later; and the last battle won in the name of Rome on Gallic soil was the victory of the Goth in the name of the Empire which he had destroyed.

Out of their vast Asian reservoir the Huns had swept at wide intervals before, leaving in their wake nothing but terror and destruction. Chinese records tell of the “Hung-Nu” a thousand years before Christ, and indeed the Chinese Wall was begun as a measure of protection against them. Scythian hordes, the terror of the East, had swept down to the gates of Egypt more than once. But this latest rush of that fell tide, the swoop of Attila, the Scourge of God, left a blackness behind it such as men’s minds had not conceived before. For Attila completed the destruction which the Cæsars had begun.

Out of the East came Attila at a portentous hour. It was the close of the Twelfth Century from the Foundation of Rome. Augurs remembered with chilling lips that when Romulus and Remus pitched their camp on the Palatine Hill, twelve vultures had appeared to Romulus and six to Remus, and that this had always been interpreted as twelve centuries plus six lustra—twelve

hundred and thirty years. Twelve centuries from 753 B. C. was 453 A. D., and thirty years more was 480; and subtracting the four years error in the calculation of the birth of Christ, this brings the year 476.

And it was in just that year, fulfilling with dreadful accuracy the portent of the vultures, that poor little Romulus Augustulus, last of the Western Emperors, was deposed by the stout Gothic king, and his diadem and purple sent to the Eastern Emperor at Constantinople, thus bringing to an end the dominion of Rome.

Other evil portents accompanied Attila. He had founded his city on the Danube, as Romulus had upon the River Tiber, with the murder of his twin brother Bleda. Attila had appeared before his followers with a naked sword, which he claimed was the Sword their ancestors worshiped, sent by a special revelation from heaven. Herodotus remarks that the Scythians worshiped a bare sword as their god. Attila announced himself as a descendant of the great Nimrod, the "mighty hunter" of the plain of Shinar, nurtured in En-Gadi: "by the grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes and the Medes, the Dread of the World, the Scourge of God." He claimed that he was the "man-child born in the desert" referred to in the book of the Revelation, who was to "war against the kings of the world." And in keeping with this was his boast that grass never grew where the foot of his horse had trod.

Roman tax-gatherers, Roman slave-drivers, had prepared the way for the savages. Among the serfs there was no heart to resist. Among the well-to-do there was an uneasy sense of retribution long delayed, of Roman sins deserving such a punishment. But more than remorse paved the path of the conqueror — romance likewise attended him. Honoria, sister of the Emperor Valentinian III, angry at her brother's restrictions on her "personal liberty," sent a message to Attila offering her hand if he would release her from her brother's gilded prison. Using this as a convenient pretext, Attila laid claim to the crown of Rome "by right of my fair betrothed." Hideously ugly though he was, and

possessing wives in plenty, he sent fond messages to Honoria, asserting that he habitually wore twelve crowns, and was coming to lay the lands of thirty kings at her feet. But before proceeding to claim his bride, he swept across Austria into France, crossing the Rhine at Coblenz where the Yank armies of invasion entered Germany. And here in France he met his stay.

Aetius, who commanded the Roman legions in Gaul, and Theodoric the Goth, united their forces for one last stand against the common enemy. All day long the battle field of Chalons on the Marne saw a fearful struggle. Huge and horrible was the slaughter; King Roderick of the Gothic army was trampled to death by his own horses, his death almost unnoticed in the general wreck. But Roman legions and Gothic warriors stood firm, hurling back the horsemen of Asia. On the second day they lay under arms, burying the dead; and Attila, afraid at last, built a huge funeral pyre of the saddles of his army, with himself and his wives and all his gold upon the top of it, ready to be burnt if his army were defeated.

But in the night of the second day Attila and his men slipped away in retreat across the Alps, to vent his rage on the cities of Northern Italy, whose fugitives founded Venice in the marshes at the head of the sea.

II

The Cutting of the Roads

But when the invading tide had ebbed at last into that Central Asia, out of which they had come, the face of the world was altered. Rome was gone. West Goths under Alaric had sacked the City in 410; after them came East Goths, Burgundians, Angles, Saxons, Vandals, Suebi, Lombards, Franks,—“*allemani*,” all nations, indeed; innumerable and interminable. For four hundred years the Folk-Wandering continued: a period as long as the Empire had endured in its strength.

When this Folk-Wandering began, Gaul had 116 cities, with baths, temples, amphitheatres, works of art, aqueducts, splendid roads, and schools of rhetoric and eloquence. The towns were self-governing. Each town elected every year two consuls, ædiles to oversee the police and public works, and quæstors or auditors and treasurers to care for the finances. Elections were accompanied with all modern paraphernalia of torchlight processions and fights at the polls, while placards and advertising posters were painted or chalked on the walls. Bishops were elected by popular vote, as were consuls.

But, when the Folk-Wandering ended, the towns were in ashes. All semblance of republican rule had ceased. The roads fell into disrepair. Commerce disappeared with the decline of the roads. General disorganization of the whole fabric of society resulted. Men armed themselves to defend their farms from Roman and Goth alike. He who could defend his acres became lord of a manor. That vast network of roads from Persia to Britain decayed. There was no one to mend them, and until the time of Napoleon they were not mended. Independent nobles and poverty-stricken communities took the place of world-empire. Trade languished, for there was little demand for those articles of luxury which the Roman communities in the north had been accustomed to obtain from the South. Elections were out of the question. Hereditary and feudal rule, based upon seizure of local power by armed strength and maintained by heredity, were inevitable. Instead of the Roman idea of loyalty to the State, the tribes substituted loyalty to the chief. He, as head of the conquerors, owned all the land of the conquered Gallo-Romans, and partitioned it out as he would.

But still the Church kept the elective system; and still the clergy retained their ancient connections with Rome. All that was left of the Empire was the Church. And within the Church there were divisions which threatened to break even that bond of unity.

III

Arian and Catholic

When Constantine called on the Church to stay up the Empire, he found a sharp difference of opinion between the well-to-do and the working-class members of it as to the question whether God could really work. Greek philosophers, seeking to explain the universe on the principles of a society supported on slave labor, had held that since no Greek gentleman could really work and remain a gentleman, it was impossible for him to believe in a God who worked; and that therefore the God who created the world, and still more the God who became incarnate, could not possibly be the same God who was the object of worship. A divinity who had performed the vulgar task of making the sun, moon and stars and the earth, and still more a divinity who took on himself the vulgar flesh of a common carpenter, lost caste just as much as a Greek philosopher would if he shoveled manure for a living. Hence the Arian theory, which held that God the Son was not "of the same substance" as God the Father. But the proletarians, headed by Athanasius, held stoutly for the "homooousion" theory, which maintained that there is nothing repugnant to the pure essence of divinity in the sweaty muscles of a workingman.

The Athanasians won the victory at Nicea—a victory which defeated itself in the East, as we shall see, for orthodoxy became the badge, no longer of proletarian, but of Imperial, loyalty. The Arians spread abroad westward as missionaries to the heathen. The "heathen" were the Goths; and therefore it happened that when the Goths were Christianized they adopted the Arian form of that religion, and ranked Jesus with Baldur and Thor as a proper object of worship.

Had Arianism been victorious among all the Teutonic tribes, the sole bond that held the shattered fragments of the old Empire together would have been cleft asunder. The decisive impulse toward the Catholic faith and the

unity of Europe was given by the ruler of the Franks, Clovis by name; and the destiny of Europe turned—as often before and since—upon the persistence of a woman.

The Franks alone of the Germanic invaders succeeded in establishing a permanent kingdom. Vandals, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, were absorbed by the peoples among whom they settled, because they cut off their connection with their aboriginal forests. But the Franks, while conquering the districts about them, kept open their communications with their old home; and hence this tribe, delighting in the name of “Freemen”—which is what Franks originally meant—have given their name to that state which has so largely swayed Europe ever since. The Franks remained pagans long after the Goths had become Arians; remained so, indeed, until the romantic wooing of Clotilda and Clovis made of the Frankish King the one barbarian chief on whom the Pope of Rome could call as a son of the Faith and thus procured for France the title of “Eldest Daughter of the Church.”

Under the hand of Clovis, seizing with a sure and unrelaxing grip the wavering and unsteady fragments of scattered power, in fifty years the land of the Franks had grown from a small patch of land along the banks of the Rhine to a territory including the whole of modern France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Germany as far as the Elbe. Clovis, having become a Catholic, used the name and banner of the Church in his battles against all his neighbors, who were either Arian or pagan; and his successors, men like him in their morality and their faith, consolidated and extended his territory, until the rule of the Franks was securely established in the land of the Gauls.

Milman, in his “History of Latin Christianity,” says:

“It is difficult to conceive of a more dark and odious state of society than that of France, under the Merovingian kings, the descendants of Clovis. The barbarians had introduced into Christianity all their ferocity, with none of their generosity or magnanimity. Their energy shows itself in a hell’s-broth of atrocities, sensuality, and

perversion. King Clotaire burned alive his rebellious son, with his wife and daughter; a bishop of Tours burned alive a man to obtain the deeds of his real estate. Queen Fredegonde, wife of Chilperic I, grandson of Clovis, sends two clergymen to assassinate Childebert. She causes the Archbishop of Rouen to be murdered while chanting the service in church; and again the crime is committed with the assistance of a bishop and an archdeacon."

Gregory of Tours, the brightest light of learning in that dreary darkness, has great difficulty with the moods and tenses of the Latin tongue in which his services were said. A time dark enough, indeed! Under the successors of Clovis, the administration of the kingdom was concentrated in the hands of "mayors of the palace," officials who presided at the meetings of the king's council. The Kings themselves became do-nothing, "rois faineants," amusing themselves and leaving everything, as it were, in the hands of Tumulty.

IV

The Crown of Charlemagne

Then up from the Southern desert swept the hosts of Mohammed, as the hordes of Attila had swept out of the Northern desert. The history of the world, as has been remarked before, consists largely in alternate waves of invasion out of the Southern plains of Arabia and out of the Northern plains of central Asia. In France these two waves reached their highest flood, and their wild crests broke against the solid walls of the defenses of the Frankish steel. Attila and his Huns had been turned back at Chalons by the armies of the last of the Roman generals; the Caliph and his Moors were turned back just a century later at Tours by Charles Martel, founder of the greatest line of Frankish kings. The heart of France met and withstood the hordes of the Southern Desert, as it had hurled back the Savages of the North.

Gibbon remarks that if Charles Martel had not con-

quered in the battle of Tours, the "interpretation of the Koran might now be taught at Oxford, and the pulpits of England might preach to a circumcised population the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mohammed."

Charles Martel's son was Pippin the Short. He, being a good Catholic, and disgusted with the impotency of his king, sent to Pope Zacharias and asked him whether there was a "good state of things in regard to the kings of the Franks."

The Pope replied, "He who has the power should be the King."

It was the same fateful message which caused the overthrow of the Persian, and later of the Roman, and still later of the Czar.

Stephen, the successor of Zacharias, fleeing before an assault of the King of the Lombards, crossed the Alps to ask the aid of Pippin. On July 28, 754, Pope Stephen, in the church of St. Denis, anointed with the holy oil Pippin and his two sons, Charles and Carloman, and proclaimed their investiture with royalty. Charles was at that time scarcely twelve years old: so early did he receive the dignity which he was to expand into the imperial title by which he is known to all succeeding years, "Carolus Magnus"—Charles the Great—Charlemagne.

Carloman died in 771, leaving Charles to the headship of his people. Thirty years later on Christmas Day in the year 800, Charlemagne was bowing down before the altar in St. Peter's Church at Rome, when Pope Leo placed upon his head the crown of the Emperors, and all the people shouted "Long Life and Victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and peaceful Imperator Romanorum!"

So began a new life for the Empire of Augustus, whose Western line had been extinguished in 476 when the scornful Goth sent the imperial diadem and purple to Constantinople. But the Eastern line had also fallen on evil days: Constantine VI had been deposed by his mother, the Empress Irene; and Charlemagne's assump-

tion of the world-ruling crown placed him next in line after this Constantine.

Charlemagne is one of those heroic figures to whom history is unable to do justice, summoning legend and myth to her aid. A bare recital of the events of his life is incapable of picturing the greatness of his sway over the minds of men of his own time and of all succeeding centuries. He aspired to and won every sort of greatness—military, political, intellectual. He was an able warrior, an energetic legislator, a hero of poetry. And all these qualities were displayed in a time of monotonous and universal barbarism, when, save in the Church and in far away Ireland, the minds of men were dull and barren, and even in the church education was confined to a very few.

But Charlemagne did not found a government. Rather he gave rise to a legend. He had not mastered the fact that empire is built upon roads. Rome's wonderful highways were everywhere in decay, for there had not been for three hundred years a corps of engineers with the science and maintenance to keep them in repair. What bridges existed were, until very near to the days of the Reformation, tended by "bridge-friars" as acts of piety. In those parts of Charlemagne's possessions that lay beyond the confines of the old Empire, impediments to travel were still worse, for there not even the vestiges of roads existed.

Kings everywhere had to contend with the scarcity of money. This prevented them from securing the services of a great corps of paid officials, such as every modern government finds necessary. Moreover it made it impossible for them to support the standing army which would have been necessary to suppress the constant insubordination of officials and of the powerful and restless nobility, whose chief interest in life was fighting.

Wherever Charlemagne went he brought a stern and rigid peace, but as soon as he had turned his attention elsewhere, chaos broke out behind him. For his indomitable energy, his numberless campaigns and his invariable victories we have a traditional admiration.

Yet they were the ceaseless activities of failure, not the enduring peace of success.

His capital was established at Aachen, in the midst of the Germanic tribes which gave him the most trouble. From this point as a focus his activities radiated even to the ends of a vast empire which swept from the Pyrenees to the Elbe. When he died, the figure of the old monarch was buried in the basilica of his huge cathedral at Aachen, robed in imperial purple, with the crown of empire on his head, and round his neck the golden cross which Leo had hung.

V

The Nemesis of Lorraine

As soon as Charlemagne died his kingdom began to fall to pieces, divided between his jealous successors. His son was Louis the Pious, whose whole reign of twenty-seven years was embittered by the ceaseless disputes of his three heirs, Lothair, Charles and Louis, as to which portion of the domain each of them should inherit when the father was out of the way. On the death of Louis the Pious, Lothair, the eldest, took the title of Emperor, the two capitals, Rome and Aachen, and a long strip of territory stretching between. Charles took the West, what is now France, and Louis took the East, or what is now Germany.

The kingdom of Lothair was known as "Lotharii Regnum;" Lotharingia. It has formed a dark and bloody ground over which half the wars of Europe have been fought ever since. It was the neutral land between Charles of France and Louis of Germany. It included what is now Belgium, Luxemburg, Lorraine, Alsace, Switzerland, and Italy. Lorraine is the French form of the German "Lothringen," into which the Latin "Lotharingia" was shortened. Both younger sons felt themselves aggrieved by the pretensions of their elder brother, and at Strasburg they signed a covenant of unity against him; a covenant which forms the first appearance of the modern French and German languages; a covenant of

perpetual hate, of brothers vowing mutual murder; a covenant bloodily kept, and not yet expunged!

Lothair—Lorraine! One of the rallying cries of the French in the War of 1914 was the "freedom of Lorraine" and one of its fruits was to give back to the vengeful shadow of Charles of France the territory which the sinister ghost of his brother Louis of Germany had last taken from him in 1870. Beneath such fraternal covenants as this, the empire of Charlemagne collapsed as rapidly as it had grown. After Charles the Hammer and Charles the Great came a line of sovereigns known to their subjects as "The Bald," "The Stammerer," "The Lazy," "The Fat." For three years, by a series of accidents, the whole territory of the East and the West Franks, namely France and Germany, was under the sway of a single sovereign, Charles the Fat; but after him the two lands were never united again until Napoleon, whose dream of a unified Europe was shattered, after he himself had grown fat, at the battle of Waterloo.

Charles the Fat died in 888, a date which is usually taken to mark the end of the Carolingian Empire. The Germans, still attached to the ancient line, chose Arnulf, an illegitimate Carolingian, as king. He entered Italy and was crowned Emperor by Pope Formosus in 896. But Germany divided and helpless, was in no condition to maintain power over the southern lands. Arnulf retreated in haste, leaving Rome and Italy to sixty years of stormy independence.

Meanwhile, out of the frozen North, a new tribe of plunderers poured down upon helpless and devastated Europe. The Northmen came in their ships from the shores of the Baltic and the thousand-mile rocky coast of Norway to hurl themselves upon the rich coastlands of France. Far up the fertile estuaries they penetrated, sacking towns and monasteries and carrying away the fairest of the women captive to their rude halls in the icy lands of the North. Under their leader Rolf, or Rollo, the Northmen besieged Paris, and were bribed by the Emperor Charles the Fool to acknowledge him as overlord, in return for the gift of the Dukedom of Normandy.

"That time," says Bryce in his "Holy Roman Empire," "was indeed the nadir of order and civilization. From all sides the torrent of barbarism which Charles the Great had stemmed was rushing down upon his empire. The Saracen wasted the Mediterranean coasts, and sacked Rome herself. The Dane and Norsemen swept the Atlantic and the North Sea, pierced France and Germany by their rivers, burning, slaying, carrying off into captivity. Pouring through the straits of Gibraltar they fell upon Provence and Italy. By land, while the Wends and Czechs and Obotrites threw off the German yoke and threatened the borders, the wild Hungarian bands, pressing in from the steppes of the Caspian, dashed over Germany like the flying spray of a new wave of barbarism, and carried the terror of their battle-axes to the Apennines and the ocean. Under such strokes the already loosened fabric swiftly dissolved. No one thought of common defense or wide organization; the strong built castles, the weak became their bondsmen, or took shelter under the cowl; the governor—count, abbot, or bishop—tightened his grasp, changed a delegated into an independent power, a personal into a territorial authority, and hardly acknowledged a distant and feeble suzerain. The grand vision of a Universal Christian Empire was utterly lost in the isolation, the antagonism, the increasing localization of all power. It might seem to have been but a passing gleam from an older and better world."

After Arnulf came Lewis the Child, his son; and in him the last vestige of the imperial line of Charlemagne was lost. The German chieftains chose as Emperor Conrad and after him Henry, Duke of Saxony, both of them representing the female line of Charles. They laid the foundation of a firm monarchy; and the son of Henry, Otto I, created the Holy Roman Empire under German emperors which lasted until the days of Francis II of the House of Hapsburg. In Otto's grasp the Crown of Augustus crossed the Rhine, and all the unceasing desperate efforts of France have never brought it back to stay.

VI

How the Church Survived

How and why was it that the Church which Clovis and Charlemagne had established as the Orthodox Mother of the Faithful survived, when all semblance of civil order had been lost with the decay and abandonment of the Roman Roads?

In the days of Clovis and in the days of Arnulf, the roads were morasses, infested by bands of robbers, commanded at every strong point by castles of noblemen who were merely robbers with a legal sanction—traffic magnates charging all the passengers could pay. Language, laws and costumes differed at every frontier.

But there was one class of men who could travel in safety. They were the monks. Robbers soon learned that it was useless to rob a monk, for he owned nothing. What little sanctity there was attached to his person for the church was a corporation which never overlooked an injury, and never forgot a favor. Consequently along what remained of the roads the monks proceeded in comparative safety from monastery to monastery, carrying with them documents useless to robbers, who could not read, but maintaining that priceless communication of place with place which alone kept alive some sort of feeling of unity among the scattered princelings. Languages and laws might differ, but the Mass was always the same. Even if one did not understand the words, there was a comfortable feeling of familiarity in the sonorous psalm which rose and fell in Britain in the same cadence as in Italy.

Monasteries were frequently armed fortresses which could repel assault. But more than this, they were agricultural and industrial settlements, maintaining schools not merely in reading and writing, but in industrial arts. Around the monasteries schools gathered which later became universities and around the universities grew cities, and around the cities states and nations began to take form.

Wherever a pilgrim went, from end to end of Christendom, upon a mission of penitence or expiation, he found harborage and rest at the door of a monastery. No foodless man ever went hungry from the church's door, nor a weary man unrefreshed. Wild storms and bloody wars might sweep over county and dukedom and plunge the lands of kings into mourning, but still the censers swung before the tabernacle of God, and the solemn chant of David's hymns rose at eventide from choirs of convent and abbey. At the head of this great fabric which held Christendom together stood the Pope, whose shining tiara gleamed above the weltering tumult like the star of hope piercing the clouds of a disastrous and age-long storm.

France had become the champion of the church. She had rescued the Popes from the hands of their foes; her Frankish Charlemagne had revived the imperial power when it was all but gone, even as a memory. Even though the Germanic races took the imperial crown from the nerveless hands of his successor, France still was the Eldest Daughter of the Church, the first Nation to lift its head above the waves of that fell storm that had wrecked the world.

VII

The House of the Cape

When the French line of Charlemagne, held by successors unworthy of the name, died out in 987, Hugh Capet was elected King of France. Capet was so called because he wore a cloak, or cape, "like an abbot." For three hundred years thereafter every king of the house of Capet had a son who received the scepter directly from his father's hands, and was associated with his father during his life-time. Thus the House of France shone as a steady brilliance against the fitful gleams of the rise and fall of other reigning houses all over Europe. The growing absolutism of the French Kings was a refuge from the mad anarchy of the feudal

nobility. By degrees under their strong and sturdy administration, the crown of France grew in power and the lands of France, in wealth, as roads began to be cleared through the wilderness again and robber castles destroyed. The story of the Crusades has been told. Their effort was a failure as regards the ostensible aim—to wrest the Holy Land from the Infidel. Yet it was not all failure.

There were great results. Roads between East and West were opened again. Fleets of Venice and Genoa sailed to the ports of Syria and came back loaded with the luxuries of the Orient. In the rising commerce of the time, money crept again into use, undermining the feudal order. Many small nobles who had pledged or sold their lands that they might obtain money to make the venture, left their bones in the Holy Land, and their possessions in the hands of the money-lender, Church, or King at home.

Huge land holdings were accumulated in the hands of the Knights Templar, the Knights Hospitaller, and the Teutonic Knights. Of these the Templars, by far the most powerful, controlled almost a third of France. King Philippe le Bel, early in the fourteenth century, procured the election of the Archbishop of Bordeaux as Pope Clement V on condition that he would abolish the Templars. This was done; and the lands of the Temple came into the hands of the King, who brought the Pope to live at Avignon that he might have him directly in his possession and his power. From this arose the split in the Papacy that shook the foundations of the Faith and opened the way for Luther.

Feudalism was vanishing. The growing power of the Kings abolished the highway terrorism on which the small nobles had grown rich. Gold and silver plate was coined into money, and the custom of barter on which the manor had subsisted was undermined by the presence of the medium of exchange. More than all of these, perhaps, the light of new empires and the glory of far adventures shone on the Eastern horizon, making men to know that there were greater vistas on earth than

those bounded by the manorial court or the parish church.

With increasing demand for luxuries and manufactures, trade guilds began their growth to power. Merchant cities arose, purchasing charters from impoverished overlords. That long overland route down the valleys of the Rhine and the Danube, which began at Bagdad, ended in Bruges and Ghent, where wealth flourished and handicrafts reached a pinnacle of perfection that left their mark on the architecture of those towns until the Great War came.

Dim shadowings of the intellectual splendor of the universities of Granada, just across the Pyrenees, had long made themselves felt; but teachers began now to be in demand. These gathered themselves together in adjacent quarters. In the year 1115 Peter Abelard came to Paris to teach rhetoric, which included all the arts of the orator. About 1150 all the teachers in Paris combined themselves into a trade guild, in imitation of the weavers and woodcarvers, that they might have the same right of conferring the degrees of Master in Arts and Bachelor in Arts which the handicraftsmen possessed. Thus Universities of Arts and Letters came into being in imitation of the "Universitas Mercatorum," or association of the Great Guilds. The word College, like the word university, originally indicated a trade union. So when the university professors of the present day affiliate with the American Federation of Labor they are but going back to the rock whence they were hewn.

VIII

The Maid of Orleans

France, increasing so rapidly in prosperity and power, was a prize worth the grasping. In 1338 Edward III of England declared war, claiming the crown on the basis that his mother was the daughter of Philippe le Bel, whose sons had all died leaving no male heir. But the main reason for the war was commercial. Rich Flemish towns

were willing to throw off their allegiance to France and give it to England in return for commercial concessions in regard to the tariff on wood.

So began the Hundred Years War, which blackened the fair land of France with misery, and drove her kings from their exalted height to the miserable obscurity in which Joan of Arc found Charles VII: so poor and despised that his butcher had refused to extend him further credit until his last bills were paid. All of France north of the Loire was held by England.

Meanwhile the Black Plague had swept across Europe, and in some parts of France but one out of ten of the people survived the visitation; in others, but one out of sixteen.

But in this darkest hour arose a shining vision to bring France out of the gulf of despair. In Domremy a peasant girl had heard the voices of the angels summoning her to deliver her native land from the power of the invader. Joan of Arc found Charles VII a fugitive, penniless, and despised. After a series of swift victories, gained by the enthusiasm of her common soldiers, she led the Dauphin in triumph to Rheims, and crowned him with the golden crown of Clovis, anointing him with the oil that had been treasured in the sacred golden vial since the day when France became the daughter of the church.

Joan of Arc's victories were due to a comprehension of the psychology of France, which revolved around Rheims. There, France had been born, when Clovis the Sicambrian bowed his proud head to receive the waters of baptism. There had been laid the foundations of the Empire of Charlemagne; there the Church had received its champion. So to Rheims the young King was brought and crowned with the crown of Clovis. Thereby Joan of Arc supplied to the common soldiers of France that glory of enthusiasm and conviction in a divine cause which they had lacked; and England was swept into the sea by the fires kindled around the tomb of St. Remigius. But the King, thus restored to the throne, allowed Joan

to be sold into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, and burnt as a witch by the English-paid bishops.

Yet when he came to his power, Charles VII showed himself no mean monarch. He reestablished his despotism, gradually extending his sovereignty over his vassal nobles and restored order with a firm hand. Bands of "free lances," mercenary soldiers turned highwaymen, had been living in the country during the generations of war, and had earned the name of "flayers" from their methods of torture to discover valuables. All such bands were driven from France, and prosperity came swiftly back to the exhausted peasantry and the growing towns. But with the lesser rogues gone, the higher nobility leagued together in one last desperate attempt to recover their power. Louis XI defeated them, mainly by intrigue and cunning. His reputation is one of shrewd and crafty treachery. "It sometimes seems," writes one historian, "as if he gloried in being the most rascally amongst rascals, the most treacherous among the traitors, whom he so artfully circumvented in the interest of the French monarchy."

But as the royal government by whatever means became powerful, the country became constantly more wealthy. Commerce and industry increased as roads were swept clean of pirates, and as tolls levied by lesser lords were abolished. A standing army was kept by the king, thus relieving him of the necessity of depending upon the uncertain support of his vassals when war was afoot. Louis XI left France the richest, most orderly and most united country in Europe; and when Francis I stepped into the royal power, he was fully the equal, in the richness of his land and strength of his forces, of the Emperor.

IX

Disinherited

Emperor, indeed, he strove to be, and thus to bring the crown of Charlemagne back to the land of France again. When Maximilian I, Holy Roman Emperor, died,

Francis of France, Henry VIII of England and Charles V of Spain were the candidates; all young men about the same age, all handsome and well liked, and each of them the head of a strong and resolute nation. But Charles possessed resources which, though scattered among different realms, when united in his person outdistanced his rivals. The looms of Flanders had made Spanish Netherlands the richest manufacturing country in the world; conquests of Spain in Mexico and Peru had poured into her coffers limitless stores of gold; the fields of Burgundy, most productive of Europe's plains, were his: and Maximilian had designated Charles as his successor. Besides which, he had bribed Cardinal Wolsey, minister of Henry of England, to guard his interests. And in addition to all these causes, the Electors, German all, whose privilege it was to confer the imperial title, preferred a sovereign born in the Netherlands to one born in either France or England. Charles was elected. Francis and Henry, at the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold, cemented an alliance—ephemeral enough! even though the cement was gold—against him. But France failed, though by a narrow margin, of regaining the Imperial title; and the career of Francis was dominated by his bitter resentment against the rival who had robbed him of this glory—a resentment which led the “Most Catholic King” into an alliance with Suleiman the Magnificent, Sultan of Constantinople, then invading Austria.

All over Europe the Protestant revolt was gathering, stimulated by many causes; the Great Schism of Avignon, the discovery of printing, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks and the consequent flooding of Europe by Greek philosophers and savants, but most of all by growing industrialism, the development of “Great Business,” the return of gold and silver to impoverished Europe, and extension of commerce through the improvement of roads.

In France, the rise of commercial activity had created a class of prosperous bourgeoisie who chafed at the

feudal restrictions of the Empire and the ancient regulations of the Church regarding money.

John Calvin was instructed by the Sorbonne to prepare a refutation of the heresies of the Huguenots, but like Paul he became a convert, and was forced to flee to Switzerland, where he wrote his Institute of Theology with the grim and pitiless logic of an exiled French dyspeptic professor. No wonder they are gloomy! Thus he gave intellectual basis to the new religious movement which spread over Europe. His heaviest blow was that which he struck against the ancient religious edict against usury, by proving that up to ten per cent interest was entirely lawful, godly, and permissible to Christian men.

Calvinism spread over France like wildfire, stirring up business rivalry and hatred wherever it spread. For Huguenots grew wealthy by what Catholics regarded as unjustifiable means. The bloody sedition of the Dukes of Guise for forty years under the name of "protecting the Holy Catholic Religion" covered France with murder, with burnings and pillagings and every form of barbarity in the interests of primitive business simplicity. For example, the Duke of Guise, finding a thousand Huguenots assembled in a barn for worship massacred the defenseless multitude on the ground that their teachings "contained the seeds of destruction of all established order, of the orderly processes of government, of religion and civil peace"—word for word the charge of Speaker Sweet against the five Socialist legislators at Albany.

A general massacre of the Huguenots was planned for Paris, under cover of a fictitious plot to "overthrow the Government"—like the Red Raids of A. Mitchell Palmer. This massacre was carried out on St. Bartholomew's Eve, at a time when some two thousand of the prominent leaders of the Huguenot faith were assembled at Paris to attend the wedding of the young King Henry of Navarre to the sister of the King of France. Quickly the bloody news spread, and more than ten thousand were massacred.

The Pope struck a medal in commemoration of the

"deliverance;" he having been informed that the massacre had been successful in averting a wholesale slaughter of the Catholics, including the King. But the King, who knew the truth, died in agonies of remorse, leaving three Henriess to fight for the throne; Henry III, his weakly son; Henry Duke of Guise, and Henry of Navarre, whose wedding night had been so terribly celebrated. Henry III and Henry Duke of Guise had each other mutually assassinated; and the sequel to St. Bartholomew's Eve was the accession to the throne of the Protestant King of Navarre.

But like Cyrus of Persia, the new monarch found it politic to accept the religion of his new kingdom. "Paris" he exclaimed "*bien vaut un messe*"—Paris is well worth a mass. But to protect his former coreligionists he issued the Edict of Nantes, permitting Huguenots to enjoy the same political rights as Catholics. A number of fortified towns were to remain in their hands.

This system of "playing fair with the enemy" roused the deepest suspicions of those who had hailed the king's political conversion with lingering doubts. Henry was assassinated in the midst of his career by a Jesuit fanatic—not, however, before he had begun a comprehensive system of roads and canals and had moved to end the clutter of useless officials who devoured the substance of the kingdom. This latter measure had done much to rouse the anger which killed him. Henry's son, Louis XIII, came to the throne a child and Cardinal Richelieu ruled France for sixty years,—its greatest administrator. He "solidified the monarchy" by forcibly depriving the Huguenots of their fortified towns. But he at least played fair by destroying likewise the fortified castles of the old Catholic nobles, whose power had greatly increased during the turmoil of the Huguenot wars. Cardinal Mazarin succeeded Richelieu. When the "wily Italian" died in 1661, he left to the young Louis XIV such a prosperous and splendid realm as no French ruler had ever enjoyed.

X

"The Sun King"

Louis XIV, coming of age, assumed personal control of his domain. His court was magnificent beyond anything that had been dreamed of. Just outside of Paris, at Versailles, he constructed an enormous palace of dazzling splendor. Great gardens stretched away behind it. None were privileged to live in the town except those who served the wants of the court.

Around this palace the nobility, who had been deprived of their powers upon their own estates by the Great Cardinal, gathered in idleness. It was deemed a worthy occupation to hand the king his shirt as he dressed in the morning. It was a dizzy privilege, to be attained by years of scheming, to hand him a fresh napkin at dinner. Dukes and generals grovelled at the feet of the little, dark, handsome man who alone could unlock the sources of unlimited income with easy work.

Around his court the Sun King gathered men of letters and of learning. The French Academy and the Royal Library were founded. Trade was encouraged and regulated, so that a ceaseless, and as it was thought, an exhaustless, stream of gold poured into the royal treasury from the taxes of his prosperous subjects. The splendor of Versailles dazzled the Western world. Across the Rhine lay the antagonist of many centuries, depopulated, desolate, ravaged by torch and torture of marauding soldiery from every kingdom in Europe in the Wars of Religion. Now it seemed that the Hour of France had struck!

But then came suicide. By the year 1560 already one in twenty of the people of France had become Huguenots. By 1660, one in every twelve. Their numbers were almost wholly made up from the nobles and wealthy middle class of the towns. When Richelieu, in the interest of national unity and good roads, had deprived the Huguenots of their fortified towns, they had turned to general manufacture, banking and

commerce everywhere. "As rich as a Huguenot," had become a proverb. They undoubtedly formed the most thrifty and enterprising part of the nation.

Colbert, the great Minister of Louis XIV after Richelieu died, sought to increase the manufactures of France by recognizing the Medieval Guilds, and encouraging their monopoly. Through them, he thought, the government could keep an eye on all the manufacturing, and thus maintain the high standard both of quality and of taxation. Guilds were limited to Catholics. Thus rivalry between the Guilds, government controlled and limited to Catholics, and the Huguenots, freed from medieval restrictions and from ancient prohibitions against usury, grew more and more intense. And this led to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685, which destroyed France's dream—it seems forever.

XI

Destruction of the Huguenots

Saint Simon in his memoirs gives a picture of the results thus: "The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, without the slightest pretext or necessity, and the various proscriptions which followed it, were the results of a frightful plot, which depopulated a quarter of the realm; ruined its commerce: weakened it in every direction: gave it up for a long time to the public and avowed pillage of the dragoons: authorized torments and punishments by which many innocent people of both sexes were killed by thousands; ruined a numerous class: tore in pieces a world of families: armed relatives against relatives, so as to seize their property and leave them to die of hunger; banished our manufactures to foreign lands: made those lands flourish and overflow at the expense of France, and enabled them to build new cities; gave to the world the spectacle of a prodigious population proscribed without crime, stripped, fugitive, wandering, and seeking shelter far from their country: sent to the

galleys nobles, rich old men, people much esteemed for their piety, learning and virtue, people carefully nurtured, weak and delicate—all solely on account of religion.”

As Spain had committed industrial suicide by the expulsion of the Moors and Jews, so France disembowelled herself by driving from her borders, with torture and obloquy, by “galleys and gallows,” her best artisans, her most farseeing manufacturers, and her most skilful workmen of every trade. The effect was to take from France her “place in the sun,” to give the World Empire to England, and to make certain the great convulsion of the French Revolution. Not until the Revolution had destroyed both King and Guilds were the foundations laid again. The struggle for World Empire between France and England was decided in England’s favor by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. With the sources of his revenue thus destroyed, Louis XIV undertook a series of wars which would have bankrupted prosperity itself. After seizing the Netherlands, Lorraine, and the Franch-Comte, the free city of Strasbourg and the Rhenish Palatinate, he embarked upon the frightful, bloody and disastrous enterprise of the War of the Spanish Succession. The way of it was this:

When the King of Spain, Carlos II, died, leaving no son, it was found that he had willed his kingdom to Louis’ grandson, Philip, on condition that France and Spain should never be united. Louis accepted the throne for his grandson, but repudiated the pledge on which it was to be taken. France and the world regarded the accession of Philip as “abolishing the Pyrenees.”

Had Louis succeeded in his plan, the House of Capet would have controlled all of Europe from Holland to Sicily, all of South America, a large part of North America—with the limitless treasures of gold and silver from Mexico and Peru. He would have inherited also great privileges in the Eastern hemisphere held by the Kings of Portugal, soon to be allied with Spain. He would have been an Augustus, indeed!

But England and Holland and the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire joined hands against him. In ten

years of a bloody struggle which raged over the whole known world, from the plains of India to the headwaters of the Mississippi, Louis was defeated. France was driven out of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the whole Hudson Bay region. So began the long process of the expulsion of France from the New World empire won for her by the intrepid explorers of the great Wilderness. When Louis XIV died he handed down to his successor a demoralized kingdom, a depleted treasury and a long list of defeats. The old monarch had outlived both his son and his grandson, and the crown went to his great-grandson, Louis XV, whose reign forms a discreditable interregnum between the supreme glories of the Sun-King and the wild tempest of the Revolution.

Both at home and abroad the Huguenot persecutions destroyed France. Had it not been that the Jesuits sternly forbade the Huguenots to settle in America, on the ground that heretics would pervert the morals of the Indians, France might have built up there on a sure foundation. But that fruitful resource was barred.

Under Louis XV, skilful ministers strove to take advantage of the struggle between England and her thirteen colonies, so as to annex the Colonies to France. Lafayette's famous mission was undertaken in the hope that Americans would break from the British King to acknowledge the King of France, who had helped them win, as their lord. But this also failed, leaving only a huge collection of fresh and inherited debts to be paid out of a treasury bankrupt both by mismanagement and waste.

In all these enterprises the King was the sole moving spirit, and planned to receive the profits. France was an absolute autocracy, whose gradual concentration of power in the hands of the King had left the nobility like endless tails wagging for the gift of a bone. In procuring the necessary supply of bones, the framework of the kingdom was destroyed.

In 1789, France had a population of twenty-five million. One out of every hundred persons was a noble or a clergyman, and these two orders together owned half

the soil of France, with all of the fine buildings. They took from the peasant more than one-fourth of his income, and they received in pensions and emoluments of one kind or another a large part of the taxes which ate into the remainder. On the average, a peasant paid more than half of his income in direct taxes. Feudal dues and church tithes raised the amount to more than four-fifths. From the remaining one-fifth he had not only to support his family, but to pay indirect taxes, such as the salt tax. Under such a burden, revolution was bound to come.

In the gradual process of consolidation of the duchies and smaller kingdoms into the Kingdom of France, many parts of the country had maintained their separate laws and customs, and above all their separate systems of taxation. Of these the salt tax was the most hated and the most iniquitous. The price of salt differed in adjoining districts as much as twenty-five hundred per cent. Every year many persons were hanged or sent to the galleys for life for smuggling salt from cheap districts to dear ones. Tolls and tariffs of many kinds were levied on the indistinguishable borders between different parts of the kingdom; and in the collection of them infinite graft was customary, as the salaries of the "intendants" depended on the amount they could collect over and above the legal sum.

Rights, for the peasantry, were non-existent. Nobles reserved the right to hunt through the fields of their own tenants, destroying crops without ever dreaming of reparation. No peasant could injure rabbits, pigeons, or wolves, even though they devoured his scanty living. He might not even enter a field to till it when the pheasants were hatching or the rabbits were young. But though the rights of the tenant farmer over game were stringently limited, there was small restraint on the right of a lord to kill his peasantry; under Richelieu, indeed, it was enacted that a lord might not kill more than eight of his feudal sons in one year, lest he injure the working force and thus curtail the harvest!

One great cause of complaint of the bourgeoisie and the artisans were the hampering and outgrown regula-

tions of the guilds. In the course of centuries these organizations had become monopolies hostile to improvement and strictly limiting the rights of all not included in the charmed circle. Much rebellion grew against this limitation on the right of artisans to work. But there was no such limitation to bless the peasantry. The Corvée, or labor tax, provided that they must leave their tasks at the order of their feudal lord to labor on the roads, without compensation, and must also pay an arbitrary road tax on demand.

Thus France, inheriting the dream of ancient Rome, failed to comprehend the foundation on which that dream's grandeur had arisen. Rome's administration of salt and roads had given her her empire; and her administration of the finances of the realm had stabilized and consolidated it. But France, grasping for the dream, had failed to build the foundations beneath; and continually fell into a bottomless morass.

For finance, in the days of Louis XVI, was shamefully and outrageously mishandled. There was no distinction between the private purse of the King and the royal treasury. He could, and did, take out of it tremendous sums for his friends and favorites. Three maiden aunts of Louis XVI received \$120,000 a year for their food, most of which was stolen by dishonest servants. Seventeen million dollars a year went in pensions to members of the royal family—about fifty million dollars a year in our money. This was done under the form of allowances for various positions to which they were appointed; take for example the king's appointment of his favorite physician as an admiral in the navy—an example which the distinguished case of Cary T. Grayson brings close home. No wonder that when Louis XVI came to the throne, the nation was \$500,000,000 in debt, and was running behind \$10,000,000 a year more!

More iniquitous than this private possession of the nation's treasury, was the King's absolute control of the processes of justice. Infamous devices known as "lettres de cachet" were sold, in virtue of which any citizen might be imprisoned without trial for an indefinite period.

More than 150,000 of these lettres de cachet were sold by Louis XV, in order to raise funds. Men were thrown in prison to gratify some private spite, and remained there long after every one had forgotten the cause. One Englishman had been in the Bastille thirty years and no one knew what he was sent there for. Out of the thousands imprisoned in that famous fortress, only thirteen were found alive when the walls were torn down.

XII

The Storm Breaks

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were a young, likable, innocent—not to say frivolous—pair. They were not responsible for being thrust into the kingship at the moment when it was crumbling. Louis' first appointments were admirable. Turgot, a trained financier, was made treasurer. He sought to curtail the expenditures for expensive follies at Versailles and to collect some sort of income tax; but Marie Antoinette pouted, and Louis dismissed him. Necker, who followed, issued bonds to pay for the American wars; and there was no means of paying for the bonds when they fell due. Calonne summoned the "Notables" and suggested that they give up their exemption from taxation; but they drove him from office. The Parlement de Paris was summoned. They also refused to tax themselves, but put it on the ingenious ground that "the only power in France which can properly impose a new tax is the States General." This body had not met since 1614, when Francis I had summoned and then dispersed it. Perhaps Parlement thought that it could never be summoned again; but the King, driven at last to the extremity, issued a call for the States General—and thus opened the gates to the whirlwind. Much was the perplexity as to what costumes members of the Estates were to wear; but when the convention assembled, far weightier matters drove thoughts of costumes from their heads.

The old States-General had been organized in three

groups, or Estates, the clergy, the nobility and the public meeting separately, and each voting as a unit. This gave the "privileged orders," the nobility and the clergy, two out of three votes on every question. Such a scheme was as certain to fail as the Industrial Conference summoned by President Wilson, representing Labor, Capital and the Public, in which the Public was "represented" by Capitalists, and "Labor" by the hired men of great wealth. Necker, who had been recalled to office by the King, agreed that the Public, or the Third Estate, should have six hundred votes to the three hundred of each of the other houses: but he would not agree that they should all sit and vote together.

So the first clash came upon this question of voting by orders. The Third Estate swore an oath never to separate until they had established France on a firm foundation; and when the other two houses refused to meet in joint session, the Third Estate declared itself the National Assembly, and proceeded to a consideration of the business in hand. Immediately the Lower Clergy deserted their own order and went with the Third Estate. Once more, the Church was the pivot of France—for this act turned the tide.

Under the influence of indignant young noblemen the King summoned his Swiss Guards, with the apparent intention of dismissing the Assembly. Thereupon the populace armed itself, stormed the Bastille and destroyed it, killed the Swiss garrison, and established the fact beyond preadventure that the people of Paris ruled France.

Meanwhile, the Count of Artois, the King's younger brother, and a group of hot-headed young nobles, left the country and began collecting an army, intriguing with various foreign kings to invade France and place Louis firmly upon his throne again. Hearing this, the peasantry all over the land began rising and burning the castles of their overlords—burning the records of their enslavement. So was it in Russia; so was it in Mexico; so was it in England in 1381—the first step of a successful revolution is the burning of the records by

which the land is owned by others than those who till it.

On this news reaching Paris, on the famous night of August 4, 1789, the members of the privileged orders—who, yielding to necessity, had joined the Assembly—vied with one another in “surrendering” their ancient privileges. Just in time! Marat wrote in “The Friend of the People:”

“Let us not be duped. If these sacrifices of privilege were due to benevolence, it must be confessed that the voice of benevolence was raised late in the day. When the lurid flames of their burning châteaux illumined France, these people have been good enough to give up the privilege of keeping in fetters men who had already gained their liberty by force of arms. When they see the punishment that awaits robbers, extortioners, and tyrants like themselves, they generously abandon the feudal dues and agree to stop bleeding the wretched people who can barely keep body and soul together.”

As fast as the “direct actionists” among the peasantry seized power, the “political actionists” registered it, for the Assembly kept pace with the insurrection. All peculiar privileges were abolished. The law was to be the same throughout France. All old names of duchies, kingdoms, counties, were wiped out, and the land was divided into small departments, with geographical instead of historical names. Hereditary nobility was abolished in June. The Declaration of the Rights of Man was issued in August. And in November the property of the church was confiscated. Later the Civil Constitution of the Clergy was drawn; and around these acts the storm clouds began to gather.

For the heart of France was still the Church. The country clergy hated the higher clergy, archbishops, abbots and most of the bishops, because they led a gay life in the capitals while the parish priests starved on a meager pittance. It was the adherence of the country clergy to the Third Estate that swung the tide and made the Revolution of the Assembly possible. But when the Assembly began to take charge of the church’s internal affairs, suppressing and redistributing bishoprics and

passing new laws for the government of the clergy, protests arose in the hearts of many who so far gladly agreed with the acts of the great change.

Meanwhile on the borders of the kingdom the emigrés, or self-exiled nobles, gathered in threatening groups. The King was discovered to be in correspondence with them; he attempted flight; he was arrested. Thereupon the Emperor, Leopold II, brother of Marie Antoinette, issued a summons to the monarchs of Europe. The people of France had, he said, by their arrest of their king, "sealed with unlawfulness all that had been done, and compromised directly the honor of all the sovereigns and the security of every government."—Secretary Lansing's very charge against the Soviets of Russia.—He called on the rulers of Russia, England, Prussia, Spain, Naples and Sardinia to "reestablish the liberty and honor of the Most Christian King, and his family, and place a check upon the dangerous excesses of the French Revolution, the fatal example of which it behooves every government to repress!"

How fatally these words repeat themselves in the proclamations of the French Republic, one hundred and thirty years later, establishing a "cordon sanitaire" around the "dangerous excesses" of the Russian Revolution! In August, Leopold and the King of Prussia issued the famous "Declaration of Pillnitz" in which they announced that they were ready to join other European kings in an attempt to establish in France a "form of government that shall be once more in harmony with the rights of sovereigns, and shall promote the welfare of the French nation." The words are almost word for word those of Wilson.

Urged on by the clamor of the Assembly, Louis XVI, in April, 1790, declared war against Austria. But his wife forwarded to the Emperor of Austria, her brother, the plans for the war; exactly as the Czarina of Russia did to her cousin, the German Emperor. In France, the temperature rose to fever-heat. The King was arrested and placed under guard; a National Convention was summoned, and a Republic on the model of the United

States was declared on September 22, 1792, which date was established as Day I, Year I of French Liberty.

Meanwhile, the invading armies of Austria and Prussia crossed the frontiers. But both of these powers were far more interested in the approaching partition of Poland than in the French war, while the French soldiers were men who had received their lands in fee simple from the new government, and were rallying to defend their newly gained homesteads. By heroic fighting the Prussians were expelled, and French revolutionary armies invaded Germany. Proclamations were issued calling on the people of all kingdoms to rise and claim their rights, promising them the protection of the victorious armies of the French people. All seemed smooth for Revolution.

But on January 21, 1793, the King was executed. Immediately the languid interest of the monarchs changed to a fierce hatred. By March, France was encircled by sworn and determined foes. Dumouriez, the French commander in chief, deserted to the enemy. Russia, Austria, England, Spain, the Empire, made plans for the partition of France.

Thus ringed by foes, the National Assembly placed all power in the hands of the Committee of Public Safety. Their first task they conceived to be the stamping out of the counter-revolution. The city of Lyons and the peasantry of La Vendee were visited with massacre. The Revolutionary Tribunal established by the Commune of Paris worked day and night condemning to the guillotine all suspected of enmity toward the Republic. And meanwhile the peasants all over France were flocking to the banners of the Revolution. A million soldiers were raised, equipped, and sent forth to victory. Reforms sketched by the National Assembly were carried into effect. A new code of laws was drafted to replace the confusion of the ancient régime.

To make a clean sweep of the old order, and of the Christian religion on which it professed to base itself, the year was divided into twelve months of thirty days each, with five extra days as an annual holiday. Each

month was divided into three decades, instead of four weeks. Every tenth day was a holiday. Months were named after the seasons; days after the cow, the horse, the celery, the turnip, and other useful creatures. All things were to be made over. A "new heaven and a new earth" dawned before men's eager eyes—alas, how often before—and since!

Some fifteen thousand executions in all were the price paid during The Terror for the new system. That new system was established by the "grim, silent, tense-browed men" of the Committee, who worked eighteen hours in every twenty-four. At their suggestion the Convention had adopted the beginning of a simple and just code of laws. It had accepted the metric system of weights and measures, abolished slavery in all French colonies, instituted the first Normal School, the Polytechnic School of France, the Conservatory of France, the famous Institute of France, and the National Library; it had planned a comprehensive system of public instruction, improvement of the hospitals and prisons, and the reform of youthful prisoners. More important than all else, it had made satisfactory provision for payment of the public debt that had crushed the old monarchy.

All this—at the price of some fifteen thousand executions! Carlyle remarks that not for a thousand years had France seen so little suffering and so few executions as those months of revolution and "Terror." No more executions for selling salt cheap; no more lettres de cachet; no murder of peasants because of ill temper of feudal lord. Those who were killed were killed to save civilization. Yet Europe was aflame with echoes of the Terror, as Europe, which watched with equanimity the senseless massacres under the Czar, which glorified as heroism the murder of twenty million victims of the World War, shrieks with pale horror because the Soviet Government of Russia put to death three thousand traitors who were conspiring to bring back the Czardom! Russia, like France, was never so peaceful as during the Terror. ?

XIII

Napoleon Cæsar

Meanwhile the wealthier of the citizens of Paris were aroused and alarmed. They had agreed with the measures taken against the hated aristocracy. But now, sacred rights of the bourgeoisie began to be menaced! They armed themselves and organized an assault upon the Convention. The Directory placed in command of the troops around their building a young lieutenant of artillery, then a clerk in a government office, who mowed down the bourgeoisie with his famous "whiff of grape-shot" and thereby set his feet upon the steps that led to empire. This starveling youth was the New Augustus, the Successor to Charlemagne — Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon arose over the shattered and disorganized France of the Directory as Augustus rose over the shattered and demoralized Rome of the Civil Wars. His career was no accidental and haphazard thing, but a carefully planned imitation of the steps of Charlemagne, of Augustus, of Alexander. Had he dared, he would have completed the simile by proclaiming himself, like Alexander and Augustus, divine. Like Charlemagne, he summoned the Pope to his coronation; but, unlike him, he took the Imperial crown from the hands of the Pontiff and placed it upon his own head—not in an impulse of vanity, but in order to avoid the long quarrels between the Emperor and the Pope arising over the circumstance that the hand of the Pope had placed the crown on Charlemagne's head.

This young lieutenant of artillery, who first came into notice by his "whiff of grapeshot," displayed further military genius by his defense of the harbor of Toulon. His wedding with Josephine Beauharnais placed him in command of the First Italian Army. And from that time on his supreme military genius left no doubt of his ultimate goal. At the age of twenty-seven he mastered the armies of Austria and Italy, far superior to his own in numbers and equipment. Five battles in eleven days

he won from the Sardinians; and four large armies in the following year were sent against him by Austria, only to meet overwhelming defeats. In the conquered territory the young general swept away feudalism and serfdom and all the forms of the old Austrian despotism, meanwhile enriching his soldiers and officers and filling the coffers of France with tremendous contributions levied from Italian states.

From Italy he struck at Egypt; but at the Battle of the Nile Nelson's ships annihilated the French fleet. Napoleon left his army to melt away, and returned to Paris which hailed him as a deliverer. For the Directory had proven itself corrupt and inefficient. At the head of a few soldiers, Napoleon entered the hall in which the Assembly of Five Hundred was in session, and dispersed it. A chosen few were gathered, under the Presidency of Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, and voted to put the government in the hands of three consuls, of whom Napoleon Bonaparte was to be first. Immediately the new First Consul summoned a Council of State, in which talented men from all parties were included, and over which he presided. Under his skilful hands France, swept by anarchy and disorder, was brought to machinelike precision. Most important of all, a Concordat was arranged with the Church, which swung all France behind the Consul. The army was fired with enthusiasm which arose from his demonstration that any soldier held in his knapsack the possible baton rouge of a Marshal of France.

During his lean and hungry days as a government clerk, Napoleon had seen visions and dreamed dreams like many another clerk. But to his visions he had added careful and minute plans as to how those visions were to be attained. When supreme power was in his hands, plans were all carefully drawn as to how it was to be exercised. He was the only man in France who knew precisely what he desired to do, and who knew how it could be done. Constantly before his eyes shone the bright splendor of his predecessors. When he be-

came Emperor, he said, "I have not succeeded to Louis Sixteenth, but to Charlemagne."

While yet a young general at the head of the Italian army, he had informed his friends that France needed a master, not a republic. But, by his mastery, he carried into effect the plans which France had drawn up through her national assembly—like Peisistratus, like Augustus. Thus gaining the enthusiastic assent of the people at home, he imposed his will upon the nations abroad.

Louis XVI once described the constitution of France in words that might have been uttered in the second term of Woodrow Wilson:

"The sovereign authority resides exclusively in my person. To me solely belongs the power of making laws, and that without dependence or cooperation. The entire public order emanates from me, and I am its supreme protector. My people are one with me. The rights and interests of the nation are necessarily identical with mine, and rest solely in my hands."

But, in making such a claim, the young king confronted the fact that his government was running behind seventy million dollars a year. He was a well meaning youth, with none of his grandfather's vices, and no education or ability of his own. He spent his happiest hours in his workshop, and would indeed have been admirable as a clocksmith; but as a king, he claimed powers which he was unable to handle, which he refused to delegate to others, and which destroyed him.

Napoleon was able to handle the government that Louis had thus described. He secured his election as First Consul, and later "accepted" the title of Emperor; devoting to both of these offices an exhaustless energy, an infallible memory, and an unerring judgment. All power was in his hands; but he knew how to use it. In every department of France he set a prefect, in every town a sub-prefect, reporting to him and responsible to him. Nowhere in France existed the power to so much as light a street lamp, independent of him. Napoleon held the power which Louis claimed; but, unlike Louis, he was able to handle it—for a time; for he devoted him-

self to furthering those aims which the people themselves had declared. A true Empire-builder, his first care was Roads.

The touch of the master was at once revealed. First of all, Louis XV's system of roads was improved, and Louis XVI's canals were developed; then industry put its shoulder to the wheel: order and discipline were established everywhere, from the frontiers to the capital. Brigandage was suppressed.

Finally, there was Paris, the city of cities! A second Rome was arising, with its Forum, its triumphal arches, its shows and parades, glorious with elegance and luxury, with art and learning, with masterpieces rifled from the Netherlands, Italy and Egypt. Napoleon constructed or consolidated the funds necessary for national institutions, local governments, a judiciary system, organs of finance, banking, codes. Peace and order helped to raise the standards of comfort. Provisions, in this Paris which had so often suffered from hunger and thirst, and lacked fire and light, had become cheap and abundant; while trade prospered and wages ran high.

He built along the Rhine and the Mediterranean and across the Alps, magnificent roads, which still fill the traveler with admiration. He beautified Paris by opening up wide streets and quays and constructing bridges and triumphal arches that kept fresh in peoples' minds the recollection of his victories. By this means he gradually converted a medieval town into the most beautiful of modern capitals. Consciously guided by the boast of Augustus, he found Paris brick and left it marble.

Like Augustus, also, and in order to be sure that young people were brought up to venerate his name and support his government, Napoleon completely re-organized the schools and colleges of France. These he consolidated into a single "university" which comprised all instruction from the most elementary to the most advanced. The first schoolbook to be drawn up was

the Imperial Catechism; in which the children were taught to say:

"Christians owe to the princes who govern them, and we in particular owe to Napoleon I, our emperor, love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service, and the taxes levied for the preservation and defense of the empire and of his throne. We also owe him fervent prayers for his safety and for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of the state."

Napoleon was never content with his achievements or his glory. On the day of his coronation he complained to his minister, Decres, that he had been born too late; that there was nothing great to be done any more. On his minister's remonstrating, he added, "I admit that my career has been brilliant, and that I have made a good record. But what a difference is there, if we compare ours with ancient times! Take Alexander the Great, for example. When he announced himself the son of Jupiter, the whole East, except his mother, Aristotle and a few Athenian pedants, believed this to be true. But now, should I nowadays declare myself the son of the Eternal Father, there isn't a fishwife who wouldn't hiss me. No, the nations are too sophisticated; nothing great is any longer possible!"

It was curious, remarks Bryce, to see the head of the Roman Church turning away from his ancient ally of Austria to the reviving power of France—France, where the Goddess of Reason had been worshiped eight years before in the Cathedral of Notre Dame!

There is small question that Napoleon intended to proclaim himself Emperor of Europe. He had moved against the Holy Roman Empire of Austria of set purpose; and in 1806, when Francis II laid down the crown of that Empire, but one step was lacking, and that Napoleon intended shortly to take.

But the Empire of the West came to its destruction when, in an evil moment and against the advice of his council, Napoleon moved against his Eastern rival, the Czar of Russia, who inherited the crown of Byzantium as Napoleon had inherited the crown of Rome.

All of continental Europe, except Russia, lay within his power. He consolidated dukedoms, kingdoms, nations, at his own will, except in England and in Russia. In order to bring England to her knees he declared a Continental blockade; and because Russia, his ally, refused to observe his blockade, he collected an army in Prussia and in 1812 marched against the young Czar Alexander.

Of that fatal march into Russia little remains to be told. Through the terrible cold of the Russian winter he marched, only to find Moscow in flames. By fire and ice defeated, he turned back and, with only twenty thousand soldiers left of the half million with which he had started, he returned to France. Victorious over the kings, he had fallen before winter and fire; and before that mysterious and inexorable destiny which had divided Europe since the days of Diocletian, into Eastern Rome and Western Rome, Orthodox and Catholic, the Cæsars and the Czars.

Napoleon began to grow fat and slow. His final downfall was not far off. At Waterloo he was crushed; and England to whom he surrendered, shipped him to St. Helena, where he died.

But France lived; France, with her land in the hands of her peasants, her roads traversing from end to end of her territories, her factories thriving, her commerce expanding. Her people, who had learned frugality in centuries of starvation, saved and invested their funds. She became a nation of bourgeoisie.

XIV

The Terrors

As the First Republic was born in the blood of the Terror, so was the Second, and likewise the Third. But the blood shed by the First Terror was that of aristocrats, the blood of the past. That of the Second and Third Terrors was the blood of the Future—the blood of workingmen.

But of these other two Terrors in Paris the world has heard little, because the blood shed was that of workmen. After the Revolution of 1848, in which Louis Philippe, last of the French Kings, was chased into exile, National Workshops had been established in order to provide the unemployed men of Paris with labor at livable pay. This emergency step was taken by the Provisional Government to meet a panic which not unnaturally followed the expulsion of the King. When the new Government was elected on May 4, it was found to be composed overwhelmingly of bourgeoisie and of country delegates. These, having first prepared an army, abolished the workshops, thus throwing about 100,000 Parisians out of employment. They rose in protest, and for four days the streets were full of desperate fighting between the workingmen of Paris, organized in a semi-military style, and the army. Four days of bloody fighting, more terrible than any which turbulent Paris had yet beheld, saw the slaughter of twenty thousand men—more than the whole Reign of Terror had put to death. At the end the superior discipline of the army routed the embattled workingmen of whom an additional eleven thousand were either shot in cold blood or transported for life.

Three years later Napoleon III carried through his coup d'état, making himself first dictator and then emperor, with pitiless slaughter and deportation (familiar word in these days!) of all who dared disagree or who seemed likely to disagree. Thus secure in the enjoyment of his dictatorial power, Napoleon III, after some victories, led the nation into the bloody shambles at Sedan. The Emperor was deposed, and while a German army was encamped on the heights outside the city, the National Assembly, gathered at Versailles, and the Central Committee at Paris, faced each other with loaded guns in a quarrel as to whether the next government should be a monarchy or a proletarian republic.

On April 2, 1871, the French troops who had been returned from captivity in Germany, were launched against

their own capital. For two months French soldiers bombarded the capital of France, while the Germans looked grimly on. Starvation and fire added their horrors to the bombardment. Finally the troops of the Assembly forced their way into the city, and for eight days fighting went on in all the streets, until the Commune was suppressed.

Court martial executions of large batches of prisoners continued for many months; and some thirteen thousand survivors were condemned to transportation to all the horrors of a French penal colony, before the rage of the victorious French middle class was sated. It is estimated that nearly fifty thousand were either killed or deported in these "red raids" under the very guns of the victorious Germans.

Surely less cause than all nations of the world had France, to protest because a new government in Russia found it necessary to deal vigorously with traitors! There has never been a change of France's form of government accomplished without deluging the streets of her capital with blood.

Amid the ruins of Napoleon's Empire, the German Emperor was proclaimed at Versailles. An indemnity of five billion francs, tremendous for those days, was levied upon the defeated land by the victors. In saving her pennies to meet that great debt, France learned to save; and when it was paid vast sums accumulated in her banks for investments abroad. Accumulating money, she also accumulated hate. "Revanche" against the German despoilers of Alsace and Lorraine, intermingled with rage against "perfidious Albion" and well-founded jealousy of reunited Italy drove her to seek an alliance with the vast Empire of the Snows on the further side of Germany.

Under her presidents, France, thrifty and frugal, began her career of financial imperialism which launched her upon ever wider and wider seas until the huge shipwreck of the world war. Republican Rome had been a money-lenders' clique. Republican France became a money-lending nation, no less imperial because the title

had been abandoned. Everywhere she collided with England, who had filled her arms with plunder while France had been helpless.

India had been wrested away from her by England during the last decades of her kings. Napoleon I had sought to seize the gateway of Egypt, and had been defeated by England; and under the Third Napoleon the dream of reconquest of India by means of the Suez Canal was shattered by Disraeli's clever trickery.

To tighten her hold upon Egypt, England bombarded Alexandria as a pretext for occupying the country. The French fleet sailed away, unwilling to assist and unable to prevent: but fury burned in all French hearts. The "day of revenge" was bound to come, all knew; and a treaty was signed with the Czar whereby Russia was to join fleets and armies with France in the hour of the Great Conflict. Billions of francs of her thrifty peasants' money was advanced to the Czar when revolution shook his throne in 1905—France, which had gained her freedom by revolution, bought knouts and sabers for the revolutionists of Russia!

So when the quarrel of Austria and Serbia brought Russia to the side of the little Balkan state, and Germany came to Austria's aid, France must stand by her ally in order to protect her loans. So Germany, caught between France and Russia, struck first at France to paralyze her before the huge unwieldy millions of Russia could be launched into the fertile fields of East Prussia—and the fruit of the Russian loan was the bloody hell that swept over Belgium and blackened the north of France. Heavy interest, indeed!

How was it, then, that this ancient enmity between Germany and France was able to extinguish the almost as ancient enmity between France and England? Why did England come to France's aid?

Perhaps a clue may be given in Cecil Rhodes' prophecy of the year 1920, contained in an article by that name in the *Contemporary Review* for March, 1896. In that amazing article, Cecil Rhodes predicts that by or before the year 1920 there must be a great conflict in which

England's chief commercial rival must be vanquished and France must be bled white. Surely there is no wilder or more insane mockery in all history than that France's alliance with Russia, entered upon as an act of vengeance against England, should be used by England to destroy in one war two rivals—Germany and France!

For meanwhile the rivalry between France and England had passed into an "understanding of the heart", an **entente cordiale**. In terms of this understanding, France had dropped her enmity toward England in the matter of Egypt, in consideration of being given a free hand to exploit Morocco. It was the publication in the year 1911 of this "secret agreement", made in 1907 which seemed certain to bring about the World War. It was then postponed for three years; but the Balkans kept the pot stewing with their First and Second wars. Frederic C. Howe, in his book "Why War", has given so clear an analysis of this development that I only refer to the book for fuller treatment.

France had become a Financial Empire under the forms of a Republic. Alliance with the Czardom seems incongruous only when we foolishly think of a political republic as meaning Democracy. France was a Banker-Republic, like Rome; and its alliance with the most corrupt of the autocracies, which brought about its destruction, only shows the kinship between economic factors to be stronger than that between political forms.

France in championing the Czar was bound to repudiate the Republic which dethroned the Czar; and this she did, with fervor and venom and every form of treachery. Time and again the other Allies found during the Council at Versailles that France was saying one thing in conference and violating her own compacts behind the scenes. The desperate vehemence with which France protested against the recognition of Soviet Russia was based upon her loans. Robert Dell writes in *The Dial* for June 28, 1919:

"The peace treaty is a desperate effort to make Germany support France. It cannot succeed. . . . The

French bourgeoisie sees ruin staring it in the face, and the only hope of escaping is to enslave Germany. . . .”

Mr. Dell at some length analyzes the situation in France thus:

“Receipts from taxes meet little more than one-fifth of the current expenditure, and the balance has to be found by the issuance of paper money and by borrowing at short term. The National Debt, which was \$6,400,000,000 at the outbreak of the war, was \$33,600,000,000 three months ago and is still increasing.

“For this state of affairs the bourgeoisie has a heavy responsibility by its obstinate refusal to make any contribution worth mention to the cost of the war. The Income Tax, adopted by the Chamber in 1909 and hung up for years by the Senate, was at last applied in an emasculated form during the war in spite of the violent protests of the bourgeoisie and its organs in the press, but even now its highest rate is only twenty per cent. on the highest incomes, and that rate is not payable on the whole of the income. Moreover the whole agricultural population—about half the population of France—is entirely exempted from it, and there is reason to believe that the rich make very imperfect returns of their incomes, which are accepted without any serious investigation. In any case the income tax has produced much less than it should have produced even at its present rate, and the collection is considerably in arrears.

“While the bourgeoisie refused to pay for the war, it is the class chiefly responsible for its prolongation. Almost at any time after the middle of 1915, a plebiscite would have resulted in a large majority for peace by negotiation, and at least twice this feeling was so strong that France was within an ace of a successful movement to stop the war. Had not the United States come in when they did, France would have gone out of the war in the spring of 1917, and in May, 1918, the situation was again critical.

“But the Parisian bourgeoisie, as so often happened during the last hundred years, succeeded in keeping its grip on the country by means of the centralized Ad-

ministration, and persisted in continuing the war to the bitter end—to the Pyrrhic victory, which, according to Clemenceau, France has won. It did so chiefly because it believed that Germany would pay. . . . Many people were even deluded enough to believe that France would make a profit out of the war. The indemnity: that was the aim for which the French bourgeoisie continued the war, more than for any other Imperialist designs, even more than for Alsace-Lorraine. . . . France is insolvent, and the only way out is bankruptcy. The bourgeoisie might perhaps save itself at the eleventh hour by accepting a large levy on capital, but the bourgeoisie will never consent to any pecuniary sacrifice.”

“These people are quite willing to give their sons to be killed,” said an eminent Frenchman some three years ago, of the French bourgeoisie, “but you mustn’t ask them for five sous.” The downfall of the French bourgeoisie will be the penalty of a selfishness and an avarice unsurpassed by any class, in any country or in any age. For nearly five years it has gambled with the lives of men for a crushing indemnity, and it has lost.

So it was that the aristocracy of the ancient régime dug their own graves. Below the French bourgeois Republic even now the tide of Revolution roars. Even now, as I write, the daily newspapers are full of the alarm which France feels over any proposals to lighten in any way the indemnity levied upon Germany; full of her fanatic efforts to conclude a special alliance with England or the United States, or both, to enforce this payment; and full also of the growing determination of England and the United States to leave their “heroic ally” to untangle her own fate. All look to the United States for help, as in ancient days the little states looked to Rome. For only by the aid of the Roman legions could the ruling classes be maintained in power: and only by our aid today can the ruling classes of the Financial Empire get sufficient capital to retain yet a while longer their ascendancy over their own fellow-citizens.

THE BOOK OF GERMANY.

I.

Romance and Realty.

In that wild Thousand Years which stretches between the Fall of Rome and the Reformation, two guiding threads as of warp and woof make up the intricate pattern of the history of Western Europe. Usually these are pictured as the strife of Emperor and Pope over the obscure matter of investiture. But there is a far deeper interpretation, and one which makes them more human, more easily grasped. The conflict was really between Romance and Rome. It was between that perpetual corporation with business headquarters at the Vatican which extended over the whole world, on the one hand, and the warm glamor of the wooing and wedding of lovely princesses by heroic knights on the other.

The Church of Rome, as an organization, is a business firm. Its religion may be mystical; its faith, supernatural, and its devotions, intensely personal. But in practical affairs it is the most hard-headed, far-seeing, and highly-organized business corporation that ever was formed. The main business of the clergy was always the custody of relief funds, the administration of property held in trust for succoring the destitute. In all ancient regulations, from the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" down, care of the poor is the first charge upon all alms.

Now care of the poor requires systematic and business-like methods. And these do not obtain if one allows romance to mix in with one's economics, as every employer of warm-eyed stenographers knows.

But if romance interferes with business, there is only

one way of banishing Romance, and that is to keep women out of business. Modern corporations, running on the eight-hour day, must be content with forbidding love-making between nine and five. But the business of the Church was a twenty-four hour job. Therefore love-making was banned entirely; and as a necessary measure to enforce this prohibition, the clergy were forbidden to marry. St. Paul puts the matter with admirable clearness. "He that is unmarried careth for the things of the spirit, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things of this world, how he may please his wife." Therefore, as the Lord's business in troubled and distracted days required all of an employee's time, the servants of the Lord must have no wives. So the Church of Rome decided.

But on the other hand stood the vast civil aggregation of states, duchies, kingdoms, counties and marks, in which the hereditary theory prevailed as the easiest way of deciding contested elections. When every one agrees that the son of the previous sheriff shall become sheriff on the death of his father, there is no occasion for excited strife around the ballot box. The matter then resolves itself down to the question, whether the mother of the claimant was the legal wife of the deceased office-holder. And to this is added the further complication that when the deceased office-holder leaves no son, but only a daughter, the husband of that daughter takes his father-in-law's job and salary. Hence, whenever a hereditary line fails in the male succession, there is a vast scramble and excitement as to who shall be the successful wooer of the princess whose hand is the title deed for the property so eagerly sought.

While it is true that clerics did make love it was in an unofficial capacity, whereas the main business of a noble was to have an undisputed heir. And here we have the eternal conflict between love and business that sows unrest in so many homes today, projected out into the vast theater of Empire, and forming the main body of the whole history of that exciting period known as the Middle Ages. For this reason we can perhaps grasp

the history of the Middle Ages best by centering it around two or three dominant Romances, love-stories which very definitely and permanently marked a change in the course of Empire.

A title to property among us is conveyed by written documents signed in the presence of a notary. But a securer means was required when none but bishops could tell what was on a paper. The doing of homage, whereby a vassal placed his hand between the hands of a liege-lord and acknowledged himself as his "man" was no slavish act of humiliation. It was the confirmation of title to property. The overlord confirmed possession of lands only to the rightful heir of the previous holder. Documents of tenure were written in living blood of princes. Hence the winning of a princess was a business enterprise comparable to obtaining the majority of stock in a dividend-paying corporation.

Thus the Romances arose. But those romances, in which the courtship of fair princesses by dashing young knights forms the substance of the tale, had a far deeper interest than the mere excitement of emotion. They explained how title to certain estates came to be lodged in certain families.

This Hereditary civil system required a succession of overlords on up to a supreme overlord who confirmed the titles of all below him, and who was himself confirmed in his title by God, the giver of all. The Ecclesiastical system also required a succession of overlords—bishop, archbishop, Pope. But the method of transferring title in the Church was Elective; that in the Empire was Hereditary.

It became of supreme importance to decide whether the Emperor and all the subordinate Civil ranks held title direct from God, or indirectly by way of the Pope; or whether the Pope held title by grant and consent of the Emperor. Every piece of property in Europe, from the meanest farm to the splendid domains of Duke and King, was intimately involved in the settlement of the struggle.

Now of course Heredity, while frequently named after

its father, persistently takes after its mother. To have a legal heir one must have a legal wedding. To have a wedding there must have been a Wooing. And in every Wooing somewhere or other enters the element of Romance, even though only a disappointed and broken Romance, a blasted life and withered Love on whose ruins a fabric of Empire might have arisen.

Every change in the great Imperial current of Western Europe came about through some woman. But when one comes to think of it, why not? Women are half of the human race and biologists uniformly hold the most important half—whatever historians may say. Is not a woman behind every grasp for empire, however slight? Merchant princes and emperors of finance of these our days are driven to their conquest by the insistent demand of wife and daughters or sweethearts for more and yet more luxury, or comfort, or gratification. They desire to outshine the wives and daughters of other princes and emperors of finance. Or men desire to have them do so. For this the early caravans crossed to the Red Sea coast from the Nile Valley, that the women of the Egyptian villages might have gold for their adornment and delight. For this did the armies of Rome turn their swords and faces east to bring the silks and spices of the Orient to please the daughters of the Seven Hills. For this do *coureurs du bois* and intrepid explorers dare death and rejoice in adventure, to bring an ultimate satisfaction to a woman or a man who desires to please a woman. What else, indeed, is there to the dominant business of living for most of the race, than pleasing or being pleased by the reciprocal sex?

II.

Arminius and Thusnelda

Among the amazing things in human history none is more remarkable than the crucial importance of the river valleys. Between the Nile and the Euphrates is all ancient history written; and the history of the modern

world may very nearly be described in terms of the Rhine and the Danube.

The Rhine is the dividing line between the Northern races and the daughters of Rome. It has been the strategic goal of every war of Western Europe. It marked the Northern boundary of the Roman Eagle;—never more clearly shown than in the negotiation at Versailles, when France, the eldest daughter of Rome, demanded the left bank of the Rhine as her boundary, seeking thereby to recover the frontier of Augustus.

The establishment of the Rhine as the northern limit of the power of the Tiber came about through a romance, the wooing of Arminius and Thusnelda. As a fruit of this romance the legions of Varus were destroyed in the Teutoberger Forest, and for the first time the proud power of the sons of the Wolf of the Tiber was chased out of the forests by the sons of the Wolf of Thor.

Dark and disheartening, even to heroic spirits, must have seemed the prospects of Germany when Arminius planned the general rising of his countrymen against Rome. Half the land was occupied by Roman garrisons, and many of the Germans seemed patiently acquiescent in their state of bondage. Arminius had served in the Roman armies, had been admitted to Roman citizenship, and raised to the equestrian order. He and his brother were the heads of the noblest house in the tribe of the Cherusci, and had been selected as the recipients of peculiar honors whereby Rome sought always to disarm revolt. Augustus, as undisputed head of the mistress of the world, was pursuing the same tactics whereby Rome had weakened and then destroyed all resistance as far eastward as the mountains of Armenia and as far westward as the Atlantic. Besides his Spanish wars, he had extended the Roman frontier from the Alps to the Danube, and had brought under the eagle all that territory now included in Austria south of the Danube, Western Switzerland, Lower Wuerttemberg, Bavaria, the Valtelline and the Tyrol. A chain of fortresses had been established along the right as well

as the left bank of the Rhine, and in a series of Victorious campaigns the power of Augustus had been advanced as far as the Elbe.

German soldiers and German commanders, transformed into Romans by the offer of dignities and ease, made most of these conquests. The brother of Arminius had assumed the Roman name of Flavius, and adhered to the conqueror in all of the struggles of the forests against the flatlands. It seemed hopeless for any to succeed where Hannibal, Mithridates, and Vercingetorix had failed.

But when Tiberius was withdrawn from his victorious field of campaign and Quintilius Varus, proconsul of Syria, was named to succeed him, the Germanic tribes were touched in their most sensitive quality—their reverence for their women. Varus in Syria had been accustomed to the obscenities and nameless immoralities of that passionate clime: and he and his offices sought to while away the rigors of the North by such licentious freedom as they had been accustomed to in the Eastern realm. His soldiers took cue from their masters. The homes of Germany were outraged, and the men of the forests burned with a passionate resentment.

Arminius fell in love with Thusnelda, daughter of Segestes, one of the high chieftains specially singled out by Rome for her favors. But Thusnelda was fired by the Germanic patriotism of her lover. Segestes, scenting rebellion, forbade Arminius to come to his house; so Thusnelda stole away at night and eloped with her warrior lover. Segestes complained to the Roman governor that his daughter and his son-in-law were plotting treason against Rome; whereupon a price was set upon the heads of the pair.

Driven thus into rebellion, Arminius bent all his energies to fanning into flames the deep anger of his fellow countrymen. A decoy was set, and the tribes near the Weser and the Ems made a demonstration in the time of the heavy rains. Quintilius Varus set out eastward with huge baggage trains encumbering his army. In the midst of the Teutoberger Forest Arminius

and his revolutionists set upon the Roman legions from three sides and completely destroyed them. Varus committed suicide.

Never was victory more decisive. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assailed and destroyed, and within a few weeks after Varus had fallen, German soil was freed from the foot of the invader.

At Rome the tidings of the battle were received with an agony of terror. Dion Cassius says; "Then Augustus, when he heard the calamity of Augustus, rent his garment and was in great affliction for the troops he had lost, and for terror respecting the Germans and the Gauls. And his Chief alarm was that he expected them to push on against Italy and Rome; and there remained no Roman youth fit for military duty that were worth speaking of and the allied populations that were at all serviceable had been wasted away.

"Yet he prepared for the emergency as well as his means allowed; and when none of the citizens of military age were willing to enlist, he made them cast lots, and punished by confiscation of goods and disfranchisement every fifth man among those under thirty-five and every tenth man above that age. At last when he found that not even thus could he make many come forward, he put some of them to death. So he made a conscription of discharged veterans and of emancipated slaves, and collecting as large a force as he could sent it under Tiberius with all speed into Germany."

The Germans did not pursue their victory beyond their own territory, but that victory secured at once and forever the independence of the Germanic race. Rome sent her legions again across the Rhine but all hopes of a permanent conquest was abandoned by Augustus. So grave were his fears, indeed, that he counselled all his successors to pursue a pacific policy with the people of the north. The spirit of Augustus was broken in the Teutoburger Forest, and the Rhine became the acknowledged boundary of the Latin races. Along the river course the German and the Latin have touched elbows ever since; and the fruit of the romance of Thusnelda and Arminius

was the permanent division of Europe by the rolling waters of the Rhine.

III

Clovis and Clotilda.

Six years after the Western line of Cæsars had been extinguished, Clovis laid the foundations of the future revival of it in France. The pivot on which this great revival hung was the fact that Frankish kings ruled the only Catholic people in Western Europe, to whom the Pope could turn for aid; and the reason for this fact hinges on the romance of Clovis and Clotilda.

Clotilda was a Burgundian princess, a Catholic, niece of King Gondibaud who in order to secure the throne had beheaded Clotilda's father and her two brothers, and had thrown her mother with a stone tied around her neck into the River Rhone. Clotilda's eldest sister had gone into a nunnery, and Clotilda lived at Geneva in retirement given to pious works and meditations of revenge.

About that time this young prince, named Chlodowech, sixteen years of age, but of boundless ambition, became king of the Salian Franks, with his capital at Tournai. Hearing of Clotilda's beauty (and knowing that she was the rightful heiress to the throne of Burgundy), he sent to her and asked her hand in marriage. The romancers are fond of dwelling upon that courtship, so full of importance for future years.

Aurelian, an old Roman, secured admission to Clotilda as a pilgrim on his way to the holy places. While she, as religious custom was, washed his feet, Aurelian whispered to her. "There's a young king who wants to marry you." She whispered back, "Tell him yes: what is his name?" One condition she made: that she should be taken to her wooer on horseback, because a carriage was too slow.

Negotiations were swiftly concluded. Gondibaud, the uncle, thought to cement a favorable alliance with a powerful neighbor. But Clotilda, as she crossed the border

of Burgundy into the territory of her new husband, ordered her horsemen to "spread right and left and begin to pillage and burn", as the first fruits of her vengeance against her cruel uncle, Gondibaud, the assassin of her family.

Clotilda and Chlodowech—the name was softened by the Romans into Ludovicus, whence the Germans got their Ludwig, the early French Clovis, the English Lewis, and the French Louis—were married, and had two sons. The first was baptized in the Catholic faith, and shortly afterwards died. Clovis (to call him by his usual name) blamed the death of his son on the religion. But a second son was also baptized and lived, and Clotilda continually urged her husband to accept her faith, thus vindicated.

Meanwhile Clovis was extending and consolidating his dominions, by the usual frightful means of murder, treachery and broken pledges. In the year 496 a tribe of the Alemanni from across the river attacked the Franks, coming to battle at Tolbiac. In the midst of this conflict Clovis, seeing that things were going ill with him, vowed to become a Catholic if he were victorious. His armies routed the foe, and Clovis, in pursuance of his vow, was baptized by Remigius, bishop of the town forever after known by his name as Rheims, the city of Remigius, the holy of holies of the history of France.

Gregory of Tours and the successor of Remigius, Hincmar of Rheims, tell the story in detail. On Christmas Day, in the year 496, St. Remigius came to the King to prepare him for admission into the Church. "Meanwhile," writes the venerable Hincmar, "preparations were being made along the road from the palace to the baptistry. Curtains and valuable stuffs were hung up; houses on either side of the street were dressed out; the baptistry was sprinkled with balm and with all manner of perfume. The procesion moves from the palace; the clergy lead the way with the holy gospels, the cross and the standards, singing hymns and spiritual songs; then comes the bishop, leading the King by the hand; after him the Queen, lastly the people. On the road, it is said, the

King asked the Bishop, seeing all the splendor, 'if that were the kingdom of heaven promised him.' The bishop replied, 'No; it is but the entrance of the road that leads to it.'

"At the moment when the King bent his head over the fountain, the bishop cried, 'Bow thy proud head, Sicambrian; adore what thou hast burned, burn what thou hast adored.' At the same time three thousand of the Frankish warriors received baptism, and so did a vast number of women and children."

By this step, Clovis and the Greek Emperor, as the only Catholic sovereigns in Europe, became the rallying points of the uniting power of the tradition of Rome.

Seeing that Clovis was actually in control of the administration of the West, and that he alone of all the kings of the Goths was a Catholic rather than an Arian, Anastasius, Emperor of Constantinople, and sole holder, since the deposition of Augustulus, of the name of Cæsar, sent to Clovis a solemn embassy bringing the titles and insignia of patrician and consul. They came to him at Tours. "Clovis," says Gregory, "put on the tunic of purple and the chlamys and the diadem; then mounting his horse he scattered with his own hand and with much bounty gold and silver among the people, on the road which lies between the gate of the court belonging to the basilica of St. Martin and the gate of the city. From that day he was called Consul and Augustus. On leaving the city of Tours he repaired to Paris, where he fixed the seat of his government."

Clovis had indeed extinguished the Roman line by assassinating Syagrius, patrician of Soissons. In Clovis then the last of the Romans and the first of the Frankish kings were united, and in him the Roman Church, all that remained of the Western Empire, found its only protector. Nor can the history of Europe at any subsequent time be understood without a knowledge of the tremendous results flowing from this courtship of Clovis and Clotilda; for by it was laid the foundation of the assumption of power by Charlemagne.

IV

Charlemagne and Desirée.

In another chapter is told how Charles the Great revived the empire of Augustus, but not how Charles came to do it. With Augustus, as with his uncle Julius, the Empire was a matter of hard-headed business, of necessary centralization of authority to safeguard trade and travel. With Charlemagne it was intermixed with far more sentiment than commerce, and the affair was interwoven with a love-story not altogether creditable to the Great Restorer.

Queen Bertha, mother of Charles and Carloman, had arranged for wives for both of them. Thinking to annex Lombardy to Frankland by means of an alliance, she married Charles to the daughter of the King of Lombardy. This unhappy girl's Latin name was Desiderata, or Desideria, and her father's was much the same, Desiderius. French romancers softened his name to Didier and hers to Desirée: both meaning "The Desired One."

But Charles was anything but strict in his love affairs. Ranging the world as he did, it is not strange that many beautiful women caught his eye; and among them was Hildegarde, a Suabian princess, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and altogether more desirable than Desirée. So the poor Lombard lady was sent home, her marriage was repudiated, and she saw the Suabian girl elevated to the place of wedded splendor beside the great King.

Naturally enough Didier was wild with anger, and he planned the overthrow of the man who had dealt so dastardly with his daughter. He sent for Gerberga, wife of Carloman, who with her two sons fled to the court of Lombardy and made common cause with Desirée. Since she could not be the Frankish Queen herself, Desirée determined to wreck the ambitions of Hildegarde; and Didier sought to place Carloman's sons in the place of Charlemagne. As a first step he demanded of the Pope, Adrian by name, that he recognize the orphaned boys and excommunicate Charles.

Message after message Adrian sent to Charles, who was away following his favorite sport of fighting the Saxons. Charles sent polite letters to Didier, requesting him to "desist"; but stronger arguments were needed to halt the infuriated king, who collected his armies and attacked the Pope's territories with overwhelming forces. At length Charles crossed the Alps with his armies, and Didier, according to the old chronicles, felt his heart melt within him when he saw the shining steel of the limitless armies of the Great King deploying around his citadel at Pavia.

But Pavia made a heroic defense. Within the walls were Gerberga and her two sons, the desolate Desirée and her indignant sire. Outside the walls the armies of the Franks built a fenced city and sat them down to the siege. Charles sent for Hildegarde, and the jealous Desirée saw her hatred and successful rival daily parade before her amid the splendor of the court of Charles, while she ate the bread of famine within the beleaguered walls.

Not until June of 774 did Pavia surrender. The King of Lombardy and his daughter and her step-sister-in-law ended their days in convents, within whose placid walls they heard how Charlemagne had crowned the infant son of Hildegarde King of Lombardy—the title that the son of Desirée should have held. Poor Desirée! It was a perilous thing to be beloved of young and heady princes in those days.

Charles made great gifts to the Pope of the lands of Didier, basing it on all sorts of high and benevolent motives. But the Pope's reason for seeking these donations, Bryce says, was quite matter of fact. Rome was a city with neither trade nor industry, (like Washington, D. C.,) and was crowded with poor, for whom it devolved on the bishop to provide; and he could only do this by having large lands from which to reap the harvests. The panem et circenses of the Cæsars became the panem quotidianum of the Popes. Long conferences between Emperor and Pope preceded the Coronation of Charlemagne on Christmas Day, 800, as Augustus and

Emperor; but behind the splendor of that imposing ceremonial stand the shadowy figures of two girls: one, Clotilda of France, who converted the King of the Franks to her religion in pursuance of revenge against her uncle; and the other, Desirée of Lombardy, who, seeking revenge against a faithless husband, lured him on to the stupendous height that dominated a millenium.

V

Otto and Adelaide.

But as the great dream of Empire had leaped the Alps to France, so it crossed the Rhine to Germany. The story of that crossing is again the story of a Romance, this time of happier tenor; namely, the romance of Adelaide, one of the world's great women, who brought to Germany that title of Emperor which was its ruin.

Adelaide, or Adelheid, was daughter of Duke Rudolph of Burgundy and of the princess Bertha of Suabia. When Rudolph died, Bertha married Hugh, King of Italy, and at the same time betrothed her daughter, Adelaide—then only six years old—to her new stepson, Lothair, child of Hugh by a former marriage. This was a precaution taken to ensure that the vast dominions of Burgundy and Italy, united by this wedding, should not pass into other families. When Adelaide was sixteen her wedding to Lothair was completed; and she lived with him three stormy and unhappy years, after which Lothair died.

And then there was much competition for her favor; for Adelaide's hand comprised the title in fee simple to vast estates. Besides this, Adelaide was a girl of wonderful beauty with a high education and a most attractive manner. Suitors thronged her doorstep. Most persistent of them was Adalbert, son of one Berengar who had seized the titles of Lothair and sought to legitimize them by marrying Adalbert to the heiress. But Adelaide refused; and Berengar in rage kidnapped her, and locked her in a filthy dungeon in Como until she should change her mind.

After four months of misery the beautiful Adelaide escaped and fled to Modena. There she received messengers from Otto, the German King, lately a widower, who promised her a crown and revenge in return for her hand. She met Otto at Pavia, the same town from whose walls poor Desirée had seen Hildegade wearing Charlemagne's crown outside the beleaguered walls,—and in December of 951 Adelaide and Otto were married.

Thus secured in the title to the lands of Germany, Italy and Burgundy, Otto next laid claim to the Imperial crown, which had fallen into sore contempt through the failure of the Carolingian line. And on February 2, the Feast of Lights, in the year 962, Otto and Adelaide were crowned Emperor and Empress of the Holy Roman Empire by Pope John XII in St. Peter's Church in Rome. Thus the title of Roman Emperor came to the Germanic kings who pursued it and wrecked their land. France, deprived of it, grew unified and steadfast. But Germany, with the shining bauble in her hand, fell a prey to the ceaseless clashing of discordant aims. Her Emperors had so much business abroad that they could not attend to their own task of preserving order north of the Rhine.

But such evil days were yet far away. Otto and Adelaide received the imperial crown at the hands of John XII, a boy-pope, then only twenty-five years old. But as soon as Otto and his bride were out of the city, Berengar, the Kidnapper, made a treaty with John, who locked the gate against Otto. The indignant Emperor, returning, besieged the city and forced open its gates. Then he called a solemn council of Cardinals and heard complaints against the Pontiff—who meanwhile was off on a hunting trip and did not deign to interrupt his shooting to attend his own trial.

Many charges were filed against the Pope, among them the curious count that when he played dice, instead of making the sign of the cross, he called on "Jupiter and Venus and other demons" for luck. For these and many other offenses John was declared deposed and Leo, his private secretary, a layman, was elected. Civil war broke

out—an old story in Rome—in which many prominent citizens were put to death; but at last John was killed by the sword of an aggrieved husband, and Leo resigned.

By this step the right of an emperor to depose a Pope was asserted—a claim which ultimately worked out into the Emperor's veto of a Papal election, exercised for the last time by Franz Joseph of Austria to forbid the election of Rampolla as Pope on the death of Leo XIII.

Otto and Adelaide had a son, Otto II, to whom they secured the succession in spite of a revolt by Ludolph, son of Otto by his first wife. And it was Adelaide's far-seeing brain who betrothed her son to Theophano, a Greek princess, daughter of Romanus II, Emperor of Constantinople, in the hope that by this means the Eastern and Western crowns might be reunited and Europe have a single master again.

These two women, Theophano and Adelaide, completely overshadowed their respective husband and son, Otto II. Theophano, the cleverer, younger and more beautiful of the two, gradually succeeded also in overshadowing her mother-in-law in the imperial counsels. While Adelaide built Churches, Theophano accompanied her husband on his military expeditions, introduced much Oriental splendor and more than a tinge of Oriental absolutism into the German court, and bequeathed to her son, Otto III, the great Millennial Dream of a Restoration of All Things in the name of the Reunited Empire.

VI

Otto III and Stephania.

Theophano died in 991, and Adelaide for a few years ruled Western Europe in the name of her grandson. How unbelievably vast and beneficent had been the results of her romance with Otto! The Empire had been rescued from extinction and contempt. Through its wide dominions there was peace. Constantly traversing his lands the great Founder of the Germanic Line introduced a prosperity unknown before. The Germans

not only became a united nation, but were raised to a pinnacle among Europeans as the Imperial Race, the possessors of Rome and of Rome's authority. Germany became the instructress of the neighboring tribes, the fount of civil order and of peace; and from that moment the gleaming glory of the hope of World Empire has never left the German people. So at the height of its prosperity Otto III came to the throne, fruit of the romance of Theophano and Otto II, whereby it was hoped to heal that ancient division and make the East and the West again as one.

This young king—he became king at the age of three and took the government of the Empire from his grandmother into his own hands at the age of sixteen—had been nurtured by his mother, Theophano, in the dream, far more splendid than that of Charlemagne, of uniting both the Eastern and Western Empire under one crown. For the Year One Thousand was swiftly approaching: that year in which the Book of Revelation predicted, as all men believed, the return of the glorified Christ in the clouds of heaven. Otto believed, firmly and passionately, that he had been chosen to make all things ready, to “restore the world,” to fulfill the prayer of the dying Jesus “that they all may be one.” With the vigorous blood of the Teutonic rulers of renovated Rome, he mingled the venerable rights of Constantinople.

“It was his design,” Bryce writes, “now that the solemn Millennial Era of the Founding of Christianity had arrived, to renew the majesty of the City and make her again the capital of a world-embracing empire, victorious as Trajan's, despotic as Justinian's, holy as Constantine's. His young and visionary mind was too much dazzled by the gorgeous fancies it created to see the world as it was. . . .

“Setting out on his last journey to Rome in the Millennial Year,—a year which filled kings and peasants alike with dread and fear and fanatic hope—Otto went to Aachen, beneath whose splendid Basilica the body of Charlemagne still sat upon its marble throne, robed in a magnificent cloak and with the crown which had been

set on him by Pope Leo two hundred years before still resting on his embalmed head. Otto opened the tomb and gazed upon the stately corpse of the old Emperor, with the Gospel Book open before it; and there, touching the dead hand of Charlemagne, the young Emperor unclasped from the neck of that august body the golden Cross which it bore, and hung it around his own neck, thus taking the investiture of the Empire from the hand of him who had restored it."

And then he set out for Rome, hoping with awe and dread and fear mingled with his hope, to meet the Christ in Rome.

But there in Rome a far other fate befell him. For he had put to death, on a charge of usurpation and rebellion, a Republican named Crescentius who had ruled as Consul and Senator. Crescentius left a widow, a young and beautiful woman named Stephania. She, nourishing a bitter revenge beneath her mask of pale and wistful beauty, set herself in the way of the Emperor, who fell a victim to her wiles. Romance dawned upon him in the midst of the oriental splendor of his court. But it was a fatal romance. Stephania gave him a cup of wine in which was mingled a deadly but lingering poison; and he fled from Rome, racked with burning pain, to die in his twenty-second year, wandering homeless around his Italy.

"They carried him across the Alps," says Bryce, "with laments whose echoes sound faintly yet from the pages of the monkish chroniclers, and buried him in the choir of that basilica at Aachen, some fifty paces from the tomb of Charles beneath the central dome."

So ended the dream of Otto, third of that name; the "wonder of the world", as his own generation called him. What might have happened had he lived, none can tell. But with his fall anarchy reigned again.

Short as was his life, and few his acts, Otto III is in one respect more memorable than any who went before or came after him. None save he desired to make the Seven-Hilled city again the seat of dominion, reducing Germany and Lombardy and Greece to their rightful

place of subject provinces. No one else so forgot the present to live in the light of the ancient order; no other soul was so possessed by that fervid mysticism and that reverence for the glories of the past, wherein rested the idea of the medieval empire.

VII

Henry and Constance

But the Empire was not dead. After Otto came Henry II, and then Conrad the Franconian. Conrad's son, Henry III, attained the meridian of imperial power. Abroad, by a series of great victories, he added Slavic Bohemia to the empire permanently, as well as Poland and Hungary for a time. At home he reformed both state and church. He enforced the "truce of God," which had not before been introduced into Germany, and for a time even widened it into a "Peace of the Land" compelling all nobles to swear solemnly to give up private warfare. At the Synod of Sutri three claimants to the office of Pope were deposed by him at once; and herein began the great reaction.

For this procedure of an Emperor deposing the Pope made the whole land-holding system of the Church and all its temporal dignity and power, dependent upon an emperor's favor and decision. Within the Church itself a great reaction had begun against the vicious and corrupt ring who ruled at Rome. From the monastery at Cluny, reforming zeal spread in an ever-widening wave. Otto III had set upon the Papal throne, in the dread Millennial Year, his tutor Gerbert, whose name of Sylvester II recalled that first Pope Sylvester, to whom Constantine had made the donation of the patrimony of Peter. Gerbert, filled with the Millennial Dream of the Second Advent, undertook to make the Church ready for that great event as Otto sought to make the world ready. Their stern example and discipline favored the reform, and when Hildebrand, monk of Cluny, who had dominated three papal reigns from behind the throne,

took upon his own head the triple tiara as Gregory VII the Church was ready to assert its power.

Henry III died, leaving his infant son in the care of Hildebrand. But this son, Henry IV, though reared by Hildebrand, revolted against his tutor and was in perpetual strife with him. His father had deposed three popes all at once; why should the son take dictation from their successor? So bitterly the strife between school-master and pupil waxed that Gregory issued an edict absolving all Christians from their oath of allegiance to the Emperor.

And then came the famous Flight to Canossa, when the Emperor of the World, barefoot and in a penitent's garb, stood in the snow for three days and nights beseeching pardon. Picturesque as the scene was, there was no particular physical hardship involved on Henry's part. All warriors were inured to extremes of weather. His mental humiliation has been made much of. But in reality it seems to have been a trial of endurance, whether Henry's humiliation could hold out longer than Gregory's pride. When those bolted doors were opened and the penitent was admitted, it really signified that Henry had won. No priest could refuse to absolve a penitent who underwent so searching a test of his contrition; and as a matter of fact, the Penance at Canossa resulted in the deposition and exile of Gregory by the indignant German bishops. Gregory attempted to depose Henry again, but was chased into exile, where he died in bitterness of soul. When the Emperor Henry V came to Rome to be crowned he seized the Pope and arrested the Cardinals until they conceded all his demands.

Bitter was their strife, but Pope and Emperor made common cause when under the preaching of Arnold of Brescia the Roman people established a Republic and bade defiance to both the world-rulers. Frederick the Redbeard captured Arnold; the Pope strangled and then burnt him and strewed his ashes upon the Tiber.

But if Frederick I, the Redbeard, was the greatest of all the medieval emperors, Frederick II saw the glorious structure reared by his predecessors shattered; and he

died like a lion at bay, surrounded by bitter enemies and treacherous friends, amid the twilight of the Germanic Empire. When Frederick died, one old chronicler writes, "The Empire in a manner ceased here."

How was it that after such splendor came so great an eclipse? Another romance explains it—that of the young Emperor Henry VI, son of the Redbeard, and the princess Constanza. She, daughter of King Roger I. of Sicily, was heiress of all the lands won by those Norse adventurers who had poured down through the Straits of Hercules and had assailed the Saracen masters of Sicily and South Italy, capturing estates for themselves both from the Greeks and the Moslems. As the Empire had been established by the wooing and wedding of Otto and Adelaide, so by this winning of Constanza was it destroyed.

For when the hand of the lovely princess, heiress of the islands and the provinces of the South, was linked with his in marriage, the young Emperor felt that all the world was now before him. With such vast new territories from which revenues might be drawn, he offered to the Germanic princes greatly to lighten their burdens in return for the making of the imperial crown hereditary in his family. But the jealous princes refused their consent; and although Frederick II, son of Henry and Constanza, did come to imperial power, the ambitions of his house wrecked it.

For Frederick II spent his life in the effort to unite the Sicilian dominions with those of Germany and North Italy. Between these two domains lay the Papal states, in which the Pope was King. To unite his own sundered dominions, therefore, the Pope must be dispossessed.

In the effort, it seemed that heavens and earth were rent asunder. Excommunications, depositions, earth-shaking conflicts and curses that blackened the heavens rang all over Europe. But at the end of it the Pope had won, and the Empire had disappeared.

Beneath all the involved struggles of these tremendous times one reads in the documents of that day, ever recurring mention of the basic causes, which were

tariffs, taxes, tolls and titles, jealously held as family perquisites by adherents of Pope or Emperor. Neither the one power nor the other was able to build under his grandiloquent claims the basic substructure of good roads. Whatever power they attained was, in literal truth, swallowed up in the mudholes of the highways. St. Paul's aphorism "Evil communications corrupt good manners," or as it might be freely translated "Bad roads make bad neighbors" was never more clearly illustrated.

Irresistible force met immovable body, when these two powers collided. The result was that their lands were ground as to powder.

When Napoleon after four hundred years began to consolidate the fragments of the old Holy Roman empire, he found it shattered into more than eighteen hundred fragments. There were:

1. Two great States, Austria and Prussia, each half Slavonic in blood, and holding the leadership respectively of the Northern and Southern German face;

2. Some thirty states of the second rank, like Bavaria and Wurtemberg;

3. Two hundred and fifty petty states of the Third rank, many of them ecclesiastical states, ranging in size from a small duchy to a large farm, but averaging a few thousand inhabitants;

4. Some fifteen hundred "knights of the empire" who in England would have been country squires, but in Germany were really independent monarchs, with an average territory of three square miles and some three hundred subjects apiece, over whom they held the power of life and death.

Finally about fifty-six free cities, all in misrule, governed by narrow aristocracies.

Each of the 250 states of the third rank, like the large ones, was an absolute monarchy, with its own laws, its mimic court and army, its own coinage and its own crowd of officials. Every one of the 1,500 knights had his own system of tariffs and taxes. In the quarrels of these diminutive "countries" their sturdy youth were

called upon in the sacred name of patriotism to avenge their country's wrongs and to bleed, fight and die for a system of tolls and tariffs embracing a nation considerably smaller than a Texas ranch. To such length had "self-determination of all nationalities" led.

When Conrad, his son, died in 1254, after a fruitless reign of four years, there followed a period in which there was no emperor for twenty years. Not only was the Empire lost, but the Germanic nation had been destroyed in following the lure of that will-o'-the-wisp. In the scramble for Imperial dignity, the kingdom of Germany had broken down beneath the weight of the Roman Empire. During these twenty years of the Great Interregnum there was neither Roman Emperor nor German King.

After the Great Interregnum the Seven Electors, agreeing that it was an evil thing that the name and title of emperor should cease from among men, conferred the Imperial Crown on Rudolph of Hapsburg, count of an obscure district in the Alps; going on the theory that if there must be an emperor, he at least should not amount to much. But Rudolph showed unexpected energy, and seized the duchy of Austria from the Kings of Bohemia; and since then Austria has been the principal seat of the Hapsburgs. He hung thousands of robber-knights to keep the roads safe. In 1438 the title of Emperor became hereditary in the House of the Hapsburgs, by the election of Albert of Austria. His son was Frederick III, in whom the glorious title of Emperor reached its utmost pitch of degradation, from which it swiftly recovered until in Charles V it reached an apex of splendor—and then burst like a rocket against the terrible night of the Thirty Years War.

A Fever Chart of this obsession of Empire would show the same eccentric pulsations as the health record of a malaria patient. High under Charlemagne; low under Charles the Fat; high and mounting higher under Otto I; down almost to extinction under Otto III; swiftly up again under the Henrys; at its pinnacle under Henry

III, continuing strong under the Hohenstaufen, until in Frederick II a state of coma mistaken for death intervened. But then the patient recovered under Rudolph of Hapsburg, sank again under Frederick III, rose smartly under Maximilian, culminated in Charles V, and lingered on in greatly weakened and enfeebled condition until, in Francis II of Austria, it was declared dead.

VIII

Maximilian and Mary.

In Frederick III the Holy Roman Empire indeed reached its lowest pitch. This monarch, bearing the title of "civil head of the human race" and "Cæsar of Christendom," was so poor that he frequently had to beg for a dinner at the door of a monastery, not knowing where his next meal was to come from. He drove about his imperial dominions in an oxcart because he could not afford a horse.

This dark picture forms the background for the romance of Mary of Burgundy, with whom the history of the Empire takes a fresh start, this time in the direction of Spain, and narrowly touches us of America with the ghost of its greatness.

Mary's father, Duke Charles, surnamed the Bold, was the richest ruler in the world. The Dukes of Burgundy had succeeded by force, by purchase, by treachery and marriage, in amassing under their reign, besides the Countship of Flanders, and the lands of Burgundy, a miscellaneous collection of earldoms, duchies, countships and bishoprics, stretching from the mouth of the Rhine almost to the Mediterranean. Duke Charles desired to amalgamate all these miscellaneous holdings into one Kingdom, thus creating anew the Middle Kingdom of Lothair, which would have held the balance of power in Europe, containing the richest industrial district in the world—the manufacturing cities of Flanders—the fairest

farm lands in Europe—those of Burgundy—and a strategic position commanding all the highways between the East and West, North and South.

Now, though the Emperor Frederick III was poverty-stricken, so much so that he could not afford a horse and had to beg for his meals, yet he held the sole and uncontested power of granting the title of King. So Duke Charles, richest man in the world, arranged to meet Frederick III, the Imperial Hobo, at Treves in the year 1477 to arrange for the kingship. Duke Charles had a crown nicely made of gold set with jewels in the latest approved style of kingly crowns, and a splendid set of royal robes. He met Frederick at Treves at the time appointed, and asked from his hand the grant and seal of kingship.

Frederick very naturally asked what he had to offer. Charles replied that he had a very beautiful daughter, Mary, sole heiress of all his dominions, and the emperor had a young and handsome son, Maximilian, who was as poor as a church mouse. What more suitable than that they should marry?

But the Emperor hesitated. He named a large cash donation, which in turn made Charles hesitate; and then, while the duke took a night to think it over, the Emperor mounted his gallant oxcart and galloped away; so that when the duke came down in the morning he found the kitchen window open and the emperor gone. In high indignation Charles packed up his kingly robes and crown again, went off to vent his rage against the Swiss mountaineers, and was killed by them in battle in the same year, 1477, at Nancy, leaving Mary in possession of his vast estates.

But she, poor girl, got little good of them. Thrust into regal power at the age of twenty she was promptly arrested by her loyal subjects of Flanders and kept a prisoner in Ghent until she consented to sign a treaty restoring to the burghers of the Lowlands those privileges from which her father and grandfather had deprived them. This Great Charter provided that she must marry the man her burghers picked out for her, must not de-

clare war nor conclude peace without consent of the merchant princes, and must not increase the taxes without their consent. Not content with this, they seized and beheaded two of her trusted counsellors, despite her tearful entreaties, on the ground that they were writing treasonable letters to the King of France. In desperation she sent for Maximilian of Austria, and besought him to come to her aid. The old Emperor emerged from his seclusion again and gave imperial consent to the marriage.

Surely—an ideal wedding! A young and beautiful heiress possessed of the richest estate in the world, and a handsome, heroic prince, with every prospect of election to the Imperial crown after his father—what better combination could be made? And yet it was wedding the growing commercial power of the capitalist bourgeoisie of the Netherlands to the ancient land-holding feudalism of Austria. It was the marrying together of two totally incongruous systems of property, of thought, of development. Manufacturing Flanders could not remain linked with medieval Austria; so they eventually obtained a divorce, but only after Europe had been rent asunder in the horror of that domestic conflict in the House of Hapsburg.

As so often happens, the principal figure in this romance, the unfortunate Mary, slipped out of the story soon. She was killed in 1482 by a fall from her horse. But she left an infant son, Philip the Fair, and her handsome and accomplished husband mounted the throne of the Holy Roman Empire in 1494, two years after Columbus had discovered America; and in that same year Philip, their son, mounted the throne of the Netherlands, being then fifteen years of age.

So then a wife must be found for Philip; and he was married to Juana, only daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. She was quite crazy—but an heiress! Their son, born in the year 1500, was Charles, known as the Emperor Charles V, in whose time the bubble Empire expanded to its furthest extent, and then burst in frightful showers of blood.

Charles V inherited Burgundy and the Netherlands, Austria, Spain and Sicily; he became possessed of those huge and undiscovered territories in the Western Sea and in the shadowy sunrise beyond India to which Spain had laid claim when Columbus returned. And with the money of his Flemish subjects, Charles made sure his election to the Imperial throne, as against Francis of France and Henry VIII of England:—money that turned to their own destruction and laid them under the torment of the Inquisition.

Maximilian and Mary—Philip and Juana—Charles and his brother Ferdinand—in such wise is the history of all Europe written during the Thousand Years. France, with her steady succession of father and son from Hugh Capet to Louis XVI, grew united and powerful. But the Germanic race with that incurable romanticism that is the furthest thing in the world from the cold temper of the Romans, had sought the will-of-the-wisp of love and adventure in the ends of the earth, and came to destruction thereby.

By the wedding of the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain with the son of Maximilian and Mary, a third political element as irreconcilable and intractable as those other two was brought in: and to the capitalist bourgeoisie of the Netherlands, wedded with the land-holding feudalism of Austria, the stern and gloomy military Catholicism of the Spanish conquistadores was added; all concentrated in the person of Charles V.

It was no wonder that in the convulsions which this unnatural combination produced, Europe was rent asunder. But to get the full meaning of all that followed the romance of Maximilian and Mary, we must go back a millenium and a half and contemplate Spain, which now assumed the leadership in Europe.

Bayard Taylor, in his "History of Germany," page 409, says:

"Thirty years of war! The slaughters of Rome's worst emperors, the persecution of the Christians under Nero and Diocletian, the invasions of the Huns and Magyars, the long struggles of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, left

no such desolation behind them. At the beginning of the century the population of the German Empire was about thirty million. When the peace of Westphalia was declared, it was scarcely twelve million. Electoral Saxony alone lost 900,000 lives in two years. The city of Berlin contained but 300 citizens, the whole of the Palatinate of the Rhine but 200 farmers. In Hesse-Cassel, 17 cities, 47 castles and 300 villages were entirely destroyed by fire; thousands of villages in all parts of the country had but four or five families left out of hundreds, and landed property sank to about one-twentieth of its former value. The horses, cattle and sheep were exterminated in many districts, the supplies of grain were at an end, even for sowing, and large cultivated tracts had relapsed into a wilderness. Even orchards and vineyards had been wantonly destroyed, wherever armies had passed. So terrible was the ravage that in a great many localities the same amount of cattle, population, acres of cultivated land and general prosperity, was not restored until 1848, two centuries afterward."

This statement of the losses of Germany, however was but a small part of the suffering endured. During the last ten or twelve years of the war both Protestants and Catholics vied with each other in deeds of barbarity; the soldiers were nothing but highway robbers who maimed and tortured the country people to make them give up their last remaining property. In the year 1637, when Ferdinand II died, the want was so great that men devoured each other, and even hunted down human beings like hares, in order to feed upon them.

IX

The House of Hapsburg

Meanwhile the House of Hapsburg continued to expand and to accumulate new titles for its hereditary rulers. Watching every opportunity the Austrian statesmen gathered up here and there the crumbling fragments

of the Ottoman Empire, and strove with vigor to prevent any one else from seizing them.

Thus at the time Carl of Austria resigned, under pressure from his loving subjects, he held a vast collection of scrambled titles. He was not only Emperor of Austria, but also King of Hungary, of Bohemia, of Dalmatia, of Croatia, of Slavonia, of Galicia, and of Lodomeria; Archduke of Austria; Grand Duke of Krakau, Duke of Salzberg, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Bukowina, Upper and Lower Silicia, Auschwitz and Zator, Teschen, Friaul, Ragusa and Zara; Prince of Siebenburgen, Trent and Brixen; Margrave of Moravia, Upper and Lower Lusatia and Istria; Count of Hapsburg, Tyrol, Kyburg, Goritz, Gradisca, Hohenembs, Feldkirch, Bregenz and Sonnenberg; Lord of Triest and Cattaro.

All of these miscellaneous estates and holdings had been accumulated in the course of many centuries by the enterprise of his predecessors, by marriages and bequests, by innumerable romances of adventure and romances of love. It was a strange crazy quilt of a combination, in which the Magyar armies held the Austrian side in subjection, and the Austrian armies held the Hungarian side in subjection whenever revolt threatened the dominant group in either half of the conglomerate mass. Franz Josef was said to be the only person living who could talk to all of his subjects each in his own language.

Such a mess could not endure. The states were neither one nor many, neither a unity nor a diversity, but an unnatural freak. Austro-Hungary was an empire imposed from the top down, and not growing from the bottom up.

When the Great War ended in the Peace of Versailles, the solution proposed for this jumble of anachronisms was worse than the Hapsburg solution. At least Franz Joseph did keep the peace. But as soon as the Hapsburg yoke was released, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Austria and Hungary and Roumania flamed into war.

Meanwhile another claimant to the Imperial title had appeared, far to the north. The House of Hohenzollern had arisen.

X

The House of Hohenzollern

When the warriors of Islam began to drive the Cross away from the Holy Land, the Christian military orders organized for that conquest sought other fields. Among them were the Teutonic Knights; and they, dislodged from Palestine, found footing along the chilly shores of the Baltic.

In the year 1208 Conrad, Duke of Masovia, invited the Teutonic Knights to establish themselves in his district of Kulm to protect his lands against the Prussians and Lithuanians. These "white savages of the North" fiercest of the dwellers of that frozen land, had long terrorized the Eastern shore of the Baltic. In company with the Knights of the Sword, the Teutonic Knights were established in control of all the lands they could conquer and hold; on payment of a yearly tribute to the Pope and the Emperor.

From 1237 on, the warlike Knights were in constant conflict with the Duke who had invited them and with the people whom they were supposed to hold faithful. But the Pope and the Emperor supported the Knights against both Duke and people. Constant flocks of recruits crowded into the ranks of the Knights from all the north of Europe, and contributions to their cause were demanded in all the Churches of Christendom, on the plea that they were Christianizing the savage Northmen by the sword. The Knights lived in sumptuous style. They were forbidden to marry, but there were various ways of evading this restriction.

Thus commanding the sea-coast of the Baltic, they controlled the rich inland trade of the Polish plain, and indeed of all Eastern Europe. All the profits of their great merchandise was sanctified by the holy cause in which they were engaged.

But at the moment when the Knights seemed most secure, a terrible blow was struck at their prosperity. The "savages" became Christians. Lithuania accepted

the Orthodox church, as the people of Poland had received the Catholic gospel.

Thus surrounded by a ring of Christian states, the Teutonic Knights lost the reason for their existence. There could no longer be any pretext for a religious war. The stream of recruits and of rich gifts dried up at its source. The Order had to hire its troops, and its politics were unmasked for what they were—commercial competition covered by the slogans of religion.

The rising kingdom of Poland entered the competition for mercantile supremacy. In frightful struggles between them, the fertile plains of the Vistula were covered with slaughter and destruction. At length Poland won, and the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights contented himself with sovereignty over the lands of East Prussia as a vassal of Poland's king.

In the year 1511 Albert of Brandenburg was elected Grand Master of the Knights. The Lutheran whirlwind was then beginning to rack and rend the political and religious structure of Europe. Albert went to see Luther, who advised him that the Knights were no longer of any use to God or man, and that he should go get married and dissolve the order. So Albert, last Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, married Dorothea, princess of Denmark. He resigned his dominions into the hands of the King of Poland, and received in return the title of Hereditary Grand Duke of Prussia.

In the year 1700 Frederick Hohenzollern, Margrave of Brandenburg and Grand Duke of Prussia, was granted the title of King of Prussia, in return for a deal whereby he sent Prussian troops to Spain. Pope Clement XI protested furiously against the idea of a Lutheran King since by immemorial usage the name of King was granted only to Catholics. But the need of troops caused the Emperor to ignore the Pope's protest. Thus equipped with the sacred title of King, Prussia assumed the leadership of the torn and distracted North German states, remnants of that once mighty German Empire.

King Frederick William I was a parsimonious sovereign. All his life he scrimped and saved to accumulate

a war fund. Frederick II, surnamed the Great, thus had his father's fortune in combination with his own military genius with which to enter the game of Empire.

When the Holy Roman Empire headed by Austria came to an end in 1806 with the resignation of the title of Emperor by Francis II—under strong pressure of Napoleon—Prussia made the first strong bid for that gaudy prize. Again the vengeful ghosts of the Heirs of Charlemagne confronted one another across the Rhine. Napoleon in France and Frederick in Prussia strove for the mastery. The armies of the French chased the Prussian soldiers from the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, and at the Peace of Tilsit Germany was humbled and humiliated, her armies disbanded, her king treated with insolent scorn.

Burning with this memory, Prussian soldiers led the victorious armies at Waterloo, where the French Empire vanished in a sea of blood. In 1848, when revolution shook the sovereigns of Europe on their thrones, a second attempt was made to revive the Germanic Empire. But Frederick William IV, a weak monarch, refused the title of Emperor, offered by his fellow princes.

Then came Bismark. Seizing his opportunity he mutilated a telegram, which made the French people and the Germans fly at each others throats. In the iron ring of cannon at Sedan the French Emperor, Napoleon III, was defeated and overthrown. The title of German Emperor was conferred in 1871 upon William I in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, by vote of the twenty-eight kingdoms, principalities, Grand Duchies and free cities of North Germany.

With this union came an intense stimulation of every form of activity. Germany, trodden underfoot by every warrior of Europe since the Thirty Years War, developed an intense Kultur of self glorification. Patiently and with unwearied toil her scientists and statesmen pursued the goal of regaining that high and uncontested eminence which had been theirs in the days of the first Otto. "Deutschland Ueber Alles" was again their vision.

Kaiser William came to the throne in the strong glow

of this great vision. In innumerable speeches he proclaimed the belief that the Germans were the Chosen Nation, the Salt of the Earth, the Redeemers of Mankind. The old slogans of the Teutonic Knights were revived by him. The German people were to be Knights of the Sword, like those old warriors who had won the Baltic wastes from the Prussian savages.

But Germany was surrounded by jealous foes. Across the Rhine and beyond the Vistula lay her imperial rivals, the Heirs of Rome. Across the narrow North Sea lay England, who in the days when France and Germany had been desolated by civil warfare, had seized the far-lying lands of the Orient. To the South and East lay Austria, ancient head of the German peoples. And just beyond Austria lay Constantinople, the gateway to the East for which the wars of the world had so long been waged.

Long and careful planning, patient and methodical execution,—these were the lines along which Germany moved. Her business firms cooperated with her government. German-made goods routed England's manufactures out of the world's markets. German flags began to fly on every sea. "Peaceful penetration" of South America, of Japan, of China, went along with ceaseless warlike preparation. Never was such a well-drilled army, prepared to the last shoe-lace.

And then came the explosion. Once more the quarrel over the heritage of Rome laid the world in ruins. The heirs of Charlemagne and the heirs of Theodosius summoned to their never-ending strife the sons of the whole world; and Europe again lay in ashes as the price of the Imperial dream.

THE BOOK OF SPAIN

America entered upon the career of world-empire by treading on the toes of Spain. Stripping from her emaciated form the trailing robes of an ill-fitting dominion we wrapped it round our own robuster shape. Wherever we go we run up against some remnant of that vast Empire which at one period in its brief existence covered more of the globe than any other empire had ever done.

There is a dark peculiar cast to the civilization of Spain which has left its imprint in all of these places. That famous year 1492, marks the culminating point in her history—a point to which all before had gradually led, and to which all that follows looks sadly and unforgetting back. Spain is a land marked with the curse of an obsession, a religious mania, a cold frenzy of self-righteousness which applied the torch of Torquemada to dissenters and the disembowelling knife of hara-kiri to the faithful.

Look at the size of Spain on the map, and then look at its statistics. There is a fearful discrepancy. Spain has a total area of 194,700 square miles. It is thus rather more than twice the size of Great Britain, 50,000 square miles larger than Japan, and 85,000 square miles larger than Italy and Sicily. And yet its total population is barely twenty million. This extraordinary lack of population differentiates Spain from every other country possessed of equal natural advantages and historic civilization. It occupies an unsurpassed geographical situation. Its resources are rich, varied and to some extent unexploited; its inhabitants were once noted for their commercial enterprise and for their industry. Nevertheless this country appears to have supported, twenty centuries ago,

a population nearly three times as numerous as its present inhabitants. It is as thinly peopled as is Ireland's most depopulated province.

Yet under the early Roman Empire, Spain supported fifty million persons. Yet, one hundred years after the union of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella,—namely in 1590—a census gave the population at a little over eight million. This was at a time of the height of Spain's Empire, when the double drain of the expulsion of the Moors and Jews, and the sending abroad of tens of thousands of her best blood to colonize the newly discovered lands, had wrecked the country. Empire completely ruined the people of Spain, as it had, so long ago, ruined the people of the City of Rome, and was even then ruining Germany.

As early as the eleventh century before Christ, Phœnician sailors and traders reached Spain. Gades, one of their settlements, now known as Cadiz, has been called the oldest city in the world with continuous civilization. During the long struggle between Rome and Carthage, the Romans finally and completely expelled the old Carthaginian power from that territory and made of it one of their richest provinces. Settlements of veterans were established in the most fertile spots. Even under Augustus a Legion was maintained at the place ever since known as Leon.

During the imperial period, the two outstanding features of the country were its great prosperity and its contributions to literature. Shut off from foreign enemies—protected by the whole width of the Empire from the invading northmen—secluded from the wars in Persia and along the Danube and the Rhine, it developed its natural resources to an extent unequalled before or since. Iron, copper, silver, and lead were obtained from the Spanish mountains, and the tin produced there entirely eclipsed that from Cornwall.

This mineral glory was overshadowed by her literary output. The Augustan writers had been Italians—Vergil, Horace, Ovid—but when they passed away, and the Silver Age began, it was to Seneca the Younger,

Lucan the epic poet, Martial the epigrammatic poet, and the greatest of all Rome's literary critics, Quintilian, that the laurels passed: all of them men born and reared under the kindly skies of Spain. Two of the greatest emperors, Hadrian and Trajan, were Spaniards.

Public works were extensive; Rome built aqueducts, theaters, bridges and roads all over the vast and fertile land, whose population of fifty or sixty million must have required innumerable more such works than those of which the ruins remain.

Occasional civil wars and confiscations made havoc here and there; but the deep peace of Spain amid its olive groves was not interrupted until that fatal winter's night when the barbarians burst the Rhine frontier and flooded the Empire with a deluge from which there was no recovery.

II

Roderic and Florinda

First to reach Spain of these marauding hosts were the Vandals, who have left their names in the fertile province of Andalusia. They cannot be said to have "conquered" the country. Rather they plundered it. Hot after them came the Visigoths, who were commissioned by the Romans as "foederati," or allies, and came to "defend" Roman Spain against the invaders: but when the Vandals, eighty thousand strong, took their flight to Africa, the Visigoths established a kingdom of their own.

As soon as the barbarians came in anywhere, they cut the roads. This destroyed the empire. Commerce ceased, for all travellers were plundered. Taxes ceased, for the imperial tax collectors could not get about. Salvian remarks that many communities preferred roving hordes of barbarians to the exactions of tax collectors; and it is certain that many of the unhappy "curiales," who had to pay the taxes out of their own depleted pockets, felt much more sympathy for the alien than for their own.

Great landowners fortified their estates, defending their farms against barbarian and tax-collector alike. Still, the memory remained of the Roman law, of Roman municipal freedom, and of the Roman faith.

A struggle raged between Arian and Catholic religions. King Reccared established the Catholic faith as the official religion of the state, apparently seeking to imitate the example of Clovis and to consolidate his kingdom as the Frankish ruler had done. The effect was the opposite of what had happened north of the Pyrenees. Anarchy became worse, culminating when King Witiza, a well meaning man who seems to have endeavored to reform the realm, was murdered by partisans of Roderic, and the last of the Visigothic Kings came to insecure power over a distracted realm. For Roderic ascended the throne barely in time to lose it to the whirlwind of the Southern deserts which swept onward in the name of Mohammed.

A luxurious sluggard, and a lover of many women, Roderic paid dearly for his romance with Florinda, daughter of that Count Julian who held the passes of the Straits of Hercules from his outpost at Ceuta. Count Julian, furious at the faithless king, granted safe passage to the armies of the Caliph under Tarik, who gave his name for all succeeding time to the fortress of Gibraltar—Jibr-al-Tarik—the hill of Tarik. But there was treachery on both sides of the Straits. Roderic's disgruntled subjects offered to join the invader if they were guaranteed a share in the spoils, which promise was freely made them. So the Moors came into Spain, and from their capital at Cordova they, under their Caliph, ruled Western Islam as the Emperor ruled Western Rome.

This sudden sweep of the Moors over Spain was not mysterious. Many esteemed it a great gain, for the Visigothic kings had retained the ancient Roman fiscal system which the Arabs swept away, replacing it by a land tax and a poll tax which was not levied on "old men, women, children, cripples or the poor." The Jews escaped from brutal persecution by the coming of the

Arabs, and were eager allies of the invader. Also, any slave who professed Islam became a freeman, so that the slaves were strongly for the Moors.

These conquerors were not insistent on conversion of their new subjects. They treated their invasion much more as a financial speculation than as a war for the Faith. The Arab caliph was very willing to leave to all taxpayers the full and free exercise of their religion. He cynically avowed a greater liking for cash than for the convert.

Across the Pyrenees the tide of Moorish invasion swept, and then recoiled. Charlemagne, grandson of that Charles the Hammer who drove the Crescent back at Tours, came through the passes of the Pyrenees and founded the Spanish March on the Moorish side of the mountains to protect them from further invasion. Scattered here and there through those wild and rugged regions, castles of Christian knights remained; castles which in course of centuries united into a principality under the name of Castile, and became the rallying ground wherefrom Christendom pressed its victorious way southward again.

In the year 800, or thereabouts, the body of St. James the Apostle was discovered ("invented" is the ecclesiastical word) in Galicia, in the place forever after known as Santiago: (Iago is short for Jacobus, the Latin form of James.) Around the shrine many legends began to gather. Pilgrims came from across the Pyrenees, and brought not only trade but also interchange of ideas with the Catholic country over the mountains.

Step by step, century by century, the Christian power made headway against the men of the South. To follow in detail the story of the reconquest is a mad impossibility. Spanish nobles were a fierce, intractable lot. In each petty state they took an oath to their king somewhat like this:

"We, who are each of us as good as thou, and who together are far more powerful than thou, swear to obey thee if thou dost obey our laws; and if not, not."

Military orders of priest-knights were formed to carry

on the warfare. The Knights of Alcantara, Calatrava, and Santiago devoted their swords to the cross and their bodies to the enjoyment of the fruits of conquest. Alfonso of Aragon left his Kingdom by will to the Knights Templar and the Knights Hospitaller. His nobles, however, disregarding his bequest, drew from his solitary monkish cell the late King's only brother, Ramiro. Having been "uncloistered" by the Pope, he married Agnes of Aquitaine, and on the birth of a daughter, Petronilla, betrothed the infant to Ramon Berenger, count of Barcelona—and went back to his monkish cell again, happy in the thought of a good work well done.

Curious results followed from the reconquest of lands which had become accustomed to the thought of Islam's polygamy. A system of marriage known as *barraganía* allowed a man to have at least one extra wife, who though not enjoying the full status, was the mother of legitimate children. For example Dom Pedro the Cruel was married to Blanche of Bourbon, but was *abarraganado* to Maria de Padilla, whose daughter succeeded him. The clergy of Spain, debarred by Papal edict from marrying, were commonly "*abarraganado*," married by courtesy as we might say, all through the Middle Ages; and their wives, distinguished by a red border to their dresses, were recognized as a regular class of the population.

Meanwhile the Moors and Jews who remained in the reconquered territories were a great problem. There were in addition to the *mudejares*, or Moors living under Christian rule; *mozarabes*, or Christians living under Moorish rule; *Moriscoes*, or converted Moors; *Marranos*, or converted Jews; and the Jews who were still orthodox. Moors and Jews together formed at least half of the population, and that by far the most industrious and intelligent half. So drew on the year 1492.

III

Ferdinand and Isabella

In 1469 Isabella of Castile married her cousin, Ferdinand of Aragon, thus uniting the largest principalities of Spain. Together their forces marched against the Moors in one last conflict, which on January 6, 1492, ended with the occupancy of the ancient city of Granada, for eight centuries the capital of the Moors, by the armies of the victorious pair.

Now January 6 is the Feast of Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles; and to the perfervid brain of the king and the clerics who marched into Granada, it seemed that God had granted them a sign, approving their conduct in the attempted forcible conversion of all those who lived in Spain to the True Faith. And when in October of that same victorious year the hand of God opened before them the illimitable treasures of the Western World, then the seal of divine approval was in eyes of all men set upon the Torch of Torquemada, by which all who differed from the Apostolic Canon were punished with the fires of this world that they might escape the tortures of the next.

There had been Jews in Spain since the days of the Capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. The Prophet Obadiah speaks of "the captivity of Jerusalem which is in Sepharad" and in the days of Solomon ships had come from Tarshish unto Tyre. By Tarshish and Sepharad Spain is indicated.

The Jews, refraining from combat and confining themselves to business, had amassed great wealth. They were particularly favored by the Moslems, because their religion was very similar, in that they abhorred idolatry, practised circumcision, and revered a Prophet. In his long warfare with the Moors, Ferdinand had seen his royal treasury impoverished, and had acquired an intense hatred of the Jews, who very naturally favored those at whose hands they had received such favors—namely, the Moors.

A campaign for the enforcement of "100 per cent

loyalty" was therefore begun; loyalty including the provision that all persons must be members of the State Church. It "received the endorsement of the people"—that is to say, the wealth that was stripped from the Jews was given by the Alien Property Custodian to those who betrayed them; and the fever for such easy acquisition grew apace.

Many thousands of former Jews and Moors had been converted by force. Against these suspicion was directed. If any "New Christians" preserved any of the familiar usages of the synagogue, such as putting on clean clothes on Saturday, stripping the fat from beef and mutton; if they killed poultry with a sharp knife, covered the blood and muttered a few Hebrew words; had eaten flesh in Lent, or blessed their own children by the laying on of hands; observed any peculiarity of diet or distinction of feast or fast, mourned for the dead after the ancient manner or any whose friends had presumed to turn the face to the wall in the agony of death—all such were vehemently suspected of apostasy, and were ordered to be punished accordingly.

On January 6, 1481, six persons were burned on such charges as these; on March 26, sixteen. By November 4, two hundred and ninety-eight in all had been given to the flames in the city of Seville alone. All over Spain two thousand persons were burned on the charge of Judaizing, and seventeen thousand were put to cruel penance. Among the two thousand burned were many principal persons and rich inhabitants whose property went into the royal treasury.

The Governor of Seville built, outside his city, a permanent platform of stone, called the Quemadero, to serve as a burning place. At the four corners were four large hollow statues of limestone, in which impenitents were placed alive, to be roasted to death by slow heat.

Horried by these performances, the Pope, in 1482, wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella rebuking them for the vast numbers thus tortured, and revoked the power granted to the sovereign to nominate any further Inquisitors.

Resistance began; and Pedro de Arbues, one of the Inquisitors, was assassinated. Then the fury broke in its full strength. Jews by the thousand, Marranos and Moriscoes and Moors, were seized, imprisoned and tortured. By the ten thousand these unhappy people, the industrial and financial backbone of the country, began to flee from it; until at the time when Spain was expanding over the world, her home was desolate and her own land unpeopled.

IV

Commerce and Inquisition

Thus having driven out those whose hands built up the former prosperity of the realm, and having come to power over a more or less "united" realm, Ferdinand and Isabella undertook to encourage and develop its resources. To encourage the herds of merino sheep they issued prohibitions against inclosures—and thus ruined agriculture. They gave premiums for large merchant ships—and thus ruined the owners of small vessels, and reduced the merchant marine of Spain to a handful of galleons. Fixed prices were placed on everything. The weaver, the fuller, the armorer, the potter, the shoemaker, were told exactly how to do their own work. Every kind of production had to be done under the eye and subject to the interference of a vast swarm of government officials, all ill paid, many not paid at all, and without exception all corrupt.

In addition a tax was levied on everything. To make matters worse collection of these taxes were farmed out to contractors. There was a five or ten per cent tax on an article every time it was sold; on the ox when sold to the butcher, on the hide when sold to the tanner, on the dressed hide when sold to the shoemaker, and on the completed pair of shoes when sold to the ultimate consumer.

Spain might have been expected to take a leading place among the trading communities of Europe. This

she did at one time hold, when the treasure houses of Mexico and Peru poured their wealth into Spanish coffers, to be squandered in the purchase of commodities from Holland and England. But this period of outward prosperity was the period in which the seeds of decline grew apace. For the expulsion of the Moors from Granada was contemporaneous with the seizure of the New World. Hundreds of thousands of Moors were driven from the country, and in the act Spain lost the best of her agriculturists and handicraftsmen.

Meanwhile the native Spaniards, or rather the Spanish Christians excited by the hope of rapidly acquired wealth and the love of adventure, embarked upon a career of discovery and plunder. Agriculture and industry fell into contempt. "Get rich quick" became the mania of the hour. Every young Spaniard wanted to discover a gold mine for himself, as we now pine to be lucky discoverers of new oil wells. Meanwhile the State attempted to expand with the enterprise of its subjects, and to control them abroad as well as at home with the benevolent paternalism of infinite regulation. Commerce with the New World was limited to the single city of Seville, that the supervision of the State might more easily be exercised.

Now in this regulating edict lay the unnoticed cause of most of that indescribable horror which under the name of "Wars of Religion" desolated the Netherlands, set Spain at war with all her neighbors, and dragged her down into the abyss of corruption and decay from which she is only now beginning, with hesitant steps, to emerge.

For the Netherlands were the industrial center of the world. An attempt by a backward and bankrupt power like Spain to claim a monopoly of trade with the great new market opening beyond the western seas seemed to the rich and prosperous burghers of the Netherlands very much as an attempt to limit the trade with China and Japan to the single Mexican port of Topolobampo, excluding New York and San Francisco, would seem to us. The Netherlands and the

English insisted on reaping their share of the riches of the New World. So the navies of England and Holland were organized, and scoured the seas in search of Spanish galleons to plunder.

Charles V demanded more and more subsidies from his Netherland realms to pay for his wars. In 1540 he punished a rebellion among his Flemish subjects by visiting the town of Ghent, annulling its charters and destroying its guilds. He used his authority as head of the Holy Roman Empire, and the authority of the Pope expressed in the Treaty of Tordesillas, to forbid any infringement by others than Spain on the trading rights of the New World.

Thus heavily taxed and forbidden to share in the profits of the proceeds, the Netherlands revolted. Lutheran and Calvinist heresies spread among them like wildfire, weaning them away from the Church in whose name the Spanish king exerted such authority. For twenty-three years Charles V was occupied with wars against the Turks, and against France, allied with the Turks. During this time Lutheranism grew too strong to be dislodged, and by the Peace of Augsburg in 1555 Charles was compelled to accede to the proposition that each prince should decide his own religion and that of his subjects as well.

But this destroyed the whole theory of the medieval empire. Disheartened and chagrined at his failure to preserve the integrity of that great structure of Christendom which had captivated the minds of men for fifteen hundred years, Charles in that same year of 1555 laid down the crown of Augustus and retired to the convent of San Yuste, in Estremadura, bequeathing the diadem of empire to his brother Ferdinand and the crowns of Spain and the Netherlands to his son Philip.

Ferdinand, as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, used the gold which Spain wrung from the natives of Mexico and Peru to maintain Catholic armies against Protestant revolts. Under the house of Hapsburg the Thirty Years War began, which desolated Central Europe from end to end. Since Ferdinand's day the

Emperors were never crowned by the Pope, and took the title of "Roman Kaiser-Elect."

V

The Suicide of Spain.

From the day that Charles V assumed the crown of Spain, that country became a part—first the leader, then the paymaster, then the dupe—of that international monstrosity known as the "illustrious house of Austria." The Spaniard became the swordsman and executioner of the Counter-Reformation, because the power of the House of Austria depended upon the maintenance of religious unity in Europe. The decision of Charles V to leave the Netherlands and Spain to his son Philip had committed the Spaniards to conflict at sea with England and to the insane attempt to maintain a land road across from one power to the other. Thereby they threatened the national existence of France. Thus they forced every patriotic ruler in England to oppose Spain on the sea and every statesmanlike master of France to oppose her on land. Meanwhile the Spaniards as champions of Catholic Christendom were endeavoring to check the advance of the Turks in the Mediterranean and to exclude all Europe from the waters of the New World.

In the intensity of their struggle with the Reformation—successor to their struggle with the Moors—they subjected education to a censorship which, in order to exclude all risk of heresy, stifled thought and reduced knowledge to a repetition of safe formulas. With their eyes on the ends of the earth and a ring of enemies from Constantinople to the Antilles, the Spanish fought with steadily diminishing natural resources, with a character and intellect which shrivelled by swift degrees. When nearly bled to death for the illustrious House of Austria, they were transferred to the House of Bourbon, which in its turn dragged them into conflict with Austria and Italy, and with England on the sea.

This enormous bankruptcy of body, mind and soul,

pursued with undeviating folly for four centuries, is one of the strangest spectacles of history. The wonder is not so much that Spain is weak, but that she survived at all; and the explanation of this fact involves also the explanation of how Napoleon began to fall and of how America began to rise.

Spain had established a chain of little Empires all over South America, each governed by an appointee of the Crown. In order to enforce his Continental Blockade against England, Napoleon invaded Spain and placed his brother Joseph upon the throne. The Spaniards, accustomed for thirty decades to shed their blood for their "rightful king" rose against Joseph.

But their rightful king was a prisoner. Therefore they established a republic, and in imitation of this act of the Mother Country the Spanish Colonies likewise declared themselves Republics. When Napoleon fell, the Spanish King returned to his throne, but the Colonies had found independence so much to their liking that they stayed free. Troops raised in Spain to subjugate them raised the banner of rebellion.

Meanwhile Napoleon, who prevailed over all the kings in battle, had found that he could not conquer when the people rose in arms. The Spaniards were the first to drive his proud armies back; the Russians and the English and the Germans destroyed him. Then came the Congress of Vienna, and then came the Holy Alliance, which sought to restore Spain's Colonies to her; and then came the Monroe Doctrine, by which the United States of America thrust its weak hand into the tangled embroilments of the European quarrels. Only Cuba and the Philippines remained to Spain, and these we wrested away in 1898.

Since the day of her defeat, Spain has been growing prosperous again. Relieved of the terrific and deadening drain of unprofitable Colonial Empire, she has been developing her own commerce. Because of an immemorial tradition, her ruling classes are steadfastly opposed to engaging in commercial enterprise. And thus the way is left free for the growing strength of Spanish labor

to take control of its own destinies and the destinies of the country. Alfonso XIII, feeling the strong groundswell of the coming storm, announced a long time ago that he would be willing to lay down the crown and run for President if the people so desired.

Spain, grasping after world empire, hugged to her soul damnation both of herself and of all who touched her. Only when she laid down that high dream did it become comfortable to be a Spaniard again.

THE STRIFE OF THE EAGLES

Thus the stage was set through many centuries for that crowning struggle of European Imperialism, embodying within itself the struggles of centuries past, through whose bloody tempest we have but lately passed. Merchants of Assyria and Babylon, Merchants of Egypt and of Rome, inspired the wars of those far-off years for profit and advantage, under the cover of patriotism and religion. The Great War epitomized those struggles; for they all entered into its manifold springs.

It began in the Valley of the Drina; then the Valley of the Rhine caught fire, and likewise that of the Vistula. Then the Mesopotamian rivers reflected the glare of the world conflagration, and the cliffs of the Nile and the sacred hills of Judea rang with those reverberations. Yet without doubt the greatest of the causes was the strife between the twin heads of the Eagle, that strife between Eastern Rome and Western Rome which has sent so many to their death.

What is known as the "Balkan Question" has always perplexed Americans by the apparent trivialty of the causes which lead to such earth-shaking effects. It was in a Balkan quarrel that the World War originated. But the same could be said of every other war in Eastern Europe since the time of Demosthenes and Philip of Macedon.

For these Balkan struggles are the perpetuation of the strife between Eastern Rome and Western Rome, symbolized by the familiar heraldic figure of the Eagle with two heads.

When Rome began its career, Aquila the eagle was its totem, whose figure was carried on all its standards above the letters S. P. Q. R.—Senatus Populusque Romanus—The Senate and People of Rome.

But when the Emperor Diocletian divided the Empire and gave it two capitals, then the Empire which had two capitals must needs be symbolized by an Eagle which had two heads; even as though during the Peace Conference in Paris, the American Eagle had been depicted with one head in Washington and one in Paris.

By the time Diocletian came to power—297—the volume of business which came before the Emperor was vast indeed. But he improved on our American system by utilizing the Vice-President, solving a problem which has perplexed many a political brain. In each capital he stationed one Augustus to rule and one Cæsar to assist him and to be his understudy in case of accident or death.

Diocletian was a native of Illyria, and had spent his boyhood days in or near the Valley of the Drina. Perhaps for this reason he made the Drina River the dividing line between the Eastern diocese and that of the West. Thereby he conferred upon this stream a fateful dignity above that of all rivers which seek the sea. For the Drina River became the Valley of Division by whose course Eastern Rome was divided from Western Rome, peoples were rent asunder, and across whose tumultuous flood the world has ever since been at war.

One hundred years, almost to the day, after the Division was established, the Sons of Theodosius, Honorius and Arcadius, split the Empire between them, never to be reunited. During that hundred years the Nicene Revolution had occurred.

Constantine the Great had established a new Holy City to be the capital of the first Christian Empire. In the City of Constantine no pagan gods were to be worshipped. Old Rome and new Nicomedia were likewise tainted with heathen altars. Constantinople, from the moment of its origin was to be Christian only; an immaculate conception indeed.

Now the Eastern Empire was dominantly Greek in language and in thought. The West was Latin. It is strange to read the debates in the Ecumenical Councils of the Church regarding the divinity of Christ, and to

find the Greek metaphysicians and philosophers arguing with great keenness and skill the identical questions which are perplexing psychologists today—namely the exact point at which an individual personality, or nature, or “Ego” becomes merged in the social Ego, or group consciousness, on the one hand, and the point at which it becomes a part of the World-Soul on the other. While Greeks did the thinking, Latins did the heavy work of organizing their new Gothic converts. The two parts of Rome remained in Christian unity less than a century. In 395 Theodosius the Great, who established Christianity as the official religion of Rome, to the exclusion of paganism, died, and left his two weak sons, Arcadius and Honorius, as heads respectively of the Eastern and Western Empire, which then parted company forever.

All East of the Valley of the Drina belonged to Constantinople; all West of it, to Rome. And inasmuch as the Empire was divided, the Church likewise divided, though more slowly. The language of the Eastern Church became fixed as Greek, and that of the West remained as Latin. With the peculiarity of the Greek temperament which prided itself on its rationality, the Eastern Church called itself the Orthodox—the Right-Teaching. But with Latin Pride of power, the Western Church called itself the Catholic—the Universal.

Those differences which impress us most today between the two churches are incidental to the real issue. Questions such as whether there should be an Iconostasis in front of the Altar, or a reredos behind it: whether priests shall be bearded or clean shaven: whether they shall be married or single: whether one may venerate images, or only pictures carved and painted in high relief:—all of these are but by-products of the long quarrel. Not even the burning question of the Filioque—whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son, or only from the Father—lies at the root of the matter. The issue was really joined on a much more simple point: whether one lived East or West of the

Drina River; whether one were nearer to Constantinople or to Rome. And by this test the history of the Empires as of the Church was determined.

But though the forms of the two Churches remain unaltered even to this day, the substance has changed with almost perfect completeness. Just as the Goths sweeping down from the East altered the blood of the Western Empire from Latin to Teutonic, while preserving the proud titles of Patrician and Emperor, so the Slavs, eastern brethren of the Goths, moved down against the lands of the Eastern Empire and replaced Greek with Slavic blood, while leaving the glittering structure of the Church intact.

It was in the sixth century that the Slavs first appeared from their original home, which was upon the vast plains north of the Carpathians in Galicia and Poland. They were a loosely knit congeries of tribes, without any single leader or central authority. Some say that they possessed the instinct of anarchy, others that they were permeated with the ideals of democracy. In any event they came. Before them and along with them came the Avars, a Mongol tribe of horsemen. The Avars plunged in brilliant charges against the Byzantine horsemen, and in course of time were annihilated. But the Slavs settled in the farms which had been left desolate.

It is impossible to count the number of times the tide of invasion and devastation swept southward over the unfortunate peninsula of the Balkans. As a result of them the territory which had been raised to a high level of prosperity under the Roman dominion, relapsed into barbarism. Walled towns such as Salonika and Constantinople were the only safe places. There the Greek Romans remained, while for three centuries Hun, Goth, Avar, Bulgar, and Slav swept over the land in endless succession.

But the Byzantine emperors were masters of diplomacy, even though their armies were defeated and their peasant displaced. It was their custom to look on and speak of the lands which had been occupied by the barbarian invaders as having been granted them through

the generosity of the Emperor, who also lavished titles and decorations among the invading chiefs.

But a better method and more enduring bond of alliance was found in the extension of the Church to the Slavs. The Emperor Michael sent two Greek monks, Cyril and Methodius, to convert the Slavic immigrants to the Greek religion and Greek ways; meeting the problem as the Americanization Committee is trying to meet the huge impact of alien immigrants after they have taken possession of much of the land. Cyril invented an alphabet to express the Slavic tongue, basing it upon the Greek alphabet with modifications to suit the harsh sounds of the Slavic language. Meanwhile missionaries were sent out among the Western Slavs also from Rome, and these missionaries devised an alphabet based upon the Latin alphabet slightly modified. The Slavic language was the same; but it was written by Greek and Latin converts in different letters, even as the Christian religion, originally the same, was received by them in two different forms from the Churches of Rome and of Constantinople.

And here began the supreme tragedy of Eastern Europe. For the national unity of the Slavs was torn between the divided allegiance imposed on them from East and West. Sometimes it became a great problem as to which of the two Churches should win the allegiance of a nation: and in this, considerations other than purely doctrinal ones decided.

II

The Crown of St. Stephen.

Take for example the case of Hungary. By the invasion of this non-Aryan race between the Slavic settlements the whole history of Europe was altered, since it permanently divided the northern from the southern as well as the eastern from the western Slavs. Their entry into the circle of the Empire was with devastating raids which made them the scourge and terror of

Europe. Scarcely a corner of the continent was safe from them. The Emperor Otto I proclaimed them enemies of God and of humanity and finally in the year 955 defeated them at the battle of Lechfeld. Only seven of the Magyar soldiers escaped, and these were sold as slaves.

This catastrophe convinced them that they must accommodate themselves to the Empire especially in the matter of religion. Already Christianity had begun to percolate Hungary. A large proportion of their captives had been settled all over their conquered country to teach the invaders the arts of peace, and close contact with this civilizing element was of itself an enlightenment. The moral superiority of Christianity to paganism was obvious, and also the fact that it constituted a bond which made them "free of the nations." The question was, which form of Christianity, Eastern or Western, should they adopt?

Constantinople was first in the field. The splendor of the imperial city profoundly impressed all the northern barbarians, and the Magyars saw a great deal of the Greeks, for a brisk border trade was springing up, and Greek merchants brought with them their religion as well as their wares. The great Valley of the Danube led straight down to Belgrade, where the immemorial highway from the North had been trodden by Celts and Slavs since before the days of Romulus. Thence the highway went down to Nish, the ancient Naissus, along the valley of the Morava; thence branching off eastward, going through Sofia and again crossing all Bulgaria to reach Constantinople, while the route to the sea at Salonica goes down the rivers Morava and Vardar. Along this highway Greek commerce and Greek missionaries flowed, while between the Magyars and Rome stretched the rampart of the Alps. Everything at first favored the Greek church.

But the Greek empire, suddenly reviving, extended its borders to the Danube: and the Duke of the Magyars, Geza, shrewdly resolved to accept Christianity from the more distant and therefore less dangerous emperor of

the West. Consequently in 975 Geza and his whole court were baptized by emissaries of the Emperor Otto II. And in the year 1001 the great Pope Sylvester II—the same Gerbert, tutor of Otto III, who sought to prepare mankind for the Second Coming of Christ—set the Crown of St. Stephen upon the head of Geza's son, thereby creating the Catholic Kingdom of Hungary.

In the same year Benedictine monks began a thorough evangelizing of the newly converted kingdom by means of industrial settlements. The monks cleared the forests, cultivated the fields, built villages for the colonists who flocked to the fertile plains of Hungary, taught the people scientific agriculture and Western arts and handicrafts. Between the years 987 and 1060, Western Europe was visited by a succession of bad harvests and epidemics which drove the starving hordes Eastward, for the fertile plains of Hungary never failed. Thus the Church gathered into its arms all that wild variety of immigrants who flocked across the Rhine and the Danube, and extended its conquests ever northward. That line of division begun at the Drina river was extended northward by the Vistula. Orthodox monks converted the Lithuanians; Catholic missionaries won the souls of Poland; and between the two religions, as symbols of a political allegiance, a perpetual warfare was maintained. Thus was the strife between the Cæsars extended northward. The fratricidal war which reddened the Valley of the Drina also involved the valley of the Vistula, and the twin beaks of the Double-Headed Eagle plucked the flesh from the breast of that Christendom of which each claimed to be the rightful guardian.

When Islam swept up from the East and South, it found the Slavs who lay in the Valley of the Drina worn and wearied by many centuries of warfare between Catholic and Orthodox. Therefore millions of the Slavs in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Serbia abandoned the Cross and accepted Mohammed as the Fulfiller of the Gospel. So a third allegiance tore at the divided breasts of the Jugo-Slavs.

III

The Double Headed Eagle

When Constantinople fell before the armies of the Ottoman Sultans, it was but the accomplishment of a long process of change. And when the Grand Prince of Moscow proclaimed himself as Cæsar, Czar, defender of the Holy Orthodox Faith and rightful successor of Constantine, that likewise marked the consummation of a long process. For many centuries Constantinople had ruled a territory predominantly Slavic. The change had occurred as the change in the national complexion of Boston, for example, or of New York, or of Hartford, has changed with the coming of tides of immigrants from the other lands.

Moscow was the champion of the Orthodox Faith against the Tartars, as Constantinople had been its champion against the kindred Turks. When Constantine Palæologus fell at the head of his Byzantine troops, Ivan (John) the Terrible assumed that fallen diadem, and Muscovy became the capital of the Slavic Orthodox Empire.

Ever since the days of Genghis Khan, Russia had been ruled by the Tartars. Her vast plains are but the extension of the Central Asian steppes out of which the horsemen of the North have always plunged down into the river-lands. Wherever the Grand Khan pitched his tent, there was the capital of his empire. Russian princes must travel many weary thousands of miles to present themselves at his throne. The Grand Khan usually decided all disputed cases in favor of the Grand Prince of Moscow, who thus grew in power, until the standard of rebellion against the Tartar was raised. The Orthodox Faith was the badge of this crusade. Holy Russia must be liberated from the yoke of the pagan invader. As head of this crusade, the Grand Prince of Moscow naturally became, during the two hundred years of Tartar wars, the defender of the faith.

When Palæologus died, another Cæsar must be chosen,

and another capital found. So Moscow and the Czar claimed to be, and in fact were, only the continuation of the Byzantine Cæsardom.

But in those long centuries of Tartar dominion the face of Russia had been turned Eastward rather than west. Not until the days of Peter the Great did the giant empire become a part of Europe. It was Peter the Great, the modernist—the imperial innovator, ruling from 1672 to 1725, who accomplished the great change. He as a lad had worked in the shipyards of Holland and of England. There he perceived the necessity of sea-power to supplement the great caravan trade of his Oriental dominions. It was an outrage that the Moslem Sultan should still control the Christian capital of the world. Russia, defender of the Orthodox Faith, should rule in the Holy City of Constantine. Thereby Russia would control the trade of the Eastern Mediterranean, would unlock to the world the gates of her vast southern granary, and would also control the land route to the ancient seat of Babylon.

So Russia began to reach south, and east, and south-east, trying to get a warm water port. Everywhere she was blocked. England maintained Turkey in Constantinople. England seized Persia and blockaded Russia from the Persian gulf. England's ally, Japan, suddenly declared war and plunged against Port Arthur and Dalny. Everywhere the giant was circumscribed. Russia lingered in the Dark Ages longer than any other European land.

But within the last thirty years of the nineteenth century a great awakening began. Capital poured into Russia. Her natural resources began to be developed with marvellous rapidity. Her capitalist class challenged the ancient supremacy of the landed nobility. Great industrial centers grew up. Because the aristocracy kept the capitalist class down, the rising struggles of the labor found no such organized opposition as in other countries. When the war with Japan disclosed

the huge pretensions of the Little Father to be a hollow fraud, the Revolution of 1905 broke out. General strikes paralyzed the nation, until the Duma was established. But the Czar's persistent hostility wrecked the Duma, reducing it to an impotence and imbecility comparable only to our own House of Representatives. Then came the Great War, originating in the quarrel between Serbia and Austria over the Tariff on Pigs.

Meanwhile a man was being hounded over Europe by the emissaries of Nicholas II. Valdimar Ulyanov, familiarly known as Nikolai Lenin, had been exiled to Siberia for translating into Russian the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America. He, a prince, member of an old Russian aristocratic family, had given his life to the cause of the Revolution. By profession a statistician, he had devoted his years of exile to mastering the economic facts of Russia. He knew more about natural resources, mechanical resources, railroads and factories than any of the Czar's ministers. Like Napoleon, he spent his lean and hungry years in planning what he would do when the time came.

When the Great War began, the Russian Empire was a vast facade of splendor over a miserable quagmire of misery and incompetence. The tchinovniks, the official bureaucracy, knew and did nothing of themselves, and suffered no one else to accomplish what they were incompetent to do. In the wild fury of that war the Orthodox Empire shrivelled and collapsed. Milyukov and Prince Lvov, representing the liberals and capitalists, attempted to wield the scepter, but found the task too great. Kerensky was placed in the seat of power, only to find that actual power was in the hands of the local councils of workmen and soldiers' deputies. On November 7, 1917, the Soviet Republic of Russia came into being, with Nikolai Lenin and Leon Trotzky at its head. As I write, after nearly three years of treachery, of starvation and blockade, of encircling warfare and of countless plots and lies, the Soviet Republic of Russia towers over Europe and Asia as victor on all fields.

Strange indeed was the cause which precipitated the conflagration in which Empires were burned like chaff.

In the Catholic Extension Magazine for June, 1917, Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, president of the American Catholic Church Extension Society, writes thus:

"A few days after his arrival at home in Chicago the American Minister to the Balkans (C. J. Vopicka) addressed the Irish Fellowship Club in a most diplomatic and careful speech, discussing some of the horrors of that part of the war which he had seen. After having briefly sketched the causes that led to the first outbreak, His Excellency went further back than most of us in studying the beginnings, and referring to the underlying reason of bitterness between Serbia and Austria, which, he said, was simply a question of trade. Austria has been the principal, almost the sole market for the one product that Serbia offered for sale outside of her own borders. Hungary began to compete for this market. As the latter formed part of the Dual Monarchy, Austria by tariff regulations favored her. Serbia, anxious to reach other markets, then sought to secure the port of Durazzo, so as to give her an outlet to the Adriatic Sea. Austria objected. The Serbians believed that the greatest Austrian opponent to their national ambitions was the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. So the Serbians assassinated the Archduke—and the war was on.

"What was the Serbian product which caused the first disagreement, and thus really brought on the war? The Minister mentioned it in the most casual way. It was—PIGS.

"Ellis Parker Butler leaped to fame by writing a comic sketch called "Pigs is Pigs." But the Serbian pigs were really pawns on the chessboard of war. To their aid came Emperors and Anarchists, Kings and Socialists, Archdukes and Grand Dukes, Presidents and Bishops, clerks, peasants and generals, Big Wigs and Big Money Bags—all following where the Pigs of Serbia led.

"Were the Serbian pigs worth it?

"New issues have pushed and are pushing back the problem of the pigs of Serbia. International questions

of honor, of nations, freedom of the seas, rights and languages and nationalities, demands for liberty, disputes over boundaries, question of state, of dynasties, of national allegiance, have come to the front, but through these serious and momentous difficulties, the pigs of Serbia still run riot. Their porcine ghosts have broken into dumas and reichstags and parliaments and congresses. They rush unchecked into the chambers of deputies and senates. They have soiled the marble floors with their filth, and have trampled over the soft beds of the rulers; for the questions of state rights were forced on the consideration of the world by the question of the rights of pigs.

"When will they stop, these pigs of Serbia? When will they go back to their own swineherd kings?—How can any one tell how long it will take to devour civilization? It took centuries to win what we have of it, but the Serbian pigs could eat it all within a few short years; and there cannot be many more years left in which to finish their meal. And after that?—

"For every great war have nations coined honors for those who fought. For the heroism of every great event in history have the rulers struck medals, founded orders, to perpetuate the glory or adorn the breasts of the great. Each military order has its emblem; for one the eagle, for another the lion, for another the elephant, for another the Lamb of the Golden Fleece. What shall be the world-accepted emblem to commemorate this, the greatest and bloodiest of world wars, with its deeds of heroism unparalleled, its record of generous and unselfish service?

"If we seek the emblem that best expresses its ignoble beginning, its disregard for individual right and life, the grasping greed, the broken covenants, the ruthless repression, go to the devastated fields of Serbia and pick out the skeleton head of one of Serbia's pigs."

IV

Italy and Roumania

Imperial Russia and Imperial Austria have gone; but

the Double-Headed Eagle has come to life again, like a Phoenix from the ashes of the World War, in the forms of Italy and Roumania. The quarrel between Italy and Jugoslavia over Fiume, and the quarrel between Roumania and Hungary over the River Theiss, are renewals of that ancient struggle between the Heads of the Eagle, as bitter and as bloody as ever.

It was from Italy that Rome began to extend her empire. But Italy was rent asunder in the ceaseless wars between Emperor and Pope, until it lay broken into fragments. The Republics of Genoa, Venice, Florence, in whom the Renaissance began because of their development of traffic with the civilized East, rose up over a mad and bloody tangle of principalities whose ceaseless wars reduced all outside their mercantile princes to poverty. The Hohenstaufen emperors came to grief in the effort to unite their dominions in the South of Italy with those to the North, over the barrier of the States of the Church.

In 1870 Garibaldi at the head of his red-shirted army of liberators captured Rome, and proclaimed the King of Sardinia as King of United Italy. With the fall of the temporal power of the Pope began the temporal power of the Italian King. A reconciliation between Pope and King is even now in progress. Italy has set its hand to that ancient claim, and seeks to extend its dominion down the Coast of Dalmatia, making of the Adriatic Sea again an Italian lake, with footholds in Asia Minor and an eagle eye toward Syria and the African shore.

Meanwhile, Roumania appears to revive the Orthodox claim. In the tangled Balkan politics of the last ten years, Roumania has been ever the balancing factor. Roumania alone came out of the First Balkan War a victor without loss of blood. Roumania hung off from throwing in her lot with either side in the Great War until it was tolerably clear which way the balance would incline; and Roumania's armies demonstrated to the world the utter incompetence of the League of Nations by flouting its orders to retire from Hungary, after the

Hungarians had laid down their arms in deference to a promise that they would be fed.

As a result of these tactics Roumania has emerged from the World War magnified beyond her wildest dreams. United under the crown of King Ferdinand are the one million Roumanians in Bessarabia, former subjects of the Czar; a quarter of a million of Bukowina; three and a half million in Banat and Transylvania, formerly subjects of the Austrian Kaiser; and half a million sliced off from Bulgaria, Serbia and Macedonia. She is in control of the mouth of the Danube, largely controls the Black Sea, and with her eyes fixed upon Constantinople dreams of dividing with Italy the inheritance of that ancient empire of which the late representatives, Austria and Russia, have fallen.

Roumania is a blend of the Roman legions of Trajan with the warlike Dachs, or Dacians. The Emperor Trajan, in two expeditions in 98 and 117 A. D. reduced his turbulent armies to the status of an incorporated province, and settled among them 25,000 legionaries. Roman soldiers and Dacian girls intermarried and formed one people. The new province developed very quickly, and became one of the most flourishing dependencies of the empire.

But then came the Slavic deluge from the North. The Daco-Romans withdrew more and more into the wooded mountains. There they maintained their pride in their descent, and bided their time; until the Turkish wave rolled over the Slavic wave, to drain out by slow centuries, until in 1881, Roumania became a kingdom again, and now is grasping after the inheritance of the Twins of the Wolf.

The Roumanians are living today where fifteen centuries ago their ancestors were living. Possession of the regions on the Lower Danube passed from one nation to another, but none destroyed the chain of descent and of tradition. "The water passes, the stones remain," is their proverb. The Roman element bent their heads while the storm passed over them; and now they stand up, and stretch their limbs in the sun. Roumania aims at Constantinople. Still "Roum is Roum"; and who should rule in Roum but the Roumanians?

THE BOOK OF ENGLAND

I

The Sheep in the Lion's Skin

There is nothing mysterious, altruistic, or magical about the growth of the British Empire, nor are the springs which have driven it on hidden from view. It was not the desire to police the ends of the world for their own benefit, nor the self-sacrificing wish to bear the White Man's Burden, nor a yearning to confer the blessings of Political Democracy on backward races. None of these things explains the wide range of the British Lion. Indeed, so long as we regard the Lion as the true symbol of that empire, we shall be grievously misled. For the British Lion is really a sheep in a lion's skin; and the whole history of the Empire is explained by the Ships of the Golden Fleece, seeking not to find but to sell the wool of the Southdown clippings. In sheep and ships the history of England is told.

An ancient chronicler says, "Wool was the flower and strength and revenue and blood of England." How much of glamor and romance may be thrown around the wool industry is shown in the history of one of the most precious possessions of the monarchs of England, the badge of the Order of the Golden Fleece. This Order ranks historically and in distinction as the greatest knightly order of Europe. It was founded on January 10, 1429, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, on the day of his marriage to Isabella of Portugal, and in her honor. The order was dedicated to the Virgin and St. Andrew. Membership in it was limited to twenty-four persons, who were to be an International Conciliation Committee, a sort of Hague Tribunal. Four explana-

tions of the origin of the name are advanced by various historians—the story of Jason and the Argonauts, the scriptural story of Gideon and his fleece, the staple trade of Flanders in wool, and—ungallantly enough—the fleece of golden hair of Marie de Rambrugge, the King's Mistress: although we can scarcely see how Queen Isabella would have regarded as an honor to herself, an order instituted to commemorate the golden hair of her rival.

But Motley in his history of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, gives the true origin away when he remarks, "What could be more practical and devout than this conception? Did not the Lamb of God, suspended at each knight's heart, symbolize at once the woollen fabrics to which so much of Flemish wealth and Burgundian power was owing, and also the gentle humility of Christ, which was ever to characterize the order?"

And there you have it. The International Association of Woollen Manufacturers founded the holiest order of knighthood in Europe in honor of the Lamb of God plus the Southdown sheep. But of this sort of blasphemy the history of empires largely consists, and not the least in this respect is the history with which we now deal.

Now for weaving, wool is necessary; and there is no wool in the world which can compare with that of England, except that of the Merino flocks of Spain. In the struggle between English wool and Spanish wool—under the name of the Wars of Religion—the huge wealth of the Flemish towns was destroyed, until grass grew in the deserted streets that had once been the thronged marts of Europe.

Only light and frivolous persons will consider wool as too slight a basis for the foundation stone of the empire on which the sun never sets. For all human institutions exist by virtue of the fact that in some last analysis they do supply the needs of the home. Except an empire serve the Holy Family it must perish. Most fundamental of all human wants are food and clothing. Wool is the most important of the textile

fabrics, and the animal which produces it produces also milk, cheese, parchment, leg of lamb and mutton chops. Comfort is derived from woolen clothing, and nourishment from roast sheep. Naturally enough therefore, the cultivation of sheep is one of the primary industries of mankind; and it is no accident that the Lord Chief Justice of England sits on a woolsack to deliver his judgments, while the Chinese word for Law is made of two characters signifying "sheep-words"—words about sheep, the original form of property.

As Rome's empire was based upon a monopoly of salt, so England's Empire was based upon a monopoly of wool. For the climate and the soil of England are of such peculiar and individual character that they produce a wool unrivalled anywhere in the world—except by those merino flocks of Spain. English wool has a long silky fibre, and is of a lustre not attainable elsewhere. The rich pasturage, the moisture and the climate of Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire and Devonshire produce an effect which is destroyed if the sheep are driven to a neighboring county, say Norfolk, where other conditions prevail.

II

The Underwear of the Cæsars

Rome first brought to Britain the art of weaving. For centuries before, Britain had been known as the source of tin, a necessary ingredient of bronze. It was doubtless the necessity of commanding the sources of this metal which drove the Cæsars to annex Britain. But they found a source of added wealth in the sheep which grazed on the chalky downs.

Tacitus remarks in his life of Agricola, "*Inde etiam habitus nostri honor et frequens toga.*" Agricola established a woolen factory which manufactured at hand the woolen clothing needed by his soldiers, and very early the fineness of the products of these Winchester looms attracted Imperial attention. Roman writers re-

mark, "The wool of Britain is often spun so fine that it is in a manner comparable to a spider's thread."

For four centuries Britain was Roman, a longer time than it has been Protestant. Roman roads were built over the whole land, and the Roman methods of cultivation and their standardized civilization prevailed. But then the Goths began to strike at the City by the Tiber, and the Emperor Honorius bade the British Romans to look to their own defense; the legions were withdrawn, and the Terror of the North began.

Ships of the Northmen flocked to the pleasant Isles from the icy barren coast of Norway and from the crags of Jutland. Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Vikings, Danes, overran the Celtic-Roman Christians.

After four hundred years of Roman peace came six hundred years of Saxon anarchy. Over the pleasant Isles swept successive waves of harrying Northmen blotting out the marks of Roman civilization with a deep-gathering debris of barbaric ruin. Only an occasional road and an occasional deep laid mosaic floor remained of the cities and villas wherewith the land had smiled. Rude log huts were the castles, and around every castle ruled the law of its master. From 408 A. D. when the Romans left the island, to 1066 when the Normans came, England was plunged in ceaseless war. Commerce was destroyed; manufactures were not understood. Only by long and slow degrees came some measure of centralized rule.

But hardly had the Saxon Kings begun to establish centralized rule when the Norman invasion, under William the Conqueror, made of England an annex to France. Mark the results. The Saxons were a stupid people, admirable in many respects, but with no idea of trade and few conceptions of civilization. The Normans appreciated to the full the commercial advantages of their new possession, and the Norman kings devoted their chief energies to fostering traffic between their sundered realms.

III

Norman Trade

One of William's first acts was to bring Flemish weavers to Carlisle, where they were under the direct patronage of his Queen. King Henry II established the Cloth Fair of St. Bartholomew's priory in London, and granted the exclusive privilege of exporting woolen cloth to the merchants of that city. There is still extant his edict establishing the Guildhall of the Merchants of Cologne in London, under the royal protection; a measure by which he sought to extend the traffic-bearing current of the Rhine into the Thames.

So many of the Norman lords held estates on both sides of the Channel that they must needs spend much time journeying to and fro. It was imperative, therefore, that these seas be kept free from pirates. Safety being thus procured, commercial journeys revived to an extent unknown since Britain was a Roman colony.

Cistercian monks, the model scientific farmers of that age, were at work changing the face of the country. Planting their settlements on dreary moorlands or in remote valleys, they drained swamps, built roads and reclaimed the wilderness. Under their influence England rapidly became the chief woolgrowing country of Western Europe.

This growing power of the monasteries found a tragic climax in the mortal struggle of Archbishop Thomas à Becket and King Henry, as a result of which the archbishop was murdered and the King was stripped of his power, dying in despair. His son, Richard I, "Cœur-de-Lion" is an invaluable asset to romance, but as a King was entirely worthless, spending in England only a few months of his reign of ten years. King John was involved in constant struggles with his barons, one result of which was the Great Charter.

With the kings thus abroad, or involved in other directions, the merchants seem to have had things much their own way. For development of the wool trade

and expansion of commerce under the Angevins had increased the wealth and importance of the towns. In these constant struggles, the lords could obtain money from only one source—the merchants; and they could get it in only one way—by grants of political privilege. London, center of the wool trade, had the most money to spare in thus purchasing its way to independence, and London was always in the lead, forming a model on which the smaller towns constantly strove to model their own demands.

By the close of the century their struggle for independence was practically complete. Most of the towns had obtained charters which gave them their own independent courts of justice, and the right of controlling local trade. They paid their taxes into the royal treasury in a lump sum, assessing and collecting the dues themselves. Larger towns began to acquire the right of choosing their own chief officers.

In this struggle for power, the King had at his back serried armies of glittering men at arms and archers, gay with fluttering flags and coats of arms. But the burghers and townsmen had behind them serried ranks of grazing sheep; and the sheep prevailed. For example, when Richard Lionheart was in prison in a foreign land, the town of Portsmouth secured a charter conferring precious rights by the payment of a large part of the royal ransom. And the money that paid the ransom was derived from the wool trade. Political liberty came into England proudly riding on the back of a Southdown sheep.

Internal trade was handled mainly through the great Fairs; and the right of holding an annual Fair was the most dearly prized right of any town. Department stores had not yet been invented, and the Fair took their place. The Fair of Stourbridge, a few miles from Cambridge, was known throughout Europe. It was held in September, and for days before it opened, the roads were blocked by wagons laden with wares from all parts of the world.

Silks from Genoa, linen from Flanders, French and Spanish wines, were displayed side by side with the

home traders' store of salt fish and wool. For three weeks the Fair went on; and the narrow streets of the little town were thronged with men and women of all classes, drawn out of quiet hamlet and foreign towns to see the fun and sample the wares offered for sale. To such fairs merchants came from Italy and France and the Levant, establishing trade connections which speedily ripened into alliances or wars.

The Hundred Years' War, in which France and England poured out one another's blood upon the fertile fields of that unhappy land, was largely a matter of the tariff on wool. Flemish weavers required English wool; and if they belonged to the same kingdom they could, of course, receive it without payment of duty. But France jealously forbade. The English kings, failing to secure Flanders, made repeated attempts to foster the home industry.

Parliamentary privileges went step by step with development of traffic. After the towns had received their charters, Edward I found it much easier to summon knights and burghers to a Parliament, wherein they might peaceably decide how much they would give him for his wars, than to confiscate their stores for what they would bring. In 1296 he tried this method, seizing the wool and leather of the London merchants to raise revenue; but brought about his ears such a hornets' nest that he was glad to sign the Confirmation of Charters—a landmark in Constitutional history—promising never to collect the export or import taxes on wool without the consent of the merchants of England in Parliament assembled.

It was in the reign of Edward III that the great transformation began, whereby England, thereto chiefly a wool-raising country, became a rival of the Continental manufacturing realms. Edward conceived the idea that more taxes could be obtained from manufactured wool than from raw wool baled for export. He therefore began encouraging Flemish artisans to settle in England, granting them high and exclusive privileges and awarding special quarters in the principal towns, in which they were to live. Because of conditions prevailing in

their own land, whole colonies of these skilful workers came to settle in Norwich, London and the Eastern counties. Thus the export traffic of these towns increased and multiplied apace.

IV

Beginnings of the Navy

But such a development of English trade necessitated expansion of the navy and a vigorous policy abroad, to gain concessions and to protect those concessions when gained from jealous trade rivals in other lands. The House of Lancaster had become an old-fashioned dynasty, and its weak-minded King, while he suited the landed lords, was too slow and indecisive to keep up with the cry of progress. Mercantile interests found a partisan in the House of York, whose noble heads promised protection abroad and encouragement at home.

So began the Wars of the Roses, in a bitter quarrel between the wool raisers of the inland shires and the wool manufacturers of the coast towns. It was a partisan fight in the same way that rival factions of the Republican or the Democratic Party may espouse the claims of particular sections of the commercial world in the hope of being placed in power, that they may enrich their machine followers from the political spoils. Lancaster and York formed two systems of feudal patronage, each Duke having a closely knit party of retainers depending on him for soft jobs and easy money. So they slaughtered one another for thirty years with a right good will. How bloody and merciless this war was one needs only to glance at any history of England to perceive. After the battle of Towton, for example, the York party, which was victorious, cut off the heads of two earls and forty-two knights, and hanged many warriors of less estate; and this was the common practice, whichever side won a battle.

Revenge did not end with the captives of the field. The York Parliament of 1461 attainted—outlawed— 133

persons, and all the estates of all the Lancastrian lords, living and dead, were confiscated and their blood declared corrupted—that is, every child shared in the inability to inherit.

This brought into the hands of the King such a mass of plunder as no one had handled since the days of William the Conqueror. He was able to do without Parliament.

Meanwhile, the manufacturers and the towns, in whose interest the Wars of the Roses had ostensibly begun, were heartily tired of the struggle. "A plague on both your houses!" was the universal curse. Neither White Rose nor Red Rose was worth the cost of a siege, and a city gate flew open to the first comer. For all wars, whether domestic or foreign, were a serious hindrance to commerce. Pirates infested the seas, and robbers the highroads; and the coast towns were not infrequently burned by French fleets that scoured the shores.

In such later manifestations the Wars of the Roses obscured their origin; but the beginning of the struggle was, whether the kingdom should be run in the interest of those who grew the wool on their lordly estates, or of those who manufactured the wool in their mills; and the blood of the aristocracy with which the fields of England ran red, was sacrificed on the altar of the wool-growing English sheep.

York's victory afforded a respite during which trade revived. Edward IV earned the title of the "Merchant Prince." By his successful ventures, he did much to restore prosperity to the blasted land. A series of commercial treaties with Continental powers opened new avenues of trade to English merchants, while a strong and efficient navy under Warwick cleared the sea of pirates. A famous merchant of that day was Sir Richard Whittington, who amassed a fortune in foreign trade, built hospitals and colleges, loaned money to the king, and four times fulfilled the prophecy rung in his ears by London Bells, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

In this reign lived also William Canynges, patriarch of Bristol merchants, who possessed 2,500 tons of shipping, including some ships of 900 tons, and traded in every sea. International commerce was developing in satisfactory style; raw wool was going out of England in less bulk than of old, because the cloth woven at home was becoming the staple export.

There was a standing dispute between Warwick and the King as to policy. Warwick sought to encourage trade with France, while the King wished to knit up the old alliance direct with Flanders by adhering to the cause of Charles of Burgundy, bitterest foe of the French King. Edward did much in his later years to develop interchange of commodities with the Baltic, making treaties with the cities of the Hanseatic League which displeased the merchants of London because of the advantageous terms granted to foreigners.

But Edward IV, the Merchant Prince, left much of the political business of the realm to his ambitious brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Suddenly Edward died, leaving the succession to his son, Prince Edward (King Edward V), a boy of thirteen. But the Duke of Gloucester, having gathered a packed convention of the Mayor and Burgesses of London, suddenly proclaimed himself King and was crowned under the title of Richard III. Prince Edward and his little brother were murdered in the Tower, and Richard III's two years of rulership were spent in accomplishing a succession of crimes for which the brief space of his royalty seems all too short, if we did not remember the Wars of the Roses, and the flavor of savage and indiscriminate massacre which they left behind. On Bosworth Field, Richard was killed by Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who was crowned on the spot with the battered circlet that had fallen from the gory head of Richard.

The houses of York and Lancaster were united by the wedding of Henry Tudor with the Princess Elizabeth, sister of the two little Princes murdered in the Tower. And Henry Tudor, under the title of King

Henry VII, laid the foundations of England's commercial empire broad and deep.

Frightful indeed was the task which confronted him. The ground had truly been cleared for a new structure. During the strife of the Roses, England had been laid waste by rival armies in search of plunder or revenge. Crops were destroyed and cattle driven off, huts torn down and the peasantry left to beggary. Villages and towns were sacked and burned to the ground, and prosperous districts reduced to ruins. More men died of want than were slain in battle, and twenty outbreaks of pestilence are recounted within the period of the Wars. The number of inhabitants fell below what it had been in the thirteenth century. The nation, not only depopulated, was also demoralized. Loyalty, honor, all sense of obligation, were weakened. Treachery of the most appalling sort, and barbarous cruelty, characterized the party leaders—of whom their followers were fully worthy. So heavy a price was paid for the shearing of the wool of England's sheep!

It was in 1485 that the struggle ended at Bosworth Field; but twenty years more of warfare were required before Henry VII was seated firmly upon his throne. For years after America had been discovered, England's nobility still engaged in mutual massacre.

V

The Business King

Henry VII was well fitted for the task before him. Through his long years in exile he had acquired self control and moderation, a love of learning and of art, and a strong conviction that war is not worth while if it can be avoided. England had little stomach for further fighting. The nobility had wiped itself out in a generation of mutual massacre; and Henry bore heavily upon the remnants, while favoring the industrial classes by every means in his power. The great mass of the population stood solidly and enthusiastically back of

his every effort to curtail the power of the local lords, for they were weary to death of the quarrels of political factions among the nobility.

If Edward IV had been a Merchant Prince, Henry VII was a business King, making traffic of his royalty, He wrung a Liberty Loan from his subjects for waging a war against France, and then wrung 600,000 crowns from the French King for making a peace, thus getting a double profit out of the bluff of war. Every rising of the rebellious Yorkist faction was made an occasion for securing further grants for the royal treasury.

The main purpose of his reign was to keep on good terms with Flanders, whose great cloth towns still dominated the world's commerce, and to which England still bore the relation that Australia now bears to England—namely, of providing the raw material for Flemish looms. Henry secured valuable new treaties providing for a renewal of the old commercial alliance between England and Flanders, and granting to England astonishingly liberal privileges—exemption of local tolls in Antwerp and Holland, and a license for English merchants to sell cloth retail as well as wholesale. This latter hit the Netherland retailers a very hard blow. Another great commercial advantage was an increased share of trade with the Scandinavian countries, through an alliance with the King of Denmark. He also established regular lines of commercial fleets between the Mediterranean and the English ports, thus destroying the monopoly of the Venetian fleets. An alliance with Florence, whereby English merchants were allowed to transship to and from the Oriental countries at the wharves of the Florentine Republic, was of supreme importance, for it established the first direct touch of the English people with the Oriental lands.

All of this expansion of trade, accompanied with the rapid growth of manufactures in England, meant an ever-increasing demand for sheep pasture, on which could be raised the supplies of lustrous wool. When the Duke of Alva desolated the Netherlands with his Council of Blood, the world's most skilful weavers fled thence

to England, where they found a most ready harborage. Export of finished woollen cloth grew apace; and both growers and weavers of wool chafed at the vast expanse of land, available for sheep farms, which was occupied by the common people and the church. Under the Tudors began the expropriation of the poor, which transformed England from Merrie England into the hell of the industrial revolution.

First the great estates were transformed from village and farm land to sheep walks. Then the "common lands" of the villages, a form of mutual insurance against poverty, were enclosed by the lords; and then the villages themselves began to be destroyed. The report of a Royal Commission of Inquiry in 1517 gives many instances of whole villages made desolate. "All the houses of Burton Lazars in the same vill (Choysell) are laid waste, and the inhabitants have departed; and there belong to the same houses 300 acres of land, whereof 40 are ploughed, but the rest are in pasture; and by this downfall the Church has fallen into ruins."

These changes brought much profit to the landlords, and to yeomen holding land in their own right, but they meant ruin to the cottagers and small tenant farmers. Rents were raised, and at the same time the common pasture was taken away. Work became scarce, for one man was employed to herd sheep where formerly many had been engaged in tilling the fields. Sir Thomas Moore, in his book "Utopia" ("Nowhere") which has given the name ever since to dreams of a perfect state, laments thus: "Sheep become so great devourers and so wild that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, devour and destroy whole fields, houses and citizens."

But the richest and best land in England for sheep grazing was in the hands of the Church. This was scarcely remarkable, since the working orders, such as Cistercians and Benedictines, had reclaimed thousands of acres of wild swamp land and made them into vineyards and smiling farms. Besides this were constant bequests for religious and charitable causes. One-third

of the land of England was in the Church's hands. Feeling against the abuses in the Church was growing stronger and stronger; and advantage was taken, by the clever landlords and manufacturers of Henry VIII, of the king's superstitious fears, to order a dissolution of the monasteries and a confiscation of their lands.

VI

Pastures and Prayer Books

Henry had come to the throne as the pledge of the union of all England. His parents—Henry Tudor and Princess Elizabeth—members of the rival houses of Lancaster and York, had by their wedding ended the frightful feud which had covered England with murder for a generation. He was obsessed by the fear of a failing succession, which would breed further civil wars. When after nineteen years of married life with Katherine of Aragon, no son had been born, but only one weakly daughter, Mary, and there had been several miscarriages, Henry was brought to the conclusion that for the safety of the kingdom he must have a male heir.

Katherine of Aragon had been the wife of his elder brother, Arthur, who died early. There is an ecclesiastical law against wedding one's brother's widow, but the Pope had granted a dispensation. Henry appealed to the next Pope to annul, or set aside, the wedding. But this Pope, Clement by name, was under arrest at the time in the power of the Emperor, Charles V, nephew of Katherine, who naturally forbade the step. Pope Clement therefore refused to annul the wedding. Strictly speaking, it was not a question of divorce, but of declaring a marriage void: a step which had been taken very many times before by Popes in the case of persons less distinguished than Kings. Failing to get the Pope to act, Henry had the wedding annulled by Archbishop Cranmer. Defiance was thus given to the Pope, and the work of "reforming" the Church of England began.

Among the first steps taken was the dissolution of the

monasteries. With the lands thus secured, the king rewarded his favorites with lavish hand; and the lands of the Church became sheep runs. More than forty thousand families received the spoils—and held on to them. Queen Mary might have brought about a reconciliation with Rome, had it not been for the question of the restoration of the “abbey lands.” Parliament was brought to the point where it was willing to acknowledge the “spiritual headship” of the Pope, on condition that the lands were left with those who had them. With Church lands gone, land hunger grew, and the people of England were driven from village and farm into frightful beggary, to make room for sheep.

The effect of this seizure of lands on the history of England was epochal, fundamental. At the time of the outbreak of the Great War the land of England was more completely feudalized than in any other country in Europe. Nowhere is it less democratically held. Out of 77,000,000 acres, more than 52,000,000 acres are in the hands of large landowners, holding one thousand or more acres apiece. And the total bulk of it is in the hands of a few great families. Out of a total population of 43,000,000, less than 250,000 of the English people own their homes. Practically all of the population are tenants, subject to competitive rents. Great landlords own the lands under the great cities; they own mines; they own docks and ports. In many cases cities have grown up, and immense mineral wealth has been discovered, on lands that were seized for sheep pasture.

VII

The Age of Shakespeare

Most of this property is guaranteed to the owners by the Church of England as by law established, which is thus the chief bulwark of the landlords' power.

But results of this great movement were felt in every part of the national life. Every great popular turmoil is precipitated into literary forms, which if they be sound-

ly based, may rise into immortality. In this great Transition from the Catholic to the Protestant faith, men's souls were torn and mighty questionings resulted. Such was it in the age of Euripides, as a former chapter has shown; and the epoch of Shakespeare may be paralleled step by step with the epoch which produced the fathers of the Greek drama. Let us go back to the great Greeks, that we may understand the great Elizabethans.

Jane Harrison, in her wonderful book "Ancient Art and Ritual," described how the Greek drama originated in the period when decay of faith in the ancient forms of the Spring Dance coincided with a great outburst of patriotic fervor and an influx of New Learning from abroad.

Solon and Peisistratus had accomplished a revolution: and Homer was sung in Athens for the first time. Above the stone circle where the ancient ritual of the Spring Dance was performed, repeating the primeval ceremony of the struggle between Winter and Spring, the death of the old Year, the victory of the New Year and the Appearance of the God, actors came to chant the deeds of the heroes of the Homeric cycle., while the Chorus danced below. Then parts were assigned the actors; and then came the fullblown glory of Medea and Antigone.

Euripides was famous in his own day as a great rationalist and revolutionist. His plays perpetuate the struggle between the old ideas and the new ones in deathless forms. He came at a transition period, when the old faith was giving way and the new thought was unsure.

It is exactly just such a transition period which explains the greatness of Shakespeare. For when he was born, in April, 1564, the great whirlwind of the Reformation had passed over England. Its lingering echoes resounded during all his young life in the wars with Spain, in the constant alarms of Jesuit plots against Elizabeth, in endless discussions in regard to ritual, in the rising bitterness of the war between Calvinist and Anglican.

The great period of English drama begins with the overthrow of the old church, and ends with the coming

of the Puritans. From 1580 to 1620 this period was at its height. English Drama began in the mass, reached its splendor when men, still fond of ritual, were forbidden its display, and ended with the coming of that dark and gloomy period when all beauty was considered a crime.

The medieval Church had developed an appealing splendor of worship which worked out naturally into the Morality Play and the Passion Play. The Adoration of the Magi at Christmas, the Burial and Resurrection of the Host at Easter—these became more and more detailed in their presentation, with speaking parts accompanying. Scenes from the Life of Christ were enacted first in the church, as part of the worship, then in the Churchyard, then on the Commons. Guilds took over this function of presenting Pageants on Corpus Christi Day, and because the crowds become too vast to be accommodated in any one place, travelling stages, or wagons, carried the various companies from place to place along a line of march, each company presenting some one scene.

The Expulsion from Eden, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the career of David, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Noah and his family entering the Ark, the Judgment Day and the mouth of Hell—such as these were the subjects for these Corpus Christi pageants. But when the Reformation had destroyed the Guilds and confiscated their treasures, that popular love of pageantry which the Corpus Christi plays had kindled was satisfied to a certain extent by the strolling Players, each under the patronage of some noble lord, who presented Biblical History, Classic tragedy, or popular foolery.

In Shakespeare's time England for the first time felt itself a nation. Until then England had been a sort of doormat of Europe. But under Elizabeth the Empire was at war with the Nation, and the Nation won. All of a sudden the history of England seemed far more important than Biblical tragedies or Morality plays. The high tension of the moment carried over into English history that supreme moral significance which had

been nurtured on the deeds of Abraham and Isaac, of King David, of the Saints and the Prophets.

So Shakespeare began to write, by retouching old historical plays. The three parts of King Henry VI remain an interesting specimen of his first apprentice efforts. He soon fell under the fascination of Marlowe's style of multiplied horrors, and produced "Titus Andronicus." In "Love's Labor Lost," he sought to imitate the Euphuistic craze of "fine speaking" and as a result produced an utterly worthless play—the only one, so far as we know, whose plot was strictly original with Shakespeare.

But then came "Richard III" and "Richard II," "King John," "King Henry IV" and "King Henry V," "King Henry VIII," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra." These are historical plays, in which English and Roman history take the place of the Bible stories of the old pageants, being infused with the stern tragic morality of the Old Testament.

Shakespeare's own love affairs—his loathing of his wife, Ann Hathaway, and his passionate love for Mary Fitton, these carried him to the heights and depths of human emotion, so that out of his own soul he interpreted the suffering, the anguish, the questionings, the jealousies, the agonized strife, of all ages and all times.

His genius is indeed supreme. But had Shakespeare not lived in a period of transition and doubt, like that of Euripides, in which the old religion was abandoned, but its forms remained, emptied of their old content and ready to be filled with a new heroic morality—Shakespeare's genius, blazing and splendid as it was, could not have sounded its trumpet note to all the generations of men.

Meanwhile, the Counter-Reformation on the Continent was sweeping its way through seas of blood. In the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII, immigrants from all the Protestant and Catholic countries began to flow into England, away from the horrors of Continental Europe. For more than a century and a half this immi-

gration continued, bringing into England men skilled in the making of lace thread, needles, paper and fustian, besides silk and cutlery. Then Antwerp fell, and one-third of the merchants and manufacturers of that city came to London. Flemings and Walloons swarmed into England from the Council of Blood in 1544, and established the silk industry at Norwich, the source of the later prosperity of that region. England became the Great Asylum, extending a welcome to all the skilled workmen exiled from other lands.

But the staple of the trade of England was the woolen industry. Still the sheep of English downs grew the lustrous wool unmatched elsewhere—save by the flocks of Spain.

Now the sheep and ships of England went pace by pace together. As the woolen industry grew, the fleets which must carry its product to the markets of the world must grow too. Henry VII had begun a navy, but had devoted most of his energies to saving money. Indiscriminate taxation and extreme parsimony had given him a treasury amounting, when he died, to the enormous sum of 1,800,000 pounds—now the equivalent to eighteen million pounds, or nearly \$100,000,000 in our money.

Henry VIII had come into possession of this vast sum with spendthrift tastes. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and in a number of useless and disastrous wars, he had flung it all away before he had reigned twelve years; and this was another reason for the spoliation of the church lands, that he might build a navy from them. For meanwhile the New World had been discovered, and the race for its riches had begun.

King Henry VIII devoted a large part of the proceeds from the plunder of the monasteries to increasing the navy on a scale which had been beyond the dreams of his predecessors. His navy was of fifty-three ships, totalling 11,268 tons. His daughter Elizabeth's navy grew great principally by the exploits of her pirates, but the defeat of the Great Armada in the tempest gave to the

English ships a name of terror which made them invincible.

Then came James I, who sought to make the navy a truly national force. But in 1618 a commission of inquiry reported to the king that his Navy was rotten. Sweeping reforms were made, sinecures abolished, and new ships built. The total navy thus secured was only thirty ships, but these were larger than Elizabeth's whole navy by 3,050 tons.

VIII

The Tragedy of the Ship-Tax

Then came Charles I, who in spite of his constant ill health had great visions. Under him, for example, the great fenlands, marshes extending into six of the eastern counties, were drained, adding many thousands of acres of intensely fertile land to the arable wealth of the country.

In Charles' day the rivalry of Holland and France with England approached dangerous crises, and he sought to build a navy adequate for the task. Hereditary royal revenues were no longer sufficient to meet the expense of equipping frigates able to meet the warships of other lands. For by the middle of that century much larger warships had been developed. Extension of British commerce called for protection which an establishment of forty or fifty vessels could not give. King Charles, with a real understanding of the necessity, had strong vessels of good quality built; and in his efforts to pay the shipbuilders he provoked the Rebellion in which he lost his head.

For the quarrel which ended in the execution of King Charles I began in a dispute about ship money. Unable to get Parliament to vote a tax Charles attempted to levy it without consent of Parliament. Nor was there any very great novelty about that. James I had aroused no popular resentment by levying a ship money tax of 40,000 pounds on London and 8,550 pounds

on other seaport towns. The fleet of Charles, during the early years of his reign, was largely composed of ships demanded from the port towns and maritime counties. But these proved entirely inadequate to meet the growing perils of international complications.

Charles took the position that, since the fleet served the interests of all of England, and not merely of the seaport towns, the whole of England ought to pay for the fleet; a proposition which seems entirely inevitable to us. Accordingly, on February 11, 1628, Charles issued writs requiring £178,000 to be returned to the exchequer by March 1, to provide a fleet to secure the country against French invasion, and for the protection of commerce; and every county in England was assessed for payment.

This was the first occasion in English history when the fleet had been treated as a national necessity, and all parts of the land asked to contribute to its maintenance. But a sharp protest at once broke out. Lord Northampton and the Earl of Banbury refused to assist in collecting the money, and Charles withdrew the writs. But the necessity for a fleet increased hourly. Charles was pressed more and more hardly by the needs of expanding commerce.

In 1634 he issued a writ to the seaport towns only, requiring a certain number of ships of war, on account of the danger to English commerce from pirates, and the general unrest of Europe. But the citizens of London, who were chiefly to be protected, immediately claimed exemption under their charter. Other towns objected to the amount of their assessments.

Poor Charles made, therefore, another attempt, issuing in August, 1635 a writ to the sheriffs of inland as well as maritime counties, demanding the sum of 208,000 pounds. In October of that same year a third writ "made it evident," say the Puritan historians, "that the ancient limitations which restricted the levying of the impost to times of national danger, and to the maritime counties, were to be disregarded"—naturally enough, we should think, since the demands of commerce and of national safety had grown tremendously beyond the said ancient

limitations. Lord Saye and John Hampden refused to pay the tax and were thrown into prison. I had always heard that John Hampden was a great hero of Parliamentary progress, standing out against the wicked tyranny of a Stuart King. But from the facts in the case, it looks very much as if John Hampden was a common or garden variety of tax-dodger. Anyhow, the revolution was on.

The execution of King Charles I, terrible and romantic as it appears, was an incident in the development of the Navy and the struggle for its control. It is true that Charles complicated the matter unnecessarily and fatally by his extraordinary habit of duplicity, seeking to beat the Parliament by giving his word and then breaking it. But this would not have mattered nearly so much, had not the country become so used to having the cost of the national defense paid from the remaining plunder of the monasteries or from the loot of the Spanish galleons that they resented the imposition of taxes upon the beneficiaries. Business interests, while they demanded a Navy, did not desire to pay for it.

But if it be thought that the object of this maneuvering was to obtain "political liberty," one needs only look at the spectacle presented by Cromwell in his attempts to deal with those who had obtained their fill of power. Five times Cromwell summoned a Parliament, and was as often compelled to dissolve it by military force. For ten years he ruled England by the pikes of his army, having abolished Parliamentary rule perforce, not because he disliked it, but because it was humanly impossible to deal with the Parliament of the Commonwealth. Like the dog in the manger, it not only refused to do anything for its own benefit but prevented any one else from attempting the same.

Under military rule Cromwell succeeded in doing what Charles was killed for trying—namely, in establishing the British Navy and securing its supremacy on all the seas. With the religious quarrels which had distracted its energies and obscured the real issues out of the way, the Puritan Government devoted itself to

its main function, which was to break down the trading monopoly of the Dutch in the East Indies, of the Spanish in the West.

Since the time of James I, commercial rivalry had existed between the English and the Dutch. In the year that Charles lost his head, the Dutch were at the height of their naval power. Their merchant vessels were the best in the world, and they had a monopoly of the sea-carrying trade of Europe.

In 1650 the Long Parliament passed a Navigation Act, first of a series of acts intended to build up English commerce. Importation of goods into England except in English bottoms, or in the ships of the country which produced the goods, was forbidden. This instantly led to a war with Holland, since it constituted "unwarranted interference" with her main economic function. Admiral Blake for England and Admiral Van Tromp for Holland fought bloody battles on all the seas, and heroic deeds were done and terrible suffering undergone, to settle the question whether English or Dutch ship owners should receive the pay for hauling freight to British shores. The national honor was amply satisfied by two years of war, and Cromwell concluded an indecisive treaty of peace.

But meanwhile Cromwell must settle with a nearer foe. The weavers of Ireland were the ancient rivals of the English craftsmen, for the linen as well as the woollen goods which they produced were much more sought after than those of the English. Likewise there were forty harbors in Ireland, as against the seven which England could boast; and the Irish had espoused the cause of the Stuarts in the late war. Therefore Cromwell, by way of ensuring the supremacy of the English weavers as well as of their ships, killed two out of three of the people of Ireland by starvation and the sword, undertaking a deliberate campaign to exterminate the trade rivals of the merchants of the Commonwealth.

IX

Freedom of the Seas

There were further wars afoot. Spain and France being in conflict, Cromwell first offered to sell the services of the British Army and Navy to Spain in consideration of the ports of Dunkirk and Calais, and freedom of commerce in the West Indies. Spain replied that the British Army and Navy were not worth the price. Whereupon Cromwell sold their services to France. He received in payment the town of Dunkirk and the island of Jamaica, to be used as an outfitting station for pirates, besides having accomplished the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Thus Spain's naval and commercial monopoly was broken; but from that time on England had to settle with the rising ambitions of France.

When Oliver Cromwell died, and his son felt himself unable to maintain the quarrel with Parliament, the son of the executed king was summoned to return and assume the crown. Charles II, blackguard though he is painted, did administer the recovered monarchy with uncanny skill of balance between revenge and forgiveness; and under him the English fleet, having reached all the way round the world, began securing to England's shores in a steady stream the treasures of the newly discovered Empire in India. ^

Brief though it was, the rule of Cromwell marks the turning point of English policy. Now for the first time the government concerned itself with building up a commercial and colonial Empire. The foundations of England's maritime importance were laid in the triumph of the Commonwealth's navy under Admiral Blake. Henceforth her strength was on the sea, and her wars were chiefly naval. By the time of the Restoration of Charles II, the navy consisted of 154 ships. The Dutch War of 1652 saw the last of the old National Militia ships, and the navy from that time on was national.

With the Restoration began the system of training

officers, and also the use of the royal fleet to protect British interests in the South Seas. One squadron was sent to take possession of Bombay, which formed part of the dower of Charles' Queen. When James II was deposed, King William left all purely domestic affairs to the Parliament, and this made of the Navy a purely Parliamentary force, supported by a yearly budget voted by the Commons and agreed to by the Lords.

But enlistment meanwhile was by impressment. Prisoners, both political and criminal, were allowed to volunteer to escape jail, or, if they preferred jail to the navy were drafted. Counties supplied their quota from the workhouse or the debtors' prison. A ship of war was suppose to be well manned when one-fifth of her crew of marines was composed of soldiers, and when one-third of her sailors were men bred to the sea. But this proportion, we are gravely assured, was "rarely reached." The pay of seamen was low, and six months pay was always held out, to make them enlist again. Men were often turned over from ship to ship and at the end of a trip had a great sheaf of pay notes. But accounts were very slow, and the notes were often sold to speculators at a heavy discount for ready money. A Mutiny in 1797 caused a slight betterment of conditions; but the conditions were ghastly.

Gilbert and Sullivan, in their opera "Pinafore," indulged in a terrific sarcasm against conditions prevailing in the Royal Navy, none the less bitter for being written by a couple of Irishmen who could squeeze a laugh out of that prolonged agony which covered the seas with torture ships, and built England's greatness on floating cornerstones of hell.

Meanwhile England was learning severe lessons in the matter of colonial administration. Her governors had administered the American colonies as commercial speculations. Bacon's rebellion in Virginia was rooted in the fact that Governor Berkeley had a fat fur contract with certain Indian tribes, and because of this business arrangement he refused to punish the Indians when they massacred the settlers. Thereupon the settlers took up

arms to defend themselves, and Berkeley took his revenge by putting to death with savage cruelty the leaders in this attempt at self-protection. Charles II remarked of Berkeley, "The old fool has put to death more men in that barren country than I did here for the murder of my father."

It was a common failing. By statesmen of the eighteenth century, colonies were not regarded as the Greeks regarded them, as extensions of the homeland, but rather as pieces of property to be exploited.

"The only use of the American colonies or the West Indian islands," said Lord Sheffield, "is the monopoly of their consumption and the carriage of their products." In conformity with this doctrine the English government imposed restrictions on its colonial trade, which were calculated to secure all the profits to the "home" country.

The trade, strangled by these measures, drove the Colonies to revolt. England was handicapped by the three thousand miles of sea that lay between her and her rebellious subjects; moreover she made the mistake of despising the men whom she fought. Further, she was involved in a bloody turmoil on the Continent. By 1780 England was involved in war with France, Spain and Holland, and under the leadership of Catherine of Russia the Northern powers were banded together in an armed neutrality to resist her commercial claims. She strove in vain to obtain aid from Russia, offering to cede Minorca for troops. Her isolation in Europe was complete, and she was compelled to give way. By the treaty of Versailles which closed the war, England was forced to recognize the independence of the American colonies, to give back Florida and Minorca to Spain, to give France most of her settlements and colonies. Friends and foes alike believed with Lord Shelburne that England's sun had set.

X

The Age of Steam

But a series of discoveries, occurring almost simultaneously, placed in England's hands a means whereby she could use the tremendous leverage of her wool-growing monopoly to shake the world from its imperial foundations. The Golden Fleece was found to be capable of unlimited multiplication; and hardly had her "sun set" than it rose again in the East, in India.

Until the seventeenth century the wool of the sheep of England, as of every other country, had been spun from the distaff held in the hand. But in that century the spinning wheel was invented, run first by one hand, afterward by the foot of the spinner. But even then only one thread at a time could be spun. A weaver could use up all the thread that eight spinners could produce. In the year 1764 James Hargreaves, an English weaver, noticed that his wife's spinning wheel, when tipped over on the floor, kept whirling away for quite a while. Taking a hint from this new position he invented a machine where one wheel turned eight spindles and spun eight threads instead of one. Hargreaves called this machine the "jenny," after his wife's name.

In 1771, seven years after, Sir Richard Arkwright, who began life as a barber and peddler, invented a new spinner, using rollers revolving at different rates, to draw out the thread. These rollers were driven by water power, not by hand, and were called the "water frame." Four years later, 1779, Samuel Crompton, an English weaver, combined the best features of the spinning jenny and the water frame in an instrument which he called the "mule," because of its mixed parentage. With the mule, one spinner could spin two hundred threads at a time. Now the weavers had too much thread; and it was necessary to improve their processes so that they might keep up with their spinners. Up to that time weavers had used the hand shuttle, throwing it back and forth across the warp. Edmund Cartwright, a clergyman of the Church of England, in 1784, patented

a "power loom," in which the shuttle threw itself back and forth automatically. By the year 1800 it had thus become possible for one man to weave more cloth than two hundred could do in 1770.

Meanwhile, in 1793, Eli Whitney, an American, invented the cotton gin, by which one slave could clean as much cotton of its seed as three hundred had been able to clean by the slow process of picking by hand. And, in 1785, James Watt had constructed a steam engine.

All of these inventions occurred within the space of fifty years. The transformation which they effected in the lives of men was greater than any change which had occurred since civilization began. Textile inventions gave Great Britain an immense superiority over her rivals in the cloth industry, and that advantage was carefully guarded. Severe penalties were imposed on the exportation of machinery. Even skilled operatives were forbidden to leave the kingdom, lest they carry abroad the secrets of the new models, and betray thus the secrets of the trade. English manufacturers enjoyed, during the fifty years from 1775 to 1825, a practical monopoly of European and American markets, and massed wealth apace.

But this wealth remained in the hands of an ever smaller and smaller group. For the old self-reliant handicraftsmen were destroyed, their knowledge and skill were rendered useless; and although they rose in desperation time after time and smashed the machinery which was their undoing, they were helpless. The working class of England deteriorated into a hopeless, helpless mass of poverty-stricken wretches, women and children and starving men driven by the lash to unceasing toil under conditions which until then had never been dreamed of. These men were unable to purchase and to consume anything like a fair proportion of what they produced. The wealth of England consisted in exporting staples and importing luxuries; staples for the rest of the world to buy, and luxuries for the wealthy class in England to consume.

English merchants had achieved, by the year 1800, a practical monopoly of the carrying trade between Europe, America and the Orient. In the year 1806 Napoleon, then at the height of his power, and foiled by the choppy seas of the Channel from his pet project of invading England, had declared a Continental Blockade, forbidding the subjects of France or of any other European power to trade with England or with England's colonies. Thus British vessels were excluded from all ports in Europe except those of Sicily, Sardinia, Sweden and Portugal.

This act threatened England with ruin, and was the real cause of Napoleon's downfall; for it turned against him the Emperor of Russia, as well as the whole British nation. England's merchants relied upon Europe's markets to absorb their surplus products. Her own people, impoverished and ill-nourished, were incapable of feeding and clothing themselves and their children decently on the wretched pay they received for a life of living hell in the factories. Thereupon in 1807 England retaliated with Orders in Council forbidding all trade with France or her subject allies.

British merchants found it profitable business to smuggle contraband goods past their own warships, selling their cargoes at enormous prices. The dissatisfaction produced by this among the people of the Continent had much to do with the final overthrow of Napoleon, which was really accomplished by a tariff rather than by the thin red line at Waterloo.

XI

The Counter-Revolution

But meanwhile that Parliamentary progress which had been slowly climbing upward on the shoulders of the sheep was rudely shaken and set back by the contiguity of the Revolution which had restored the lands of France to her peasantry. The British ministry had embarked upon a career of wild liberalism, like that of

Wilson; but when the French Revolution broke with its red whirlwind, England became more repressive than royal France had been. Its acts are almost word for word a prediction or forecast of what the American government became during the Russian Revolution. It did this to prevent any such measures as would dispossess the sheep and restore their pasturage to be inhabited again by men.

"It requires a strenuous exercise of the imagination," writes H. N. Brailsford in "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle," "to conceive of the panic which swept over England as the news of the French Terror was circulated. It fastened impartially on every class of the community, and destroyed the emotional balance of Pitt and of his colleagues no less than of the workingmen who formed the Church and King mobs. Proclamations were issued to quell insurrections which never had been planned, and the militia were called out when not a hand had been raised against the King through Great Britain. So great was the fear, so deep the moral indignation, that even 'respectable and honest men' turned spies and informers on their friends from a sense of public duty."—Alas, that such a phenomenon comes so easily to our own imaginations, who have lived in America during these last years!

The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; the Privy Council sat as a sort of Star Chamber to question political suspects, and there was even talk of importing Hessian and Hanoverian mercenaries to check an insurrection which nowhere showed its head.

Frailest of all human endowments is the sense of humor. The sense of proportion had been eclipsed in the panic. Men were tried and sentenced, never for deeds, but always for words. Groups of Reformers who called conventions to discuss political and parliamentary reforms, were arrested on the charge of high treason; the Government charged them with conspiring to do everything from armed insurrection down to murdering the King by blowing poisoned arrows from air guns. The Chief Justice, Eyre, in his charge to the Grand Jury,

sought to make high treason mean any effort to alter the form of government, of the Constitution or Parliament.

But the emotional reaction of these suppressed feelings of sympathy with France had a permanent issue. That second great outburst of poetry which, together with that of Elizabeth's day, gives English poetry first rank in the world's literature next to that of the Greeks, comes between the French Revolution and the Reform Bill of 1832. As Shakespeare had immortalized the intellectual and spiritual ferment of the period of the Reformation, so the great group which contains Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron was the product of the intellectual and spiritual ferment of the French Revolution.

Chesterton remarks that the most important event in English history never happened at all—namely, the English counterpart to the French Revolution, which would have restored to the hands of the small farmers the lands that had been taken away at the Reformation. All of the great poets of that second era are English by protest. Their greatness consists largely in the fierce anger with which they regarded their own country, its customs and its government. Wordsworth in his youth fought on the barricades in Paris. Returning to his home he betook himself to the Northern moors, in indignant anger against the follies and fripperies of his country's capital. When that anger died he ceased to be a poet. Shelley was a revolutionist in every field at once—government, morals, science, literature. Byron was a revolutionist of romance—he got as far away from England as he could in space. Keats broke away from hideous England to get back to lovely Greece.

Shakespeare glorified his England, which had just accomplished a Revolution in breaking away from the Roman Empire and Church. Shelley vilified his England because the Revolution had not brought freedom.

In 1832 the Reform Bill was passed, ending the unspeakable corruption of the rotten boroughs; and making some sort of progressive amelioration possible; and then

the fine fervor of poetry ended, as the Commonwealth had ended the Shakespearean outburst, in the bourgeois gentility of Browning and Tennyson. Such was the chain of causes and events at home. But abroad the shadow of England was covering the world and the fleece of her sheep darkened the waters.

XII

Foundation of the Empire

On the last day of the year 1600 Queen Elizabeth affixed her signature to a charter empowering the "Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies" to enjoy sole right of trading with all countries lying beyond the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan, for fifteen years. This act was taken in retaliation against the Dutch East India Company, which had obtained a virtual monopoly of the traffic with the Spice Islands and had raised the price of pepper from three to eight shillings per pound. On so small an issue did the Empire's beginning find base! The early voyages of the Company were separate voyages, a single ship being chartered for a single trip, and the whole profit—seldom less than 100 per cent.—being taken by the subscribers individually.

The profits of this traffic were so enormous that "interlopers" constantly sought for shares in it. Under the Commonwealth and the Restoration the Company became a great Chartered Company with the right of acquiring territory, coining money, commanding fortresses and troops, forming alliances, making war and peace, and exercising both civil and criminal jurisdiction.

From this time on, the history of England's Empire is mainly the history of the spoliation of India. Cotton was practically unknown in Europe until it began to drift in by way of the East India companies. And when it came, so cheap and attractive was it that heavy inroads were made upon the market for the linen and wool cloths of English weavers. Vigorous efforts were

made to prevent the English people from buying the Indian cloths; but Milady would not be denied. It was necessary to conquer India to strangle a dangerous competitor. In order to hold the land in subjection, it was necessary to control all the avenues to it. Therefore the control of the seas must belong to England; and that she might control the seas she must control all the approaches to it. Gibraltar, Suez, Rhodes, Malta, Egypt, South Africa, Falkland Islands, Persia, Afghanistan—all of these great acquisitions are primarily based upon the supreme necessity of holding on to India; and the basic reason for holding on to India was the basic reason of getting it in the first place—namely, to destroy the greatest competitor in the world to England's chief industry, weaving.

This tragedy of India is the tragedy of the World War. For it was chiefly in order to keep Germany out of India that the twenty million lives were sacrificed upon the altar of Moloch, and the races of the world thrown into mourning. Possession of India is the necessity of a capitalistic state; for with India free and sovereign, the system of capitalism is doomed. Even now, as Russia strikes for India, and those tortured millions are banding together to resist the yoke of British manufactures, the foundation of the Empire of the Golden Fleece is shaken to its fall.

THE BOOK OF INDIA

I

The Lure of the World.

From the Egyptian Pharaohs to the German Kaiser, every aspirant for World Empire has made India the goal of his desire. Nebuchadnezzar became great because he controlled the traffic between India and Egypt. Rameses and Amenhotep sent forth their ships and troops to master the Way of the Sea and the passes of the ocean. Alexander sought control of India. The Crusaders fought for a way of unrestricted traffic, and likewise Columbus, and Vasco da Gama, and Louis XIV, and Napoleon and Disraeli. And the issue now at stake, in all the quarrelling over Constantinople, Turkey and Mesopotamia, is access to India by land and sea.

India is the Lure of the World. For age after age the West had struggled through morasses of blood and whirlwinds of war for the mastery of that land. The reason lies in the most dominant and obvious fact about India, namely its caste system; but the meaning of the Caste System has been so hopelessly obscured that the riddle of the World's Wars to most of us lies unsolved.

For the Castes of India are hereditary trade or craft guilds. During long milleniums, the skill imparted from generation to generation increased and grew until the handiwork of the craftsmen of India became the thing desired above the work of all other lands by the women of Egypt and of Babylon, of Rome and of France and of England; until, to maintain the supremacy of the machine-made fabrics of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the wool of the Southdown sheep, England systematically undertook the destruction of the oldest craft system in

the world, and one main fount and spring of our inherited store of beauty.

Let us set the stage for this central drama in the world's long history. Geography, always the dominant fact in any nation's existence, explains the story also of India, whose meaning lies written in her land.

A vast fertile plain, stretching triangularly into the sunny waters of the Indian Ocean: cut off to the northward by the great scimitar of the Himalayas, hugest mountain range in the world, which lies curved across the northern edge with the blade turned southward from the Khyber Pass westward to the Pass of Karakoram in the East. From these two passes, the mountains plunge down toward the sea, walling India from China on the East and from Persia on the west.

Beyond the Himalayas lie the high plateaus of Central Asia, nursing mother of the nomadic tribes out of whom came in turn the Aryans of India, the Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts and Germans. Pressing on them always from behind came the Tartar tribes, out of whom came the Japanese, Mongolians, Turks, Hungarians and Huns.

II

Invasions and Castes

Through the Khyber pass into the hot plains of the River Lands the ancestors of the Aryans in India pressed, many a millenium ago. They called themselves Sindhus, Hindus—River-Men—in distinction from their brethren of the Persian Hills.

This Khyber pass is one of the world's great gateways. Through it came in successive waves the Aryan invaders, the Persian caravans, Alexander of Macedon and his Greeks, the Mohammedans, the Tartars, the Moguls, the Afghans: and through it now at last the Russian forces are coming with guns and with more powerful words from the Soviet at Moscow. The Khyber pass is a strange gorge through which the Kabul River—name of wonderful romance—breaks through the encircling

mountain chain and joins the majestic stream of the Indus.

Through this pass in successive waves the Aryans came, dispossessing the dark-skinned Dravidians and being themselves dispossessed by later comers. The word for caste is "varuna," meaning color, thus indicating that the degree of intermixture determines rank. But the basis of the division is economic. For the terms Brahmin, Khshatriya, Vaisya and Sudra indicate divisions of occupation. Priestly, warrior and kingly, artisan and trader, and agriculturist, are the four main occupations which form the four main castes. It is probable that the Khshatriya caste were the last comers, but bowed to the Brahmins, even as the Samaritan invaders of Palestine and the Gothic invaders of Rome accepted the religion of the conquered.

At some time close to 1500 B. C. the Code of Manu was formed, perpetuating the form of village communities then existing. In the seventh chapter of the Code of Manu is an account of the social and religious institutions of ancient India, as with very slight modifications they still exist. Each village community is a little Republic, and manages its own affairs, so far as it is allowed. Its municipal institutions are perfectly effectual for the purposes of selfgovernment and protection. Its relations with the central Government are conducted by a Headman, and its internal administration is in the hands of a staff of hereditary officers, the heads of the castes.

Under this system, in strong contrast with the picture of feudal society outlined in the Mahabharata and Ramayana, all traces of "patriotism" and of loyalty to great national "leaders" are eliminated. Nobody fights except the warrior caste, and they do so because it is their business. Only the interests of the family, the village, and the caste are recognized. This gives permanence to the proprietorship of the peasantry in the soil. Kings and people are integral parts of the divine law, of which Brahmins are the custodians.

The typical Hindu village consists exclusively of farmers. But as agriculture and manufactures cannot

exist without each other, the village receives and supports a number of artisans, as members of its hereditary government. The potter, the barber, the coppersmith, the blacksmith, the carpenter, and such necessary trades as these, are maintained by the villagers in a perpetual service contract. Money is little needed. The artisans supply the farmers, and the farmers support them.

Everything native is hand made, and thus everything partakes in some degree of the nature of art. Even the cheapest toy and earthen vessel are made with scrupulous fidelity to the rules of beauty handed down through a thousand generations. In every Indian village all the traditional handicrafts, practised with magic skill, are to be found still at work. The castes of India have been the stronghold of her traditionary arts.

Constantly, of course, artisans outgrow the number needed for the village, and their sons move away to form new villages, or to gather in the towns. Great polytechnical cities have thus been formed, skilled immigrants from the villages being drawn together in great towns in the bonds of their craft unions, made indissoluble by caste.

Each caste is governed by a "panchayat" or committee of five: and in the cities the head of all the guilds, the Nagar-Seth, is the highest personage in the city, and is treated as a representative of the whole city by the government.

These trade guilds have existed from the very foundations of Hindu civilization. In the Ramayana, in that part known as the Ayodha Kanda, the inhabitants of the city of Ayodha are represented as going out in procession with Bharta to seek Rama, in the order of their trade guilds; jewellers, potters, ivory workers, perfumers, goldsmiths, weavers, carpenters, braziers, painters, musical instrument makers, armourers, curriers, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, makers of figures, cutters of crystals, glassmakers, inlayers, and others; the chief of each guild bringing up the rear. It is just such a list as might be prepared from a census of the citizens of any Indian city at the present day; and it bears an

extraordinary resemblance to the list of trade guilds in the Corpus Christi processions of any medieval city. Indeed, as trade with India extended and grew, the Guild system came into prominence and prevalence in Medieval Europe.

Castes took care of their own sick, of their own unfortunate and harassed members, providing dowries for the daughters and burial expenses for the dead.

Membership in the unions, or castes, is of course hereditary, but newcomers may be admitted into them on payment of an entrance fee. No unqualified person can enter or remain in a guild. Every son born in a working caste of necessity learns his father's handicraft, and when he has mastered it at once takes his father's place as an hereditary freeman of his guild.

III

The Arts of India

Under this system the arts of India have been fostered and maintained their excellence until at length the whole bullion of the Western nations of antiquity was poured into the East in exchange for them. Whether skill be transmissible or not, sons born and bred in the atmosphere of their fathers' handicraft for many generations must inevitably acquire a dexterity and a perfection of product which is unattainable elsewhere. In the days of Babylon, of Rome, the women of those imperial countries sought the wares of India, and their sons and husbands covered the earth with dead to get them.

Take for example the case of silk. Silk was known in Europe from the days of Alexander's expedition to India. But it was Julius Cæsar who first displayed a profusion of silks in one of those magnificent theatrical enterprises in which he was wont to entertain the populace of Rome: which seem, indeed, to have been composed of gladiatorial shows to attract the people and technical exhibits to attract their trade. Silk was at first used only by the women of a few of the most opu-

lent and most aristocratic families. Tiberius Cæsar passed a law that no man should disgrace himself by wearing silk—a law which had for its object the prevention of the draining of Roman gold away into India and China. Silk was then priced at its weight in gold, as we are told in an anecdote of the emperor Valerian: "*libra enim auri libra serici fuit*"—a pound of gold for a pound of silk.

But the demand for silken articles rapidly increased, in spite of all prohibitions and regulations, and in spite of their enormous price. So great was the drain of gold and silver from Rome to the Eastward that the Emperor Justinian resolved to introduce the cultivation of silk worms into Europe, to keep the money at home.

From earliest antiquity the steel work and the jewelry of India have been celebrated. The art of the goldsmith and jeweller have come down in unbroken tradition from the days of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. National epics, ancient sculptures and paintings, represent the jewelry, pottery, and musical instruments exactly as they are now.

But its marvellously woven tissues and sumptuously inwrought apparel were always the supreme glories of the land. Probably it was the first of countries to perfect weaving, and the art of its gold brocades and filmy muslins, comely as the curtains of Solomon, is older than the Code of Manu. When Alexander and his Greeks arrived in India, they noticed that the garments worn by the people were made of "tree wool," or "wool made from nuts"—namely, cotton. Until that time the clothing of the Greeks had been made from wool only, or flax and they were lost in wonder at the novelty.

IV

The Coming of Alexander

When the armies of Alexander reached the pass which the Kabul river cleaves through the mountains

of the Hindu Kush and descended into the fertile plains of India, history paused for a climatic decision. It seemed that the West and the East were to become one. But the insane vanity which had laid hold on Alexander, which caused him to put Parmenio to death and to demand that he be approached with bended knee in the adoration which the Persian kings demanded, created a break which the ages have never healed. When Chandragupta was compelled to fly for his life on the charge of having insulted the irritated monarch of the world, the Great Division was established against which future centuries were to batter in vain.

Alexander's conquest had gone to his head, and as his vanity grew the discontent of his Macedonians increased. The situation was a critical one. King Porus had appeared on the banks of the Hydaspes river, greatly swollen by sudden rains, with a huge army and 200 elephants. During a night of torrential rain Alexander succeeded in crossing the river higher up, and came down behind the forces of Porus, defeating them. The Indian King fell, sorely wounded, and was glad enough to conclude a peace with the Macedonian. With the aid of Porus Alexander moved on eastward until the Hyphasis was reached; and here his army halted. For three days the deadlock continued; Alexander stormed and threatened, but in vain. It was a bitter mortification; before his eyes new vistas of victory had opened out eastward, where beckoned the unknown world of the Ganges and its splendid people. At this moment of humiliation Chandragupta Maura appeared.

V

The Great Division

Chandragupta was the son of a king of Magadha by a woman of the people, whose name, Maura, her son took. Driven into exile by the reigning king, his kinsman, this exiled prince sought the captain of Macedon and tried to get his aid, enlarging upon the unpopularity of the

reigning monarch and the great profit of such an alliance. But the Macedonian chief was in no humor to be cajoled; and claiming an insult—perhaps a taunt of cowardice on the part of Chandragupta—chased him from their presence. Thus began a bitter enmity between Indian and Greek, which formed the division that cleft the human race asunder.

For Chandragupta went to the hill tribes of the north-west and collected an army from among the warlike patriots there. On the death of Alexander he attacked the Greek garrisons left in the Punjab, and conquered the whole territory. Later he attacked the king of Magadha, dethroned and slew the king, his kinsman, with every member of the reigning family, and enthroned himself. The great army acquired from his predecessor he increased until it reached the total of 30,000 cavalry, 9,000 elephants, and 600,000 infantry. With this huge force he overran all northern India, establishing his empire from the Arabian Sea to the Bay of Bengal.

Seleucus had inherited the Eastern division of the empire of Alexander; and in the year 303 a great battle was fought between Seleucus and Chandragupta in which the Greek was overwhelmingly defeated, and concluded a peace of which the main provision was that he swapped his daughter for five hundred elephants. The Indian emperor also obtained a cession of the Greek settlements in the Punjab and the Kabul valley. Megasthenes was sent as ambassador from Seleucus to the court of the emperor, and has preserved for us the first clear historic account of the people who had thus halted the Macedonian empire.

Prior to that time, India had been vaguely known as the origin of the world's best handiworks. Indirect trade between India and the Levant seems to have existed from the earliest times. Homer was acquainted with tin and other articles of Indian merchandise by the Sanskrit names; and a long list has been made of Indian products mentioned in the Bible. The empire of Darius included the Valley of the Indus as a Persian satrapy; Persia's greatness, indeed, hinged very largely on the

fact that the Royal Road provided direct travel, for the first time, between Asia Minor at one end, with its wealthy capital of Sardis, and the craftsmen of India at the other.

The first Greek historian who speaks clearly of India was Hecataeus of Miletus, 549 B. C. The knowledge of Herodotus ended at the Indus. Ctesias, the Greek physician who healed King Artaxerxes from the wound inflicted upon him by Cyrus, his ambitious younger brother, brought back from his residence at the court of the Great King some few facts about monkeys and parrots, the dyes and fabrics of the people of the Indus.

But Megasthenes, living for some years at the court of the Emperor of Northern India, wrote for the first time a clear account of these people. He divides them into seven castes, namely "philosophers, husbandmen, shepherds, artisans, soldiers, inspectors and the counselors of the King." With admiration Megasthenes observed the absence of slavery in India (Greek civilization for all its splendid qualities, was built upon slavery), the chastity of its women and the courage of its men. In valor, he said, they excelled all other Asiatics; they required no locks to their doors; above all, no Indian was ever known to tell a lie, which seems to have impressed the Greek, accustomed to the praise of the many-wiled Odysseus, as amazing and uncanny. "Sober and industrious, good farmers and skilful artisans, they scarcely ever had recourse to a lawsuit, and lived peaceably under their native chiefs."

The village system is well described by Megasthenes, each little village being, he says, an independent republic. He remarked the exemption of the artisans and farmers from military service, and notes incidentally that, one of the chief functions of the Brahmins is to foretell the weather, and if one of them errs in his predictions he is forced to keep silent the rest of his life.

Bindusara, son of Chadragupta, extended his dominions down to Madras, and was succeeded by Asoka, one of the greatest of all Indian sovereigns, whose impress is upon the continent of Asia to this day.

VI

The Soul of the East.

Asoka had learned much from the Greeks, and from the Persian empire which had been taken over by the Greeks. Trunk roads were built by him over the whole of northern Hindustan, from Pataliputra westward to the Punjab and southward, past Bharhut and Bhilsa, to Amravati on the Kistna; and southward, by Nasik, to Kalyan, the great port of Western India in ancient times before it was superseded by Tanna in the Mohammedan period and by Bombay after the Portuguese invasion.

Along these great trunk roads heavy commerce flowed, not only between the cities of Asoka's empire, but also to the furthest ports of the world. Trade alliances were established with Antiochus the Great, Antigonus, Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the King of Cyrene; intimate commercial intercourse was established with Syria and Egypt, both by land and sea.

Under Asoka the foundations of Empire were "well and truly laid" on the natural foundation of all empires, namely good roads; and a further step was taken by which he sought to make his empire one in thought as it was in physical communication. Buddhism was proclaimed as the established faith, and eighty-four thousand stone pillars were erected in the whole extent of the Empire, setting forth the fundamental principles of Buddhism and the laws of the King who established it.

Asoka is often called the "Constantine of Buddhism." His steps were in fact almost exactly the same as those of the later Emperor of Rome. Five great measures were taken: an ecumenical council was summoned to settle the faith, edicts were issued promulgating its principles, a state department was established to watch over its purity (perhaps the inspectors of religion and morals mentioned by Megasthenes were the precursors of these) missionaries were sent out to spread its doctrines, and a canon of scripture or authoritative collection of sacred books, was established.

The Buddhism of Asoka was planted deep and strong by the missionaries, who were instructed, as myriad stone columns bear witness, to go "to the utmost limits of the barbarian countries, to intermingle amongst unbelievers, to mix equally with Brahmins and beggars, the dreaded and the despised, both within the kingdom and in foreign countries, teaching better things." Conversion was to be effected always by persuasion, never by the sword. The fourth and last Council was held in Kashmir, under the king Kanishka, and promulgated the "Mahayana," or Greater Faith, which contains many differences from the original Hinayana or "Former Faith." The Greater Faith is profoundly influenced by Christianity, through the teachings of Asvagosha, A. D. 100; and is in reality the doctrine of the Johannine Logos, translated into Indian terms, teachings an incarnation of God in Buddha.

Buddhism in its various forms, which are many, created a religion and a literature for more than one-third of the human race, and profoundly affected the remainder. Five hundred million persons, or more than one-third of the population of the world, still follow the teachings of Buddhism. Its shrines and monasteries at one time stretched in a continuous line from the Caspian Sea to the Pacific Ocean; and from northernmost Japan to the southernmost islands of the Equatorial archipelago, the thoughts of Buddha still underlie the daily life of countless millions.

During twenty-four centuries Buddhism has encountered and outlived a series of powerful rivals, and even today there is a recrudescence of that ancient faith in Japan as an offset to the Occidentalising of the people by the missionaries of the Christians.

Buddhism began as a profoundly revolutionary movement. It challenged the very existence of the old order. It denied the existence of the Brahmanic gods. It denied that Brahm, "magic" was the chief of the Gods. The so-called Monism of the Brahmins is based upon a chain of reasoning rather than of revelation. Inasmuch as the gods all obey "brahm," magic

spells, or incantations, therefore "brahm" magic prayers, are supreme above all the 330,000,000 gods; and therefore the Brahmins, or prayer-men—magic-men is a better word—were supreme above the gods and embodiments of Brahm. Thus in every temple it is really Brahm who is worshipped, whatever be the name of the god to whom the temple is dedicated.

On the strength of this teaching the Brahmins lived in idleness, exacting tribute from the population. They only knew the laws. They only issued the orders which the invisible ones must obey. On their supremacy the whole social order was based.

Hence when the young prince Siddhartha Gautama proclaimed that there were no gods, that there is no magic spell which can command destiny, that the goal of right living is eternal sleep and forgetting, that no man is bound to his caste—it was an upheaval of the old order comparable to that which Paul preached in the financial centers of the Roman Empire. But Buddha's original gospel was vastly changed by its adoption to the purposes of kingship. The Hinayana, or former faith which Buddha preached, was completely obscured by the Mahayana, or "improved faith" which Asvagosha taught.

Asoka established Buddhism, and sent its missionaries over the world. But at home the Brahmins fought it fiercely, until under King Vikramaditya, known as the "Charlemagne of the Brahmins" all the privileges of the Brahmins were reasserted, and the Buddhists were exterminated in terrible persecutions. For twelve centuries Buddhism has been rooted out of its own original home. Only the Jain sects of Buddhists remain, for they have accepted Caste and Brahmins.

This triumph of the Brahmins was shortlived. As they emerged from their retreats, the Arabs, followed by Afghans and Mongols, began to appear in the Sindh, and in the Punjab. The thousand years of Buddhist supremacy were followed by the thousand years of tyranny of the Mohammedan rulers of India. It was only in the South that the Brahmins, for the first few

years of the terrible Mohammedan millenium, found anything like a sure retreat.

In 1398 came Timur the Tartar, who massacred many thousands but left no permanent impress. His grandson, Baber, in 1525, swept through the Khyber pass, and with him the Mongols came to stay. Baber's grandson, Akbar, founded the line of the Grand Moguls, who ruled until the English came.

Akbar was a patron of arts and crafts. But indeed most of the invaders were. They fought only the armed forces of the defenders, leaving weavers and jewellers to ply their trade undisturbed. Akbar gathered around his court the most skilful of Indian craftsmen, and rewarded them for special work with high honors and gifts. His grandson, Shah Jehan, built for his favorite wife Mahal that exquisite jewel of architecture, the Taj Mahal, before which the world pauses breathless. Shah Jehan founded the city of Delhi to be the capital of united India. His son Aurungzeb came to the throne while Shah Jehan, sunk in mourning for Mahal, was lost in grief. All of these conquerors spent the tribute of India in India, carrying none away.

Meanwhile the Westerners had come.

VII

Coming of the West.

In 1492 Christopher Columbus set out from the Spanish port of Palos, bearing a letter from the King of Spain to the Grand Khan of Tartary. He failed to deliver it, having lit upon the small Bahama islands rather than outposts of the Oriental empires. But five years later Vasco da Gama of Portugal sailed southward around the African cape and on May 20, 1498, he cast anchor off the city of Calicut, on the coast of Malabar. After staying six months he returned with a letter from the rajah of Malabar to the King of Portugal, reading: "Vasco da Gama, a nobleman of your household, has visited my kingdom and given me great pleasure. In my

kingdom there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper, and precious stones. What we seek from thy country is gold, silver, coral, and scarlet."

The return of da Gama was celebrated with national rejoicings. Warm discussions arose between the King of Spain and the King of Portugal as to the limit of their respective territories, a dispute which was ended by the Treaty of Tordesillas, in which Pope Alexander VI partitioned the New World between Portugal and Spain.

In the year 1502 the Pope gave to the King of Portugal a bull constituting him lord of the "navigation, conquest and trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India." In 1530 Goa, having been seized by the Portuguese, became the capital of their dominions in India. For exactly one hundred years Portugal held the monopoly of Oriental trade. All other nations, preoccupied in wars and discoveries elsewhere, gave her a free field. But beginning with the early years of the seventeenth century, Holland, England and France began to claim a share. Step by step Portugal was driven out from all of India except Goa.

When Charles II married the Portuguese princess Isabella, she brought him as a dowry the port of Bombay. Unable to use it himself, Charles presented the port to the British East India company. From Bombay as a center the Company spread.

England and Holland strove in every sea for supremacy in Indian trade, until under the Commonwealth the English navy routed that of the Dutch. In 1745 began the struggle between the French and the English, with Dupleix for France and Clive for England leading the hostile forces. Clive went out to India as a clerk, and came back practically an emperor. By 1761 the French were conclusively beaten, and the British East India Company was the Lord of India.

They did not take the name of rulers, but elevated Indian princes to the throne, making them pay heavily for the distinction.

For example Mir Jafar was placed on the throne of Bengal. The Company claimed as a price for this gift,

10,000,000 rupees. British, Armenian and Indian inhabitants of Murshidabad got eight million. The squadron of cavalry got 2,500,000; the army got a like sum. Six members of the Council got 1,500,000 rupees. Altogether, Mir Jafar had to pay twelve million rupees for his title, which sum had to be squeezed out of his subjects. This made him unpopular. And finding the business of rajah making so profitable, within ten years the British Company had put up two more rajahs, demanding and receiving a like sum from each. That is, within ten years the people of Bengal had to pay 36,000,000 rupees in graft for electioneering expenses. American Senators did not invent the "system."

Clive boasted that he left behind him only the tradition that any amount of money could be extracted from the natives by the mere terror of the British name. But systematic evidence is at hand to show just how the British East India Company brought the blessings of civilization to this benighted land.

Romesh Chundra Dutt, in his book "Economic History of India" writes:

"Prices for cloth were fixed by company agents at 40 per cent. less than the goods would sell for in the open market. If weavers refused to accept the contract, the money was tied in their girdles and they received a flogging. On inability or failure to deliver the goods at the time ordered, the weaver's goods were seized and sold on the spot. Winders of raw silk were treated with such severity and injustice that instances have been known of their cutting off their own thumbs to prevent their being forced to wind silk for the company."

Thus the British East India Company secured great quantities of cotton and silk goods. But the competition of these with the British woolen manufactures raised great opposition. Indian chintzes became so generally worn in England to the detriment of the woolen and flaxen manufactures of the country, that in 1721 a law was passed prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatever. In 1700 a law had been passed by which all

"wrought silks, mixed stuffs, and figured calicoes, of the manufacture of Persia, China or the East Indies," were forbidden to be worn or otherwise used in Great Britain. This law was particularly designed for the benefit of the Spitalfields silk manufacture, but proved to be of little or no avail against the prodigious importation and tempting cheapness of Indian piece goods. The women of England flouted laws made to restrain their fashions, and the budding Empire bowed to their decree.

But after the invention of Arkwright's machine, in 1769, the production of Manchester and Lancashire goods developed so rapidly that the tables were reversed. The story of the utter desolation of India's crafts begins with the closing chapters of the Napoleonic wars.

The Napoleonic blockade of 1813 deprived the British merchants of their European markets. They therefore demanded the abolition of the East India Company's monopoly, and its exclusive rights of trading. In 1833 its rights of trade were abolished altogether, and it was made Administrator of India, drawing its dividends from the revenues of the Empire.

VIII

Destruction of the Crafts

What was the result? Where the aim had formerly been to increase production of Indian native wares, now the object was to destroy them, and to reverse the current by selling in India the products of the machine mills of England. The great export trade of India fell before the competition of Manchester. Men who had inherited an unearthy skill at weaving from a thousand generations of ancestors were herded into the mills at Bombay and Calcutta, and compelled to tend machines at a pay which undercut the grievously underpaid Britisher.

The once celebrated Dacca muslins became a thing of the past. In the time of Jehangir, Dacca muslin could be manufactured fifteen yards long and one yard

wide, weighing only 900 grains, at the price of 40 pounds. Now the finest of these muslins weighs 1,600 grains and is worth but ten pounds. Tavernier states that the ambassador of Shah Safi, in 1628, on his return from India, presented his master with a cocoanut set with jewels containing a muslin turban thirty yards in length, so exquisitely fine that it could scarcely be felt by the touch. A rare muslin was formerly produced in Dacca which when laid on the wet grass became entirely invisible.

From a British authority I quote the following: (Encyc Brit., art. India.)

"Under British rule, which secures the freest exercise of individual energy and initiative, the authority of the trade guilds in India has necessarily been relaxed, to the marked detriment of those handicrafts whose perfection depends on hereditary processes and skill. Overwhelming importations of British manufactures also is even more detrimental to their prosperity and influence, for it has in many places brought wholesale ruin on the hereditary native craftsmen and forced them into agriculture and domestic service. But the guilds by their stubborn resistance, further stimulated by caste prejudice, which they oppose to all innovations, still continue in this forlorn way to serve a beneficial end, in maintaining for another generation the traditional excellence of the sumptuary arts of India against the fierce and merciless competition of the English manufacturers.

"The guilds are condemned by many for fixing the hours of labor and the amount of work to be done in them by strict bylaws, the slightest infringement of which is punished by severe fines, which are the chief source of their income. But the object of these rules is to give the weak and unfortunate the same chance in life as others more favored by nature. . The funds of the guilds are for the greater part spent in charities, in the relief of distress among their own members.

"The Code of Manu has secured in the village system of India a permanent endowment of the class of hereditary artisans and art workmen who of themselves

constitute a vast population; and the mere touch of their fingers, trained for three thousand years to the same manipulations, is sufficient to transform whatever foreign work is placed for imitation in their hands into 'something rich and strange' and characteristically Indian."

Montgomery Martin, Member of Parliament, wrote in 1837:

"Since the official report of Dr. Buchanan in 1815, have any effective steps been taken to benefit the sufferers from our rapacity and selfishness? None! On the contrary we have done everything possible for impoverishing still further the miserable beings subject to the cruel selfishness of English commerce. . . , Vast numbers of people in the surveyed districts depend for their chief support on their skill in weaving. Under the pretence of Free Trade, England has compelled the Hindus to receive the products of the steam looms of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Glasgow, at merely nominal duties; while the hand wrought manufactures of Bengal and Behar, beautiful in fabric and durable in wear, have had heavy and almost prohibitive tariffs imposed upon their importation into England."

After 1824 the Company ceased to export merchandise to India, their only shipments being military and political stores. The reason for discontinuing their export trade to India was "the extreme difficulty of obtaining any article of India produce or manufacture to import in return." Indian industries had declined. Rather, they had been destroyed; the land which had enriched the world with beauty since the dawn of time was ruined to furnish a market for British mill-owners!

It is frequently objected that the Company brought peace to a torn and distracted land. Again I quote Romesh Chundra Dutt: (p. 235)

"Wherever the company domination extended, disturbances were succeeded by peace and the reign of law replaced disorder, it is said. But the land was subjected to a heavy and increasing assessment, and the hand of the tax gatherer was far heavier in Northern India, for

many decades, than the occasional outrages of invaders and freebooters of the previous time."

For a century, then, the destruction of the native crafts in India has been the chief objective of the British Empire there. This cause lay behind the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, quite as much as the order to bite pigs fat off cartridges. A movement for self-government in India was growing and deepening, bitterly fought by the Empire, but gaining strength day by day. And then the Great War began.

IX

Swadeshi and Satyagraha

The motive of the Great War was the effort of Germany to gain a foothold in the East: specifically, her Berlin to Bagdad railroad, which would have landed her near the golden preserves of India. Five days before the Armistice was signed, Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, chief of staff of the British Army, wrote in the *New York Times*: "It is to India that our recent victory was due." He based this statement on the fact that when England declared war, an Indian army of 200,000 men was the only trained reserve available in the Empire. Lord Harding, viceroy of India, said: "They filled a gap that could not otherwise have been filled. And there are few survivors. It may be stated without exaggeration that India was bled absolutely white, during the first few weeks of the war."

India's contribution to the Empire was, up to the end of 1916 alone, 1,100,000 men. She sold Britain 70,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 60,000 rifles, 1,500,000 tons of wheat and other foodstuffs, 2,250,000 pounds of wool and blankets, 1,500 miles of railway equipment, and 250 engines. These vast supplies were paid for by the British Government out of the proceeds of a "gift" made by the people of India to the Empire of \$500,000,000. This gift was voted by the Government of India and the Secretary of State for India, without the knowledge

or consent of the people of India or their representatives in the Legislative Council. It was a "gift" exactly comparable to the "gifts" which the people of Belgium made to their German invaders.

Surely, India prizes highly the gift of a civilization for which she is willing to pay so dearly! Lord Harding, the Viceroy, explained that in order to produce this "gift," it was "necessary for the people of India to abandon all work in education, in sanitation and in public works, such as irrigation, and in kindred subjects which in other countries are the touchstone of civilized life." Dearly indeed has India paid for the privilege of protection by the Empire! Even while the Council of India was voting large sums for fireworks and pageants in celebration of the victory, the Bombay Chronicle of June 29, 1919, writes:

"While so many of us are thinking of the peace celebration, . . . the whole country is in the grip of a severe famine, and the lives of many millions of the poorer classes, if not in actual jeopardy, are dismal, wretched and full of suffering. Tens of millions are living in a state of semi-starvation."

During the last three months of 1918, six million people died of influenza alone. "The burning-ghats and burial grounds of India are literally swamped with corpses," said a recent official report.

Why this epidemic of deaths? Official figures published in the Indian budget for 1919-1920 tell the story. Out of the total revenue estimated for the two years, 75 per cent. is appropriated for the British Army and the Railroads, to facilitate British trade; 25 per cent. is left for education, irrigation, agriculture, industries and the sciences, including sanitary and medical work.

Three-quarters of the total revenue are expended on strengthening the hold of British exploiters on India! On may ask, do not the railroads benefit the natives? The answer given by R. C. Dutt is this: "Railroads benefit British trade; canals would have benefited Indian agriculture. £225,000,000 was spent on railroads which resulted not in a profit but in a loss of £40,000,000 to

the Indian taxpayer up to 1900. And up to 1900, only £25,000,000 were spent on irrigation."

Yet Indian crops depend absolutely on irrigation. The native systems are destroyed, and the crops mortgaged in advance to pay the taxes on a foreign method of irrigation, which is of no value to the natives.

In order to uphold British rule, India was compelled to present to the Empire half a billion dollars, to throw away all works of sanitation, education, irrigation, and progress of every sort, and to see herself bled white: and the total benefit derived from this appalling sacrifice was the Rowlatt Acts on sedition, under the terms of which a reign of massacre has been inaugurated that has shaken the world with horror.

The Trade of India lay at the root of the World War. The Berlin-to-Bagdad Railroad was the darling scheme of Germany and her allies to break into the Indian market. To get a right of way across the Balkan peninsula, through Turkey and down to the Persian Gulf the alliance with Austria and Bulgaria and Turkey, and the absorption of Serbia into the Hapsburg empire, was planned. To prevent this right of way, Russia and France and England came to the aid of Serbia; and the whole world was set ablaze. India, according to British experts, made the contribution which saved the day for the victors; and her reward was a slavery and an oppression so vicious and bloody as to be almost without a parallel.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, winner of the Nobel prize for poetry, one of the world's greatest poets if not indeed the world's laureate, had been knighted by the King of England. When the story of the Amritsar massacre became known, he repudiated his knighthood as a protest, with a letter of indignation which will ring through history.

But India has found a solution to this oppression and misery. Two words are ringing all over India today, "satyagraha" and "swadeshi." "Satyagraha" means "general strike" and "swadeshi" means "Buy no English made goods of any kind." Support of these move-

ments is even now sweeping over India like wildfire. And since the cornerstone of the British Empire is her trade with India, already they have brought that empire to its knees.

India has much to learn, and much to forget. But the priceless gift which India brings the younger nations is this same joy in handiwork, this pride of craftsmanship, this worship of simplicity in beauty, which alone can save the world.

THE BOOK OF AMERICA

I

Settling the Wilderness

America was discovered as a business enterprise. Christopher Columbus and those other dauntless adventurers who sailed the Western seas were seeking a passage to India.

Columbus failed to find for Spain the Spice Islands and the mainland of the Orient, while Vasco da Gama accomplished it for the Portuguese. But the Spanish explorers did discover limitless quantities of gold, silver and jewels in Mexico and Peru. Spain grew immensely rich. England, coming late on the field, tried to discover gold and silver deposits in vain. But England had potential wealth at hand, in the persons of the millions of sturdy peasantry, herded off their lands to make room for sheep.

So the Kings of England divided up the Atlantic seaboard among their favorites. These formed joint-stock corporations to exploit the new lands. To colonize them the paupers, the convicts, the felons, the orphans of England were shipped to the New World that they might produce income for their lords proprietors.

Many of them were all too willing to come. By the ten thousand they sold themselves into slavery to get out of England, even to confront merciless savages, less cruel than their own landlords. Anything to get to the land again! But the great source of supply was provided by the jails and the almshouses. Children whose pauper parents, dispossessed of all means of earning a living, were unable to support their miserable offspring, were shipped over in droves. Chained wrist to wrist they were driven through the country lanes, offered for sale to every plantation owner.

Convicts formed a rich source of supply. Barbarously savage laws provided that either men or women might be hanged for stealing a sheep, or a loaf of bread, or a joint of meat worth over a shilling. For smaller offenses they might be whipped, branded or imprisoned for life. In the appalling misery which prevailed, the gallows at every crossroads dangled the forms of both men and women—sometimes young mothers with starving babes, who had dared death to feed their infants. In debtors' prisons many thousand rotted alive, unable to meet exorbitant charges of exacting creditors. In constant wars between rival claimants of power, political prisoners were made by the thousand.

It was a waste of money, the well-to-do felt, to feed these paupers and criminals at public expense. They were therefore sent over to America by the shipload. Many thousands, how many will never be known, starved to death on the way, or died of diseases which infested the filthy barks in which they were carried. Those who reached these shores were sold into slavery for their passage-money, sometimes for terms of ten or fifteen years, sometimes for life.

In America it became the fashion to place paupers and orphans up at auction to be "sold into service"—namely into slavery. Fugitive slave laws applied to these white children and grown white persons as well as to the negro slaves who began to be imported by English ships. Whipping, branding, cropping and mutilation, the pillory and the stocks, were all practised upon these slaves, to keep them in hand. Naturally enough they were rebellious. They were repressed with merciless cruelty. No wonder the luckless white slaves, to gain land of their own, dared all the horrors of Indian warfare on the bloody frontier in preference to remaining in "peaceful" servitude on the farms of the Tidewater!

Discovered as a business enterprise, the Colonies were populated by speculators in comparative misfortune.

*Indented labor in Colonies
1763-1775 (Milit. Wars)*

II

Declaration and Constitution

Such conditions as these were the normal portion of the poor and the workers in every country in Europe at that time. And when Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and the young intellectuals of the Revolution advanced through the Declaration of Independence their doctrine that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—these wretched white serfs rose in gladness as at the trumpet call of God.

Most of the Northern Colonies issued offers of full and complete freedom to any slave, white or black, or any indentured servant, who would enlist for service in the Continental army. In such men as these the Continental Army found its backbone. In them, whose personal freedom was at stake, and in the Irish, who had escaped from centuries of starvation at England's hands in their own land, the banner of the Revolution—the Red Flag—found champions who refused to give in when all others were heart-weary of the war.

As soon as the peace was signed, thirteen little nations strung along the Atlantic Coast began to shape their own development in freedom. The trumpet call of the Declaration of Independence was taken as a guiding principle by those who had made the Revolution a success. Laws favorable to debtors and workers and to small farmers began to be passed in every state. Power of courts and of governors was lessened, and that of the legislatures increased. Legislatures were made more directly responsive to the will of the people, and the franchise was gradually extended. Constant clashes existed between the tenant farmer, the ex-soldier and the workingman—those who had fought the revolution—on the one hand, and the banker, the manufacturer, and the merchant—those who profited by the Revolution, on the other. To settle this clash in the interest of the wealthy classes, the Constitution was formed, having its origin, as Woodrow Wilson reminds us, in an effort

to settle commercial disputes chiefly about the tariff in the interest of the moneyed aristocracy.

Wilson remarks, in his "Division and Reunion," page 12 "The Federal Government was not by intention a democratic government. In form and structure it had been meant to check the sweep and power of popular majorities. . . . Hamilton sought to commend it chiefly to the moneyed classes. . . . the moneyed aristocracy."

In truth, the Constitution was meant not to carry into effect the principles of the Declaration of Independence, but to defeat them. The two documents embody two diametrically opposed conceptions of government. The history of our nation is written in the struggle between them; the struggle between the poor farmer and the workingman on one hand, and the plantation-owner and merchant prince on the other.

The Revolution was, primarily, an economic struggle. To say, as many prominent professors of history have said since the Great War began, that the American Colonists joined the people of England in fighting a German King on the English throne, is a childish falsehood. The struggle with the King of England was not primarily in the eyes of our ruling classes, for political liberty, but for business freedom. The King, acting as the principal representative of the English Board of Trade, had issued laws favoring the business interests of the merchants of England, and strangling the business of Colonial merchants. English commerce regarded the Colonies as a private possession, to be run for the profit of the English merchants rather than of the American people. Colonial trade was monopolized by British ships, and Colonial products were forbidden sale in any but English ports. Colonial manufactures were severely repressed, that English manufactures might have a free market. Parliament passed laws, for example, forbidding any of the colonies to export woolen cloth to any foreign land, or to send it from one colony to another, or even from place to place in the same colony for the purpose of selling it.

It was likewise with hats. A fine of \$2,500 was imposed on any American who made or tried to sell hats or felts, dyed or undyed, finished or unfinished. Thus the hat industry was ruined, in favor of the English felt makers. Iron industries were likewise destroyed by a law of Parliament that "no mill or other engine for slitting or rolling of iron, no plating forge to work with a tilthammer, and no furnace for making steel, should be erected in any of His Majesty's colonies in America."

Thus the basic cause of the American Revolution was the attempt of the merchants of England to run American affairs for their own profit, instead of for the benefit of the American people—a policy which they are far from having abandoned, as the events of the recent war amply demonstrate. It was only secondarily, and in the last resort, political.

Great Britain, over the protest of the Colonies, persisted in the slave trade. South Carolina, Maryland and Virginia had attempted by high duties to check slave importation, but the King vetoed all such legislation. On April 3, 1776, three months before the Declaration, Congress voted that "no slaves shall be imported into any of the thirteen Colonies." Of course, the fundamental reason for this was that the Colonies were breeding their own slaves.

In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson wrote of the King of England: "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. . . . Determined to keep a market wherein men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce." In the Constitution, when adopted, there was a compromise, allowing importation of slaves only until the year 1808.

III

The War of Tariffs

Thus two forces united in throwing off the British yoke, the mercantile and the land-labor elements. But as soon as the foreign foe had been vanquished, these two forces began at home a struggle which is even now approaching its fiercest stage.

It was a complicated situation which the new government faced. Southern Colonies were all agricultural, without manufactures. They exported raw material and imported everything fabricated from England. Thus they desired no tariff at all. But the Northern Colonies were industrial, and they demanded a tariff to protect their industries from British competition, which was very severe. This fundamental split underlies much of our national history. South Carolina went to the extreme of proclaiming the Tariff Act of 1832, which imposed high duties on articles which that state wished admitted free, to be "Null and Void." Thus the claim of States Rights, which later formed the pivotal issue of the Civil War, began in a quarrel over the Tariff.

But so did the Constitution.

It is interesting to compare the union of Upper and Lower Egypt, in about 5500 B. C., in its relations to this question of the Tariff, with the union of the Thirteen Colonies in 1789. Upper Egypt, it will be remembered, conquered Lower Egypt mainly to prevent exorbitant tariffs on goods imported from Mesopotamia. The new capital of the United Empire was built where the two countries met. In like manner the location of the National Capital at Washington, and the agreement in regard to funding the debt of the Revolutionary War was underlaid by this agreement on the tariff on goods imported from England.

This is the story of the Constitution. In 1786 the legislature of Virginia invited all the colonies to send delegates to a convention at Annapolis to discuss the "trade and commercial system" of the colonies. At-

tendance at Annapolis was slim, but this Annapolis convention issued invitations to another gathering to be held in Philadelphia in 1787, to "propose amendments to the Articles of Confederation and to safeguard trade." Delegates to this Philadelphia Convention were chosen on a property basis. Indeed, most elections were on a property basis, so much so that in New York in 1790, out of a population of 30,000, there were but 1,209 possessed of sufficient property to vote. The Philadelphia Convention issued the first draft of the present Constitution of the United States.

Careful examination of the tax reports and the Treasury documents of those days discloses that "The overwhelming majority of the members of Constitutional Convention of 1787—at least five-sixths of them—were directly, immediately and personally interested in the outcome of their labors, and were even to a greater or less degree economic beneficiaries from the adoption of the Constitution." These interests were divided as follows:

Public security holders, 40 out of 55.

Purchasers of speculative lands, 14.

Money lenders, 24 members.

Mercantile, manufacturing and shipping lines, 11.

Slave holders, 15 members.

These "public security holders" were those who had bought up Continental Congress scrip at extremely low rates, averaging five cents on the dollar, from the impoverished soldiers who had been paid in this worthless currency for their services during the eight terrible years of war. Many soldiers had taken their pay in land warrants for the territory beyond the Alleghenies—title deeds which were regarded as being about as valuable as "quarter sections of the moon." These had been bought up at very low rates—a few cents an acre—by land speculators in hope of a rise. Land bought at two or three cents an acre could be made worth many dollars an acre by a strong central government, properly framed. Slaves escaping from one colony to another, white slaves as well as black, could be brought back by a strong central government. Such a govern-

ment could likewise magnify the depreciated currency, worth five cents on the dollar and bought in at that figure, to the full value of 100 cents on the dollar.

Prof. Beard estimates that a clear profit of \$40,000,-000 came to the members of the Convention by the adoption of the Constitution. Callender, a bitter opponent of Hamilton, charged at the time that the "unnecessary debt" so created was nearly \$50,000,000. In any event, the formation of the Constitution of the United States was a speculative venture which brought immense gains to those who pushed it through and very grievous losses to the debtor, poor farmer and mechanic classes. These found that debts contracted in currency worth five cents on the dollar had suddenly become magnified twenty times.

Now it may be thought that this was a purely accidental result of the creation of a strong central government. But the words themselves of the framers of the Constitution forbid this theory. James Madison, "Father of the Constitution" says so plainly.

"The supreme danger will arise," says Madison, as quoted by Beard, "from the fusion of certain interests into an overbearing majority—the landless proletariat—which would make its rights paramount and sacrifice the rights of the minority." To prevent this fusion of the landless workers was the specific function of the system of elections founded by the Constitution.

Madison wrote in *The Federalist*, No 10, as follows:

"The diversity in the faculties of men, from which the rights of property originate, is not less an insuperable obstacle to uniformity of interests. The protection of these faculties is the first object of the government. From the protection of different and unequal faculties of acquiring property, the possession of different degrees and kinds of property immediately results; and from the influence of these on the sentiments and views of the respective proprietors, ensues a division of society into different interests and parties.

"The most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property.

Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors and those who are debtors fall under a like discrimination. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government." Thus clearly was the class struggle written into our fundamental law. But a stronger and clearer statement was written by Alexander Hamilton, who said:

"All communities divide themselves into the few and the many. The first are the rich and well born, and the other the mass of the people. The people are turbulent and changing: they seldom judge or determine right. Give, therefore, to the first class a distinct, permanent share in the government. They will check the unsteadiness of the second, and as they cannot receive any advantage by a change, they will, therefore, ever maintain a good government. Can a democratic assembly, who annually revolve in the mass of the people, be supposed steadily to pursue the public good? Nothing but a permanent body can ever check the imprudence of democracy. It is admitted that you cannot have a good executive upon a democratic plan. . . .

"The House of Lords is a noble institution. Having nothing to hope for by a change, and sufficient interest, they form a permanent barrier against every pernicious innovation, whether attempted on the part of the Crown or of the Commons."

James Madison, who had already outlined the theory that the principal object of the proposed new Government was to keep the masses of the people in subjection, also showed how this was to be done. It must, he said "preserve the spirit and the form of popular government" while at the same time destroying popular power.

The Constitution was very cleverly planned for that purpose, making it impossible for the majority of the people to obtain, on any one issue, control of their governmental machinery. The body of electors is broken up into many different classes, and officials are elected at different times, and by different groups.

For example, President and Vice-President were not to be elected by the people, but by the Electoral College. This election takes place every four years.

Senators were to be elected every six years, and because the Senators were intended to be the chief representatives of the money power it was made impossible to elect a majority of them at any one time by dividing them into three classes, so that one-third of the Senators are elected every two years. Besides this, the Senators were to be elected by the State legislatures, and not by the people. The House of Representatives were to be elected every two years by direct vote. Judges were to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and to remain in power for life. With elections so broken up, it was—and still is—entirely impossible for the great majority of the people to get control of the government at any one time.

Every one saw this clearly when the instrument of government was first proposed, especially in view of the explanations made by those responsible for the framing of it. So bitter was the opposition that Chief Justice John Marshall (a strong Federalist), says in his *Life of Washington*:

"It is scarcely to be doubted that in some of the adopting states *a majority of the people were in opposition*. In all of them the numerous amendments which were proposed demonstrate the reluctance with which the new government was accepted: and that dread of dismemberment, not an approbation of the particular system, had induced acquiescence in it. North Carolina and Rhode Island did not at first accept the Constitution, and New York was apparently dragged into it by a repugnance at being excluded from the Confederacy."

The American people who fought the Revolution

were not fools. They could see at a glance that the Constitution, as at first framed, was a direct and violent blow at the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and to the whole philosophy of which it was an expression. Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration, was bitterly disgusted by the Constitution, and wrote from France urging that ratification be withheld until the Constitution was altered.

Prof. Beard remarks: (Evolution of the American Government, page 63): "During the struggle which occurred in many states over the acceptance of the new plan of government, it was manifest that a great deal of the opposition to it was based on the absence of any provisions expressly safeguarding individual rights against the action of the Federal Government."

Seven out of the nine states which ratified the Constitution put their objections in the form of amendments. How deeply they were opposed to the Constitution as at first drafted may be seen by the fact that these seven states proposed one hundred and twenty-four articles of amendment to the Constitution. These were finally boiled down to ten amendments, which were written in as part of the Constitution when it was finally adopted.

The fact which rings out clearly in every debate and discussion over these amendments as preserved to us, is that every proposal was made and discussed on the basis of ECONOMIC DETERMINISM AND THE STRUGGLE OF THE CLASSES. Almost the whole first session of Congress was taken up by vigorous discussions on the tariff. And every Constitutional Amendment proposed was in the interest of securing the rights of the working class as against the propertied classes.

IV

The Coming of the Frontier

Under such a plan of government it was natural that power should pass from hand to hand among those who represented the victors. Washington, Adams, Madison,

Monroe, John Quincy Adams, represented the landlords and manufacturers of the seaboard. Jefferson represented the landless men. But during these first thirty years the landless men of the Seaboard were pressing like a tidal wave through the mountains and winning for themselves the inland empire.

Under Andrew Jackson these men began returning.

They had gone out into the Wilderness for land. Easy mountain passes opening from Virginia gave her citizens entry into the new territory. Thus Virginia became the mother of the first new commonwealths. From her Great Valley, four natural highways led across the Alleghanies. One went up to Potomac to Fort Cumberland, over the pass and down the Youghioghenny to the Monogahela, so down to Fort Pitt and the Ohio River. Thence by raft, keel boat or schooner, they went to the Falls of the Ohio. This last stretch was speedy but hazardous, with treacherous currents along the shoals, and hostile Indians among the forests.

A second pass was cut by the Greenbriar and the Kanawha, whose river beds were impracticable, but which offered a passage for the road while a road was built through the pass into Kentucky.

But most of the men who crossed the mountains in the Revolutionary period chose the Cumberland Gap. Few Indians there were to be feared along that road, and it was practicable at all seasons. And one more was cut by the Tennessee River, along which boats might go from its source in Holston Valley until it empties into the Ohio. Light draft boats, scows and dug-outs could float down its current into the broad bosom of the Ohio. It was a difficult river-bed, and its banks were full of hostile Chickamaugas. Nevertheless, this was the usual route into the southwest territory.

By the year 1770 the Tidewater country was all pre-empted. The "Back" Country of the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah were fully occupied. Even the mountain valleys of the Yadkin, the Watauga, the French Broad and the Holston were claimed by colonies of sturdy pioneers. Before the Declaration of Independence the on-

coming tide of sturdy homeseekers had reached the crest of the Alleghenies.

This invading wave gathered in its volume men of diverse races and conditions. Scotch, Irish and Germans moved south along the Great Valley from Pennsylvania, or up the sea-going rivers from Charleston. Dutch from the Hudson, Swedes from the Delaware, Huguenots from the port towns followed the Wilderness Roads. Every man who felt the urge for land of his own, and who had pluck and muscle for the frontier, took his chance in the fateful valley of Kaintuckee, the Dark and Bloody ground.

Two great Indian confederacies, divided by the Ohio River and the Tennessee, for ages had struggled and fought in that glorious valley. Neither could establish a control. To the North of the Ohio the Iroquois Federation ruled undisputed. To the south of the Tennessee lay the Cherokee Federation. But between them lay this debatable land, a rich, heavily forested region, teeming with game. It was frequently raided by Indian hunting parties, but the aborigines planted nothing more enduring than summer camps within the Dark and Bloody Ground. Between their hostile fronts the white man forced his way through the Allegheny Passes, along the path of least resistance.

But though the Indian Tribes opposed at first only a desultory warfare from either side, a more terrible antagonist struck from north and west. England had found the fur trade profitable, and had sought to keep the settlers out, penning them within the Atlantic seaboard where their labor would make the farm lands profitable for the King's merchants. When the intruding settlers became also rebels, Cameron, the King's representative on the Carolina frontier, incited the Cherokees to take the warpath against the invaders. Through 1776 the border settlements were ravaged by fire and tomahawk. Horrible treacheries, scalping and torturing of women and babies as well as men, paid for by King George, inflamed the Colonies. Colonel Hamilton, the British Commander at Detroit, offered a bounty for every white

scalp, whether of man, woman or child, brought in by his Iroquois. No frontier settlement from Fort Pitt and Fort Henry on the Ohio to the stockaded settlements of southern Kentucky, was exempt. The ferocity of the savages, bought by British gold to protect the fur trade by the fearful trade in white scalps, was matched by the fury of the backwoodsmen. Many of them cherished hereditary hatred of England. Most of them had lost wife or child or friend through this latest development of the "long continuance of fostering care" of the British king. But all the toil and suffering that had gone to the building of the frontier settlements seemed about to be lost, when George Rogers Clark, by overland marches of incredible endurance, took the French outposts on the Kaskaskia and the Wabash, made a treaty with the Indians at Cahokia, and captured the dastardly Hamilton at Vincennes.

As soon as the Revolution was over, the flood into the Ohio Valley became a tidal wave. In 1792 there were 2,500 people on the Ohio Company's lands. In 1800 there were fifty-five thousand souls there, and the tide doubled year by year.

Rough natures were bred in the winning of the frontier —Indian fighters, England-fighters, men quick of temper and of enduring hatred. Of such men as these Andrew Jackson became the natural expression. He had fought Indians all his life. He had whipped Pakenham and his British troops at New Orleans. He had wrestled and duelled all over Tennessee and Kentucky. And when he was finally elected President, the backwoods trooped noisily to Washington to claim its own. Until that time the Presidential succession had been almost unimpaired; a Secretary of State had almost vested right in the next election. Gentlemen of the Tidewater, landowners, representatives of the moneyed aristocracy, regarded the office as theirs by tradition.

Jackson brought in with him the "spoils system," and pioneers came into the places of power.

Distrust of this "moneyed aristocracy" dictated Jackson's bitter hostility to the United States Bank. In this

he was supported, not only by the state banks, but by the whole debtor class. In the wars between them, the country underwent a succession of panics and collapses. It was a struggle between the new, raw states of the Middle West, and the manufacturing and commercial interests of the Atlantic seaboard. It was a struggle between land purchasers in the new country and mercantile expansion in the old. In its final analysis it was a struggle between the labor of the land-winning settlers and the capital of the thrifty east.

But in spite of all panics, settlement went swiftly on. Canals were built to supplement the inadequate rivers. Railroads began to run their steel tentacles from town to town. Between 1837 and 1857 the Golden Age set in. Riches multiplied far more rapidly than population, although population went ahead by leaps and bounds. Nearly two million Irish were driven to America by famine. A million and a quarter Germans fled from the reaction after the revolution of 1848. Their sturdy axes and fertile farms caused towns to spring up like mushrooms.

V

Beginning of Civil War

But into the South few immigrants came. Their immigration had already taken place from Africa. On the eve of the Civil War there were in the South 4,000,000 slave negroes and about 250,000 free negroes. Some 350,000 planters made up the slave holding class. They were less than six per cent. of the white population, but they controlled the politics of the country.

In the Northern countries the immigrants from across the sea and the emigrants from the Coast took up small farms, which they worked themselves. In the South, the slave plantation dominated. Free white labor was driven into the shaggy mountains and the pine barrens. For them there was no place in the industrial order. Slave and slave-owner alike despised the "white trash."

The South produced cotton, which was shipped to

England to be manufactured in the great mills of the northern shires, and thence sold over the world. Southern cotton and English mills were in a necessary alliance.

Slave labor was necessary, and slaves sold as high as \$2,000 each. Even until 1866 slavers were fitted out and brought African slaves into the Gulf Coast, even landing them in Mobile.

The Slave States and the Free States sought constantly for control of Congress. The Missouri Compromise, the Kansas Nebraska Bill, the Mexican War, were incidents in their long-drawn out struggle. At bottom the issue was the same—whether the new lands should be tilled by free labor or by slave labor.

It was the Dred Scott decision which precipitated the Civil War. Under it, a slave owner might bring his slave across the Ohio River into free territory, and his slave remained a slave. This meant that the free white farmers of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Kansas, were to be subject to the competition of slave labor. It meant that they were to be driven from their fertile lands by impossible rivalry. It meant that they were to be reduced to the same condition as the "white trash of the south." It was not to protect the Union so much as it was to protect their own farms that the sons of the Northern states responded to the call of Father Abraham and marched against the South.

Under Abraham Lincoln the class struggle which had given birth to the Declaration and the Constitution also gave birth to the Civil War. Lincoln saw the issue plainly, and defined it in speeches which have been carefully ignored. The slave owner held his power by virtue of possessing capital sufficient to compel the labor of others. The free farmer relied upon his own toil. The struggle between North and South was therefore, Lincoln proclaimed as it opened, a struggle between Capital and Labor. It was the same historic struggle that had devastated England. The cotton plant and its slaves had taken the place of the wool of the English sheep. The struggle of the slave owners for new territory was the

same as the struggle of the wool-growers of England for more pasture. It was money against life.

The wool-growers of England had won their fight, and had devastated the homes and farms of the peasantry, because they were in possession of political power. The peasantry poured across to America, and here the struggle was continued. But the cotton-growers of the South lost, and the homes and farms of north and west remained free, because in Abraham Lincoln the farmers, and not the slave holders, held political power.

In Nicolay and Hay's *Life and Letters of Lincoln* we find practically all his public writings and utterances. On page 95, Vol. I, Lincoln says:

"In the early days of our race the Almighty said to the first of our race, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' And since then if we except the light and the air of heaven, no good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without first having cost labor. And inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that *all such things of right belong to those whose labor has produced them*. But it has so happened in all ages that some have labored, while others have without labor enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is the worthy object of any government.

"The habits of our whole species fall into three great classes —useful labor, useless labor, and idleness. Of these, the first only is meritorious, and to it *all the products of labor rightfully belong*. But the two latter, while they exist, are heavy pensioners upon the first, robbing it of a large proportion of its just rights.

"The only remedy for this is to so far as possible drive useless labor and idleness out of existence!"

Lincoln traced the effort to destroy the Union in the Civil War to attempt to place capital on an equal footing with labor in the structure of government. In his first regular message to Congress, delivered on December 3, 1861, he said:

"It continues to develop that the insurrection is largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principle of popular government—the rights of the people. Conclusive evidence of this is found in the most grave and maturely considered public documents, as well as in the general tone of the insurgents. In those documents we find the abridgement of the existing rights of suffrage, and the denial to the people of all rights of participating in the selection of public officers, except the legislative, boldly advocated, with labored arguments to prove that large control of the people in their government is the source of all political evil. Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at, as a possible refuge from the power of the people.

"In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of warning despotism.

"It is not needed or fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions. But there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask brief attention.

"It is the effort to place Capital on an equal footing with, if not above, Labor in the structure of government.

"It is assumed that Labor is available only in connection with Capital: that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. . . .

"Now there is no such relation between Capital and Labor as is here assumed.

"Labor is prior to and independent of Capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if Labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of Capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."

VI

Behind the Lines

But even while Lincoln was uttering such beliefs as these, the cause for which he had summoned free white

farmers of the North to shed their lives along that vast battle-front from Washington to Texas, was being betrayed within his own camp. Corporations were formed, securing huge grants and profits out of the necessities of the struggle. In the hour of supremest agony the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads extorted the free gift of empires and of treasuries from the distracted President. Corporation control began. The Republican Party, organized as a party of "Radicals," became the chief protector of a new form of enslavement. The years following that supreme sacrifice of the Civil War are notable among all other years for the prostration of Government before the ceaseless and incredibly-expanding greed of corporations. Woodrow Wilson remarks in "The New Freedom:"

"It is amazing how quickly the political party which had Lincoln for its first leader forgot the precepts of Lincoln and fell under the delusion that the masses needed the guardianship of men of affairs. . . . One of the most significant signs of the new era is the degree to which the government has become associated with business. I speak of the control of government by big business. Our government has been for the past few years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests. The Government has submitted itself to their control. The masters of the Government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States." By this mastery they have reduced to voteless serfdom the majority of unskilled and unorganized workers. Only organized labor has a voice against them—a voice that all too frequently is betrayed.

A report compiled by the United States Industrial Relations Commission after two years of careful investigation and published in 1915 shows the extent to which this subjugation has been carried on. Our industries, it remarks, are ruled by hereditary princes, closely knit together by matrimonial alliances as well as by interlocking directorates. We are ruled by a vicious heredi-

tary financial and industrial autocracy, overthrowing every pretense at industrial or political freedom.

Populists, Free Silver Democrats, Grangers, Non-Partisan Leagues, continued the ancient struggle of the Land against the Banks. But now the warfare had entered upon a new and more terrible stage.

By 1900 practically all the free land remaining in the Continental United States was taken up. But immigration did not cease. Rather it doubled and trebled and increased tenfold. Steamship lines developed huge carrying bulk. Three thousand immigrants could be packed together in the steerage of one great ship. Gaudy advertising spread in every country of Europe stimulated the hopes of those who, ground beneath misfortune in the old world sought their fortunes in the new.

Fresh immigrant tides were eagerly desired by the great industrial corporations, to keep down by ceaseless competition the rising demands of those workers who had learned the new language. New masses of eager, docile, hopeful aliens were hurled by the million into the whirlpool of Industry. In the textile mills of New England, in the Steel Plants of the Middle States, in the packing plants of Chicago, in the mines all over the country, twenty or thirty different nationalities would be employed in a single plant. Men were known by number, not by name. Unable to communicate through lack of a common language, the aliens were helpless. Unlimited cutting of the wage scale, frightful conditions of living, hours of toil almost beyond human endurance, were exacted of the workers thus divided. As often as they achieved any sort of organized unity, machine guns and sabres and the clubs of mounted police beat and slaughtered them back into sullen slavery. The Slave-Rebellion of Spartacus, which ended in the avenue of two thousand crucified slaves along the Appian Way, was paralleled in the bloody aftermath of the coal wars in Colorado, the copper wars in Montana and Michigan, the massacres in West Virginia and Pennsylvania during the Steel Strike.

But to provide a market for products of such industries as these American capitalism must look abroad. Behind

the wall of high protective duties the masters of our industries robbed both worker and consumer. Steel rails sold in Russia for one-sixth of what they sold to American buyers at the furnace mouth.

Yet the nation is so vast and its potentialities developed so swiftly that Americans did not feel the keen pressure of competition for foreign markets as sharply as did others. American manufacturers were unwilling to take the time and trouble to capture foreign markets. They would not pack their goods so that they could be safely shipped. They refused to print catalogues and circulars in the language of those whom they desired as customers. America had enough to do in supplying her own demands.

But in 1898 the chrysalis was broken. America rent from the weazened and emaciated form of the Spanish Empire her remaining dependencies of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. Clothed in these faded garments of a vanished glory, we began to strut. The Philippines are close to China and Japan. We began to interfere in world politics. Japan and Russia signed the Peace Treaty of Portsmouth on American soil at the invitation of President Roosevelt. Under Roosevelt, also, we began to gather in the scattered remnants of Spain's Caribbean empire. Panama, Hayti, Nicaragua, San Domingo, fell one after another into our lap.

American Industrial Capitalists were not vitally concerned with expansion. But American Investment Capitalists found much richer returns in countries where there are no labor laws to hamper their enterprise. More and more the golden stores of speculative capital piled up in New York. Wall Street became like the Roman Forum, in which the loot of kingdoms was put up for auction.

VII

The World War

Then came the World War, and the Empire.

Woodrow Wilson had come into power as the prophet of a New Religion, known by the name of the New Free-

dom. While Professor of History at Princeton, his favorite European character had been Macchiavelli. On that theory of politics, Wilson had lectured with much sympathy and feeling. When elected Governor of New Jersey, Wilson showed uncanny skill in upholding the religion of democracy and the sanctity of humanity in public speeches, while in his official capacity signing infamous measures such as the "Seven Sisters," a group of bills which gave the state over into the hands of corporations.

When Wilson was first elected in 1912, the Democratic Party had been out of power for sixteen years. The Republican Party under Taft's Administration, had been rent asunder by the rise of the Insurgents. Roosevelt placed himself at the head of these insurgents, and the Progressive Party was born in an intense atmosphere of excitement, singing of hymns and self-consecration under the slogan "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!"

Faced thus by a divided opposition, the Democratic Party gathered to itself millions of liberal voters, whose ears were charmed by the music of the "New Freedom." Wilson during his first days made many motions to keep alive the sentiment which had placed him in power. But as the months wore on the temper of the autocrat was more and more clearly revealed. He surrounded himself with dummies. Any member of his Cabinet who showed independent thought or power of action was promptly dismissed, beginning with Secretary of War Garrison and ending with Secretary of State Lansing. Only three survived throughout, Albert Sidney Burleson as Postmaster-General, Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy, and W. B. Wilson as Secretary of Labor. Burleson is conspicuous in American history as being the only Cabinet official for whom no one has ever said a good word.

Among Wilson's first innovations was that of the Speech from the Throne. Instead of sending his messages to be read, he delivered them in person to joint sessions of Congress. Any opposition to his measures or opinions

provoked amazement and horror, as at a public blasphemy. With the attitude of a school-teacher correcting impudent pupils, he rebuked in stern language any Senator or Representative of independent thought. It was considered a terrible reproach to be a "wilful man."

When the World War began, American bankers loaned billions of dollars to the Allies. J. P. Morgan & Company were the American representatives of the Bank of England. But Germany's forces, under a unified high command, forced the disjointed armies of the Allies back and back until, in the words of Sir Douglas Haig, their "backs were against the wall."

On March 7, 1917, the Czar of Russia fell, and Russia was patently both unable and unwilling to fight further. France and England both sent word that they could not repay American loans, if they lost the war. On April 6, 1917—Good Friday—the President signed America's declaration of war with Germany.

In eighteen months of that conflict, America spent forty billion dollars—a sum equivalent to the total expenditures of the country from the day of its foundation to the day war was declared. Most of it was pure waste. Thirty thousand new millionaires showed where the majority of that money went.

Under the pressure of conflict, tendencies and forces which had been developing for years suddenly crystallized. The country was given bodily into the hands of the moneyed aristocracy.

Our former system of government was scrapped. Congress abdicated all its functions to the Committee of National Defense, who ruled the country without enactment of law. All political powers were wielded by the President himself or by his son-in-law. In the spirit of Augustus elevating Tiberius, Wilson made McAdoo, his daughter's husband, Secretary of the Treasury, Director General of Railroads, Chairman of the Federal Farm Loan Bank, member of the Federal Reserve Bank Governing board, Chairman of the Emergency Shipping Corporation. He was director of the Liberty Loan Drives, he was the spokesman for the Administration,—he was, indeed, Cæsar to Wilson's Augustus.

VIII

The New Augustus

Imperial Rome did not turn more swiftly from the forms of a Republic to the Fact of an Empire than did America under Wilson. Espionage Laws gave him, through the Postmaster General and the Department of Justice, absolute control of the lives and thoughts of every citizen. The secret service was developed to an extent that even Russia under the Czar had never carried it. Torture, agents provocateurs, the Third Section—all of these flourished in America.

Then came the climax. In the crash of the world downfall four empires lay in the dust. The German Kaiser, trusting to the promises made by Wilson in his peace speeches, abdicated. An armistice was signed. The peace conference was set for Versailles, in the hall where Louis XIV. had reigned, where William I. had been proclaimed German Kaiser.

Wilson, like a true Emperor, trusted no one to make peace but himself. He went to Paris, and for five months the world waited in a state of suspended animation, while the Peace Conference wrangled. Out of it came the plan for a League of Nations, which would in effect perpetuate the gains of war to the victors, and pin the vanquished to the earth, prostrate forever.

He returned to America, with the Peace Treaty and the League covenant woven together so inextricably that, as he boasted, no hand could untangle them. The Senate, flouted and ignored by him both in the conduct of the war and in the conclusion of peace, struck back by refusing to ratify either the Treaty or the Covenant.

Thereupon Wilson vetoed the bill repealing the War Powers of the President. So that though all the world was supposedly at peace, he still held the powers of a dictator.

So extreme was this concentration of power in the President's hand that his mental collapse laid the whole government under an inhibition for nearly a year. When the Secretary of State, Lansing, ventured to call a meet-

ing of the Cabinet to prevent the utter cessation of all executive business, the President dismissed him with insults. It was the theory of Louis XVI. He held all power, but was unable to handle it,—and it destroyed him.

Augustus Cæsar was not clothed with divine honors more quickly than was Wilson. Judges denounced from the bench ministers of the Gospel who ventured to criticize the White House or any of its policies as guilty of blasphemy.

As soon as the smoke and wreckage of the world war cleared away, it became evident to all men that the crown of the Emperor-Priests of Babylon and Egypt had descended upon the President of the United States. He adopted the policy of Oriental seclusion, of infallible utterances proceeding from a divine obscurity. Kaiser, Czar and Holy Roman Emperor were in the dust. Even the Sultan was overthrown, and the seat of the King of England was shaken. But the imperial Presidency had become the strong protection of the merchandise of Marduk. Augustus Cæsar had come into power again. The Old Empires were gone, but the Next Empire set up its throne in Washington.

But the new Augustus found, as had the elder one, a movement from the East which threatened his throne. On the ruins of the Byzantine Empire of the Czars a new order was proclaimed, a new theory of life, a new world system. It took the Nicene revolution as its guide, and proclaimed that the Creator-Spirit was alone worthy of reverence, and that none should eat who would not work. Only workers should rule. The Children, the Gospel of the Incarnation, were to be revered by every organ of government. Determined to make no compromise with any new Cæsar, they made a clean sweep of the old order, and they issued again the call that had rung from Galilee "Come unto us, all ye that labor."

All over the world frightful tremors ran, and the thrones of old time were shaken. Asia, next neighbor to Russia — Asia, bled for two centuries by the leeches

of the West, who derive much of their greatness from her stolen blood — Asia began stirring to shake them off. India, China, Siberia, Arabia, Persia, all felt the pulsations of the New Life that came from Russia. Like Cyrus plunging down from the North, the armies of Lenin shook the hearts of the kings.

IX

The Great Challenge

✓ So now they confront one another across the world: America, the New Empire, and Russia the New Republic. All power is in the hands of the money kings, in America. In Russia, the workers rule. But even within our Empire, strong forces are at work. Tremendous shakings and movements stir the hearts of all men. All the power of courts and armies cannot crush down that stirring which upheaves the foundation of the existing order. The Political Republic is inane and helpless. Congress, ignorant, vacuous, hopelessly out of date, serves for yet awhile to shield from public gaze the actual powers which are at group. But not for long.

✓ One way or the other America must turn. Wilson did not create the Empire. He merely served to focus it. A Republican President would have done honestly what he did hypocritically. The powers lodged in the hands of the President are accumulating faster than any man can learn to wield them, because the actual power of which the political power is the representative, is concentrating thus.

Within the shell of our present political structure two forces are even now struggling. One is the Imperial power, which shall make of the President a Dictator to serve the interest of centralized capital. Under the Empire we shall send our armies to crush rebellions of labor at home and to maintain the supremacy of our merchants broad. Under the Industrial Republic we shall restore the land, the mines, the natural resources to the people; none shall. We shall alter the structure of our government so that instead of merely Geographi-

cal States we shall have Industrial Communities ruled by their workers, not by their hereditary kings.

As Wilson had no choice, given a Capitalist system, but to assume the imperial powers thrust upon him by the war, so Wilson's successor can have no choice but to continue his course. Great men do not make and cannot unmake national crises. They can only epitomize them. Under the Empire, with the Money-Power in command, we shall have yet more wars abroad, and yet more upheaval at home. But under the Industrial Republic, with the workers in control of means of production and distribution, we shall be rid of recurring climaxes of overproduction and of panic, with no surplus to be enforced upon other lands at the cannon's mouth, and with no subject class to be crushed into submission at home.

Either way, our structure of government must change. It is long out of date. It is left aside in the by-currents of Washington. One way or the other, the change is coming even as we watch—Military Empire or Industrial Republic. There is no other choice.

The issue will turn upon one single point. All through history, empire has consisted in one central fact—control of transportation. Egypt was born along the highway of the Nile. Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Macedonia, came to power through seizure of the Valley Road of the Euphrates. Rome's roads constituted Rome's Empire. Islam's power was based upon the roads. The wars of Europe have been wars for the Rhine and the Danube, for the Vistula, for the Dardanelles, for the Suez Canal. Power in America depends absolutely upon control of the railroads.

If the railroads continue in the hands of the speculative capitalists who have wrecked them, we must have an Emperor. Cæsar must be Director-General of the Highways, and Imperial Treasurer. Possessing these powers he holds them all.

If the railroads of America are restored to the people; if the waterways are developed and restored to public use; if the great Highways become general thorough-

fares, controlled by the communities through which they pass, we shall evolve into an Industrial Republic.

Controlling transportation, one controls empire. Which way shall America go?

POSTSCRIPT

As I have gazed with dazzled eyes down this long avenue of history, watching the rise and fall of empires occurring as it seemed even while I watched, constantly the futility of an individual life, it seemed, pressed upon me. In far-off Babylon what mattered one man more or less, and what availed his extremest efforts upon those huge currents of trade and war which seem to bear men as the Gulf Stream bears the torn seaweed?

But while I write of Egypt or Greece or the Medieval Empires, my little son, not yet four years old, climbs up behind me in my armchair and clasps his arms around my neck. He kisses my cheek, and holds his hands over my eyes.

"Daddy" he says, "ride me in to dinner."

So I drop Babylon and Greece and Egypt and carry my son in to dinner, where his mother laughs at the two of us, while the baby gurgles in his basket beside the window.

There, in that little dining table spread for the midday meal: there in the throbbing contact of tiny arms around my neck and in the sweet electric thrill of wedded love, as those dear brown eyes meet mine across the snowy tablecloth — there is the secret of all empires that have been since time began. To feed, and protect, and shelter his wife and baby, every man since time began has planned his toil, even as I planned this book.

But what good were the empires, and all their wreck and wars and the agony of them all? What good were the churches, whose gospel was wrenched and wrested to sanctify these ceaseless rivalries?

Well, whenever the toil of procuring and distributing

the means whereon are based such humble homes as mine has become too great for the result, the empire falls. When the churches bend to the kings, forgetting the people for the overlords, then the churches likewise decay.

Augustus came to power because he brought peace to the homes of Rome, desolated by constant civil war. Honorius and Arcadius saw the walls of their empires crashing before the barbarian onrush because the cost of maintaining their gilded state had become greater than the benefits of maintaining it.

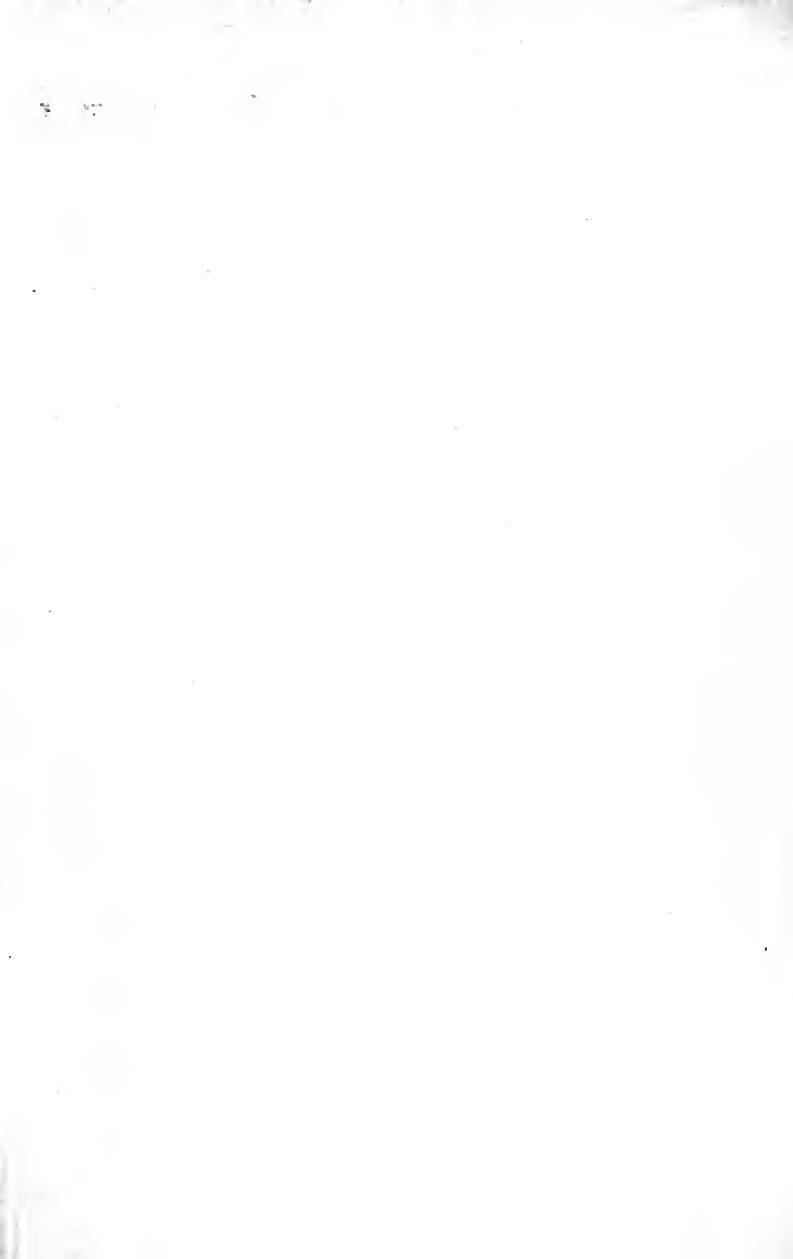
So let it be with all the Cæsars. Let the glaciers return or let them stay away. Let empires gild their crowns with what splendor they can amass. So long as the humble man may gather with wife and child at their daily meal in peace, the country is secure. But if an evil invisible hand snatches the food from the table, and the bloom from out their cheeks—if the overflowing love within their eyes gives way to gaunt foreboding—then a crash, an overthrow, is at hand.

It is the eternal current of human love, dashing on down through the ages, which casts up these gilded momentary bubbles of crowns and empires. It is love, and the quest for love, that causes women to deck themselves in gold and silk for the pleasure of their lovers. It is that ceaseless demand for beauty, that there may be adornment before the eyes of desire, that drives adventures through far-off fields to open up new channels of discovery, and trade, and alliance, and imperial control.

Trade, exchange of goods, is not a cold inhuman thing of statistics and bills-of-lading. It is the life-current made visible. Men and women toil that they may clothe and house and feed their loved ones. They exchange with other lands that they may enrich their homes with abundance and art. Kings, empires, wars—these are but the foam upon those eddying swirls of the Life-current, made visible by the volume of traffic. It is the love of man for woman, and of woman for man, and of both for their children, that creates the eternal

tides of that swelling stream, dashing on from a source indistinct perhaps and far, onward toward some reverberating ocean whose shores lie yet beyond our vision.

The drops may seem to perish and disappear. But be its life short or long, each bears within its heart the indestructible essence of that eternal sea.



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